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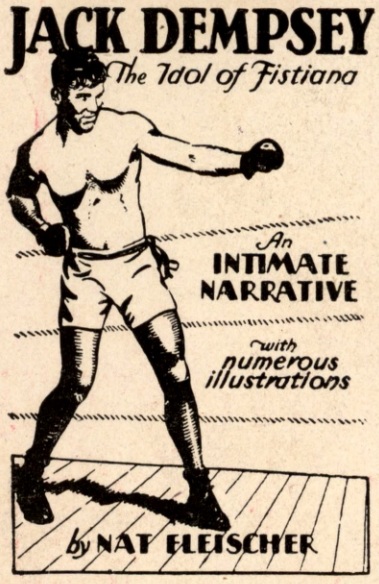

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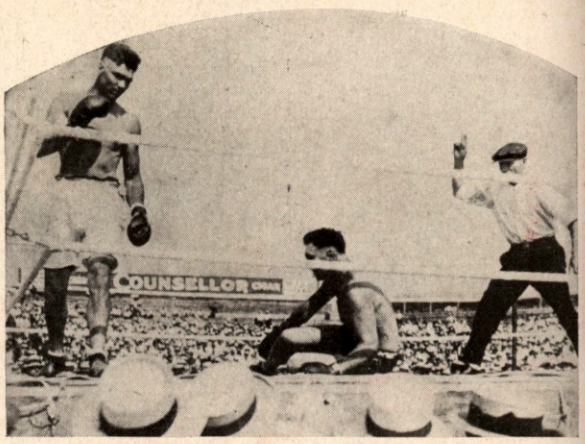

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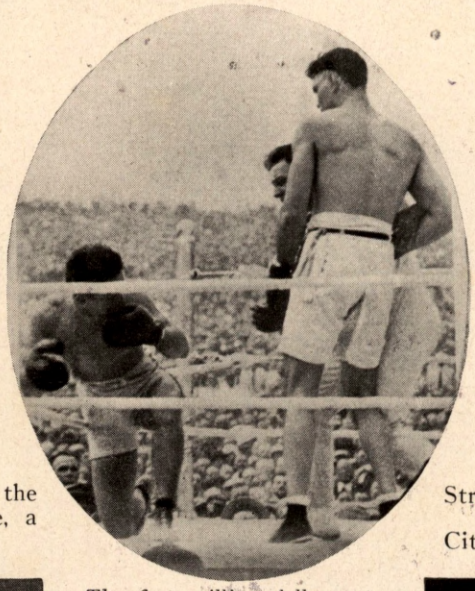

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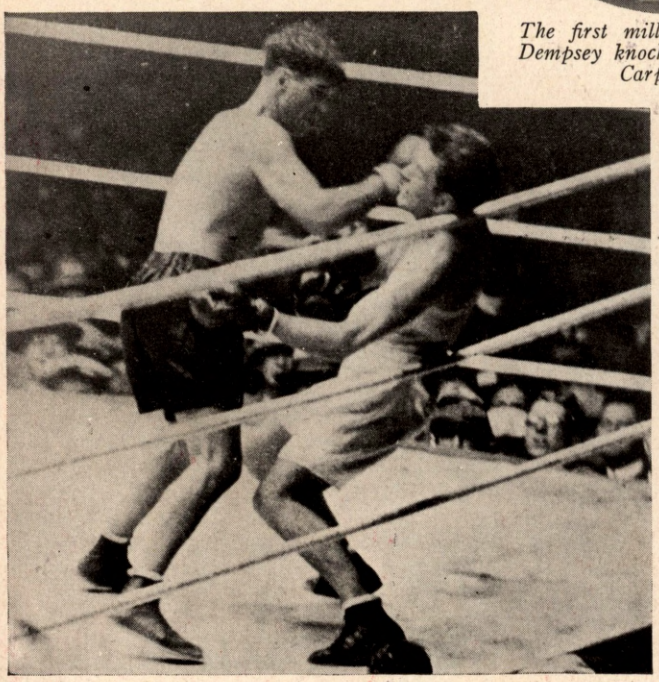
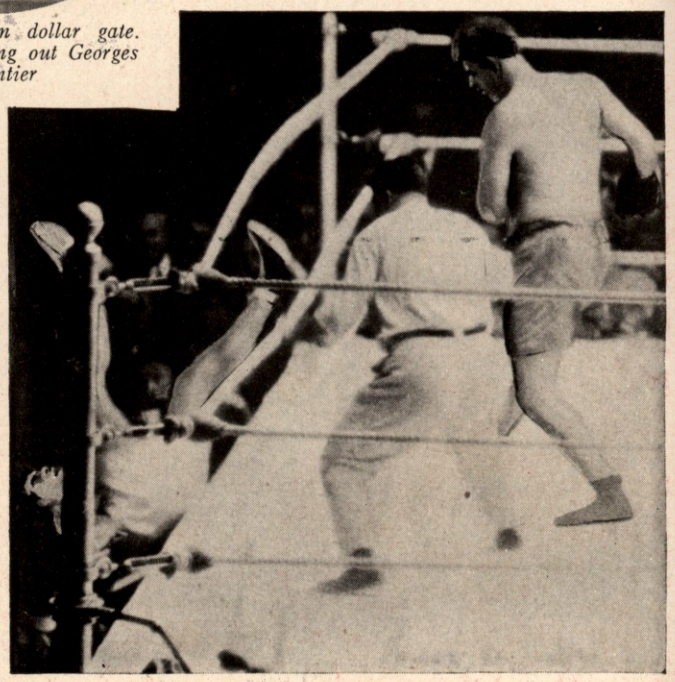
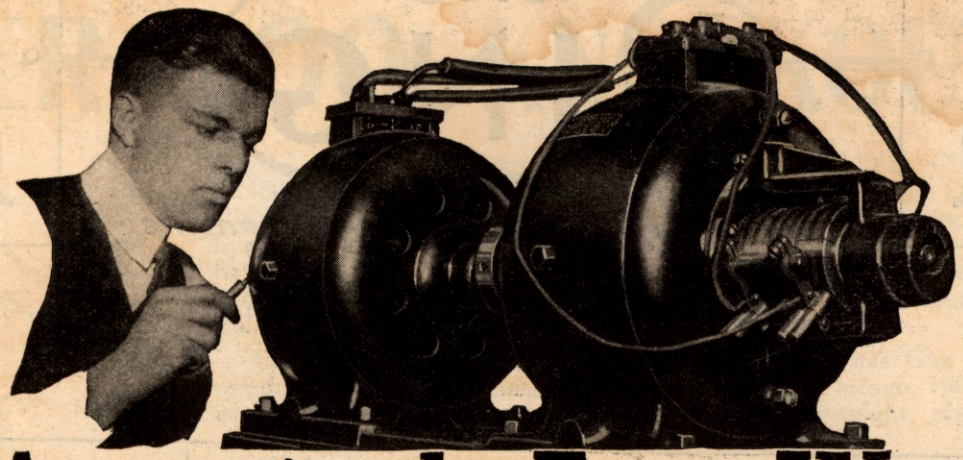


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



The most thrilling moment—Dempsey hurled out of the ring by one of Luis Firpo's wallops



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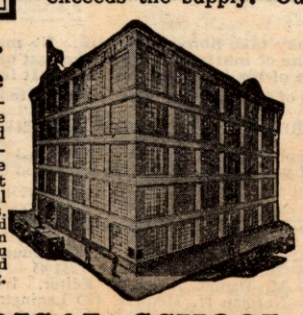

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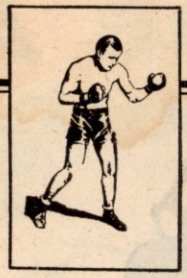
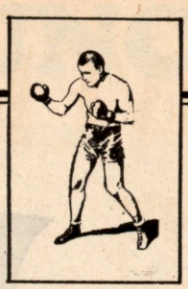


The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X APRIL, 1931 No. 3

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In Our Next Issue

The heavyweight championship training session is about to begin. Max Schmeling and Young Stribling are ready to pitch their tents and the "million dollar" ballyhoo will get under way. James J. Corbett will analyze the heavyweight situation for RING readers.

Wrestling has come back with a bang. Read what Jim Londos, the champion, has to say in an article "The Thrills of Wrestling". Also a special story on the first Hebrew heavyweight king, Herb Freeman.

The Horton Law days is an excellent contribution by Charles F. Mathison, on the shift of boxing interest from the South to New York.

Who was the master boxer of the last 25 years? Charley Harvey, famous importer of fighters, gives the answer in "Then and Now".

These in addition to the usual contributions by Nat Fleischer, Joe Humphreys, Frank Graham, Jack Curley and Daniel M. Daniel and Wilbur Wood.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

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OVER 500 KNOCKOUTS

GUS MARTEL

Famous developer of champions and K. O. record holder of the world

Read about Gus Martel, AMATEUR WORLD'S CHAMPION, KNOCKOUT RECORD HOLDER, and DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS. Gus tells the world how he did it. A secret punch, adopted by Police Departments throughout the country, as a police weapon, to battle criminals, is revealed, for the first time, by the world's greatest fighter. Gus stopped Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil in 2½ rounds, it took Bob Fitz 13 rounds.

"Strange As It Seems" (*same as believe it or not*) has Gus among the wonders of the World with 500 knockouts: and in Chicago, 1905, knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, and a light-heavy.

With Gus's system you can't foul, and every punch is a K. O.

A few of the hundreds I have on record with two or more knockouts first round with my secret punch. When writing, please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

D. Danny Dunn, Springfield, Colo.; 9 K. O's. with Secret Punch first round.

Mr. J. F. Pierson, Box 162, Bayshore, N. Y.; 8 knockouts first round.

William Mulvihill, 413 Smith Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; boy 16 knocked out two men, first round with Secret Punch.

Spurgeon Watson, 338 Newport St., N. W., Atlanta, Ga.; first fight knocked his men out first round with Secret Punch.

Richard Ott, Alpena Pass, Ark.; K. O. 17 seconds with Secret Punch.

Robert D. Matthews, R. F. D No. 2, Fulton, Ky.; boy of 17 says knocked out every man I fought. Don't say how many.

O. V. Ottie, 51 Menahan St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; two K. O. first round.

A few more that highly praise my course, way of training, eating and practically guarantee to knockout any man that they may happen to have a fight with.

Gordon L. Marchando, 211 Kenka St., Penn Yan, N. Y.; Charley Bianco, 5863—78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Russel Limes, 103 Chestnut St., Xenia, Ohio; L. W. Osborne, Fairview, Alberta, Canada; Mario Grille, 83 Vernon St., Providence, R. I.; Walter Butkas, 143 Kidden St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Bond Nelson, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 162, Kingsport, Tenn.

Read Following Original Reproduction of Letters Received:

Mr. Gus Martel:— Greenville, Tex., Dec. 15.
I was a middle weight and your course made me beat the heavyweight champ of Boise City in one round with Secret Punch.
(Signed) Jack Sinclair Potter, 2828 Logan St.

Gus Martel:— Puerto Cabezos, Nicaragua, C. A., Nov. 10, 1930.
Your course reached me yesterday and please don't ask if I am satisfied. Nothing that I have paid money for even to my meals which are quite palatable has ever pleased me or done me more good than your course. I now have an insight on your scientific art that I never expected was possible. You give such reasons for everything and so plain that any child could not go wrong. (Signed) Willie Kid Green,
Lacus Comsy, B.B.B.L. Co., Mdse. Dept.

My Dear Trainer Gus:— St. Joseph, Mo., January 12, 1931.
I have every Boxing course before me including ———— and they are all baby stories in comparison with yours. But all my attention and practice is on your Secret Punch. I could K. O. any man in the dark with that wonderful Punch and can't see how a man could help knocking out the world of fighters one at a time. No wonder you hold the K. O. record of the World. (Signed) L. O. Pettet, 422 Thompson Ave.

Dear Gus:— Mineral Wells, W. Va., Jan. 5, 1931.
Have I learned anything from your course? That Secret Punch sure is a K. O. in big letters. Since receiving your course I have won two one round K. O.'s and each over 20 lbs. heavier.
(Signed) Jonus Cooper.

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GUS MARTEL, 198 Broadway, New York City, Dept. 109.

Enclosed is $2.98 (or will send C.O.D. for $3.25 in U. S. only) in full payment for your SECRET SURE K. O. PUNCH. You are to send me the MOST COMPLETE BOXING AND TRAINING COURSE IN THE WORLD, fully illustrated, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE. Also free—How to eat anything from soup to green apples and gain strength at one half the cost. The SECRET PUNCH is to come at the same time on a separate sheet and will be put away and kept to myself.

Should I find your SECRET PUNCH not easily delivered or that it is not a sure K. O. or that it can be parried, blocked or guarded, I am to get back my $2.98, plus postage. This K. O. PUNCH is to enable me to K. O. any man in ring or self defense. I having both right and left to hit him at will and he being so tied up that he cannot hit me with either hand till I have him knocked out, thus making me a fighter almost at once.

Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Dear Gus:— Sudbury, Ont., Canada, Dec. 17, 1930.
I got your Secret Punch and it's a WOW.
Your way of training stopped my dizziness immediately and won my fight in 12 seconds with your Secret Punch.
(Signed) Roy Elgbocka, 673 Cooper Cliff Rd.

Mr. Gus Martel:— Honolulu, T. H., Dec. 8, 1930.
Received your wonderful course and was surprised to find out what a heap of wonderful information it gave me.
Certainly everything you said about it was true and above all it shows how a fellow no matter how puny he is can be respected by any roughneck, simply because he has confidence in your Secret Punch and will depend solely on it for his safety in the matter of self-defense.
(Signed) Thomas H. Lum, 1307 Liliha St.

Dear Sir:— 571 New Lots Ave., Dec. 30, 1930.
Received your course and it's great. Never seen anything like it. It beats all others by a mile and I have all the others that advertise so I know what I am talking about.
Thanking you from the bottom of my heart.
(Signed) Tom Sliwicki, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gus Martel:— Dallas, Tex., Dec. 11, 1930.
I received your boxing course and Secret K. O. Punch. I have some 10 or 12 Boxing books and I must frankly admit that yours is the most complete and sensible one I have ever read or seen.
Very sincerely, Frankie Mahon.

Dear Gus:— Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1931.
I want to thank you for all the benefits I derived from your course. Am feeling 100% better physically and mentally, sleep better, eat till I am full and only at ½ the cost. You should say your course is more than free because I am sure I saved more than its cost the first week.
Your friend to the last,
(Signed) Murray Schachter, 1919 Rockaway Ave.

Feb. 5th, 1931.
Albert Kent of 84 Washington Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., asked the following questions and RING MAGAZINE signed by Nat Fleischer answered as follows:

Q. Who in your estimation piled up the largest string of K. O.'s? Was it Gus Martel? A. Yes as an amateur.

Q. Why isn't Gus Martel listed in the record books? Is it because he was an amateur? A. Yes.

Another from QUESTION BOX OF RING MAGAZINE, Feb. 1931.

Q. Who would win a Gus Martel-Al Singer Contest, and how many rounds? A. Martel likely to win. Very unwise to predict number of rounds. Martel was a great fighter in his days.

Gus speaks from an experience of over five hundred knockouts, and carries a punch that floors them all. His course will carry you to the top, boys, as it carried him. His fully illustrated secret punch, copyrighted, if good enough for five hundred knockouts, and good enough for the police to adopt as a police weapon to battle criminals, HOW ABOUT YOU?

LOUGHRAN, BAER—

By Max Fleischer

HONESTY and conscientiousness pay. Tommy Loughran, veteran of many stirring ring battles, can testify to that. The cheers that resounded through Madison Square Garden recently when the Master boxer of Philadelphia finished instructing Max Baer, pleased Tommy far more than did the victory. The send-off was a tribute to a fighter whose efforts have never been questioned.

It was a treat to see the veteran in this come-back. If ever Tommy had any doubts about how the New York fans feel toward him, he certainly knows now. The 13,000 who saw Loughran's masterly exhibition of ring science, stood and cheered him, for they had seen a so-called "has-been" taunt, tantalize and play with the vicious looking Baer from California.

No finer ring science has been seen since Tommy toyed with Jimmy Braddock many months ago in that same ring. Now that Loughran has demonstrated that he is far from being burned out the boys in the heavyweight ranks will have to look to their laurels before Tommy is shunted to the sidelines.

A left hand that stabbed and cut Baer's face with the speed of a rapier and knocked considerable of the cockiness out of Max. The biggest gathering that had attended a contest in the "House that Tex Built" since the start of the new year, first gasped at the rejuvenation of the former light heavyweight king as he stood off the rushes of the California youth who, it was generally presumed would annihilate him. The gasps turned to laughter as the gathering saw Tommy pile up point after point, with stab after stab, a continuous bombardment of as pretty a left, snappy jab as has been seen in New York in years.

* * *

THE one-sided victory of Loughran should act a sermon to boxers who do not take their work seriously. Here was Baer, a young lad with everything before him, facing a boxing master who has seen service for many years, yet the veteran outclassed the "comer" by a margin of eight to two rounds.

It was regrettable that a young fellow like the Californian should show such a lack of stamina, vitality and endurance powers as he did in the tilt with Loughran. Baer certainly possesses sufficient courage and hitting power, but these without condition, will get him nowhere. Baer moved around the ring like a lost lamb. He was meek, showed a complete lack of science, moved with awkwardness and was considerably winded before the end of the fifth round. What is wrong with the lad, I heard one fan ask of a newspaperman?

Plenty. He doesn't take his work seriously. He is too much the play boy and will not amount to anything unless he changes his attitude. Baer has a fortune ahead of him, for he is one of the hardest hitters developed in years in the heavyweight ranks. But to make good, he must change his tactics and follow the example set by Loughran.

Baer crouched, side-stepped, weaved, ducked, hurled himself at Loughran—but every move he made, he found that stinging left darting in his face. Next Baer tried a right counter and then a left, and they each worked to great advantage a few times, but the master soon solved that line of attack and thereafter, round after round, Baer's futile rushes offered plenty of amusement for the fans.

In all, the fight was one of the best staged in New York in months and will do much to bring back the customers who have tired of paying to see mediocre performers.

The fight also is deserving of special attention because of the lesson to be derived from it by those who are just starting on a pugilistic career. It is not too late for Baer to change. If he decides to take his work seriously he'll reap a fortune—if he doesn't he'll be out of the fistic limelight in less than two years.

* * *

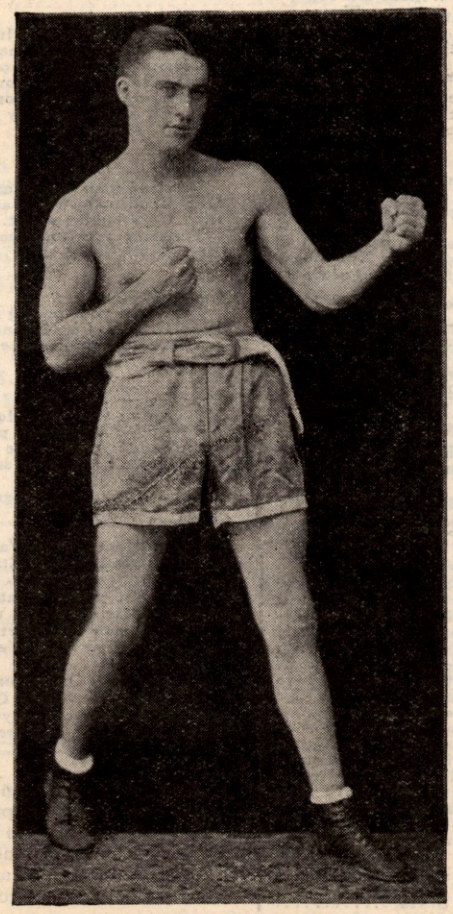
NEW YORK is not the only place where referees and judges gum up the works. Chicago officials started the proceedings two years ago and since, every now and then, comes a verdict which holds boxing up to ridicule. True, we are in the midst of a business depression, but that in itself is not the sole reason for the great drop in boxing patronage. The rise of wrestling has proved that. Muddled decisions and poor matches have left their mark on the boxing game.

Incompetent officials should be weeded out of boxing. The sport should not be subject to the whim of politicians. Too many are able to dictate who shall and who shall not act in the capacity of referee and judge.

In New York, the biggest boxing center in the world, there are a number of officials who have no more right to a place in the judges' chair or as third man in the ring, than a kindergarten child.

Suspicion has been cast on recent bouts in which the contestants have fought honestly and given their best, only because one or more of the officials have brought on themselves the charge of incompetency. The New York boxing commission seems careless when it assigns to Madison Square Garden officials who have proved themselves unfit.

One referee, who failed utterly in his duty in the Schmeling-Sharkey fight and caused a flare up in boxing in the Empire State, when he, and he alone, witnessed the "invisible" foul in the Paulino-Delaney bout, recently halted the Cobb-Poreda contest with only four seconds more of the second round to go. The loser, at the time, Cobb, was fighting like a demon after being floored with a terrific body punch and was far from being unfit to



Tommy Loughran

BOXING OPPOSITES

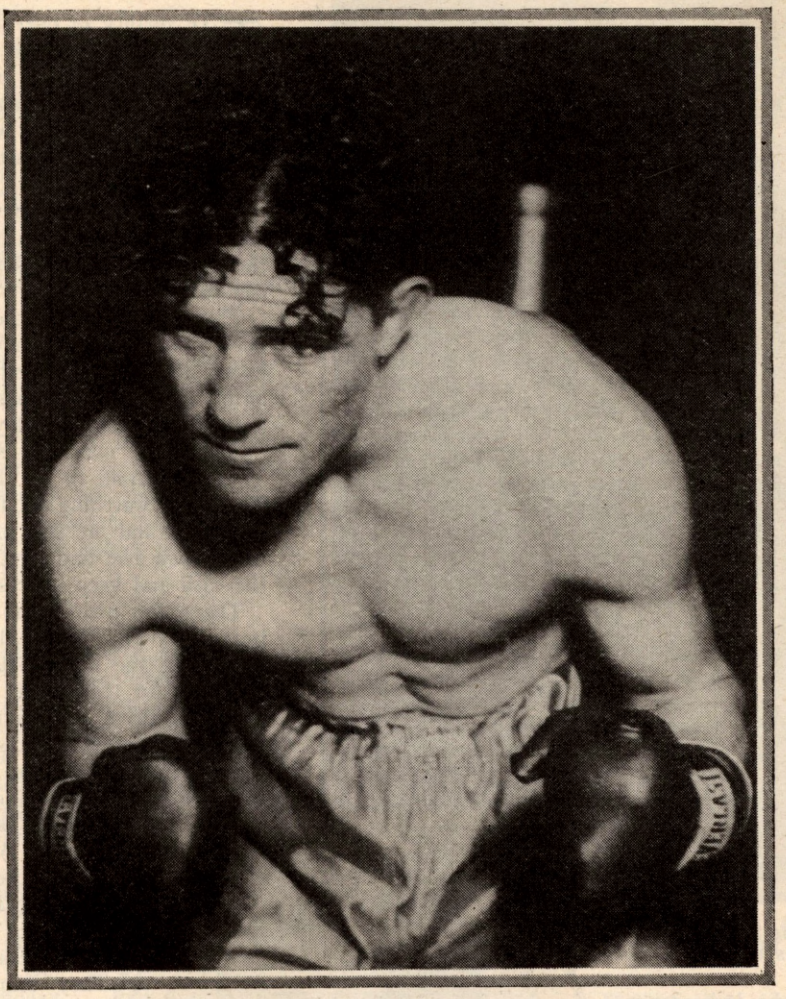
Tommy Showed Max What Condition Means in the Ring

continue. This official had given an unsatisfactory account of himself on many occasions and I still wonder what hold he has on the boxing commission that keeps on assigning him to important affairs to kill off what appears to be a fine show.

* * *

ANOTHER official, the owner of a speakeasy, is repeatedly appointed both to the Garden and other arenas and his work likewise has been the subject of adverse comment. How can the gallery gods—those who do most of the booing and hissing, help but act as they do when a verdict meets with their disapproval, when they know that in this referee's speakeasy come the "sports" who furnish the odds and act as the bookmakers for almost every show.

Let's do away with these officials. The game needs a housecleaning and it will do well to start right at home. Boxing is too great a sport to be kicked around by incompetents. Let's, for a change, kick the incompetents around and place the sport back into the good graces of those whose support is most needed.



Max Baer

* * *

RECENTLY in Madison Square Garden, the knockdown timekeeper and the referee, Jack Dempsey, fumbled on a count that caused a knockout decision to be renderd against Tom Heeney and a victory for Baer, when as a matter of record, Heeney had all the better of the two rounds and Dempsey, a most competent ring official, had counted only eight, a count he had accurately picked up according to the rules prescribed in New York. If proper precaution had been taken, no such blunder would have occurred.

But New York is not the only state where such things happen. Philadelphia chipped in with one in the Loughran-Jack Gross fight in which the judges disagreed and the referee called it a draw, thereby necessitating a draw verdict.

At least a draw it was until the following day when, after a heated argument in which Loughran and his horde of admirers insisted that he had been jobbed of the decision, the referee discovered that, as in the Lomski-Braddock fight in Chicago, he had failed in the simplest of all arithmetical problems—he didn't add his totals properly. On the recount, he found that he had given Loughran four rounds, Gross three and three even, and therefore he should have awarded the decision to Tommy. Upon notification of the error, the Pennsylvania Commission corrected the error but suspended Loughran for "inciting a riot" by arguing so vehemently for his rights.

* * *

A RATHER strange procedure! Were I a member of a boxing commission, I know what I would do. The boxer wouldn't suffer at my hands but I'd see to it that every official who proved his incompetency or showed that he was unable to perform a simple test in arithmetic, would be ousted. They don't belong and should be eliminated.

Boxing deserves a better fate than to be left at the mercy of referees and judges who don't know their business and are continuously blundering. Apparently some officials not only cannot count when a fighter is downed, but do not know that 3 plus 2 makes 5.

The reversal of the Loughran decision, which according to ringside critics as well as the fight fans, is as it should be, makes the second in which Tommy has figured.

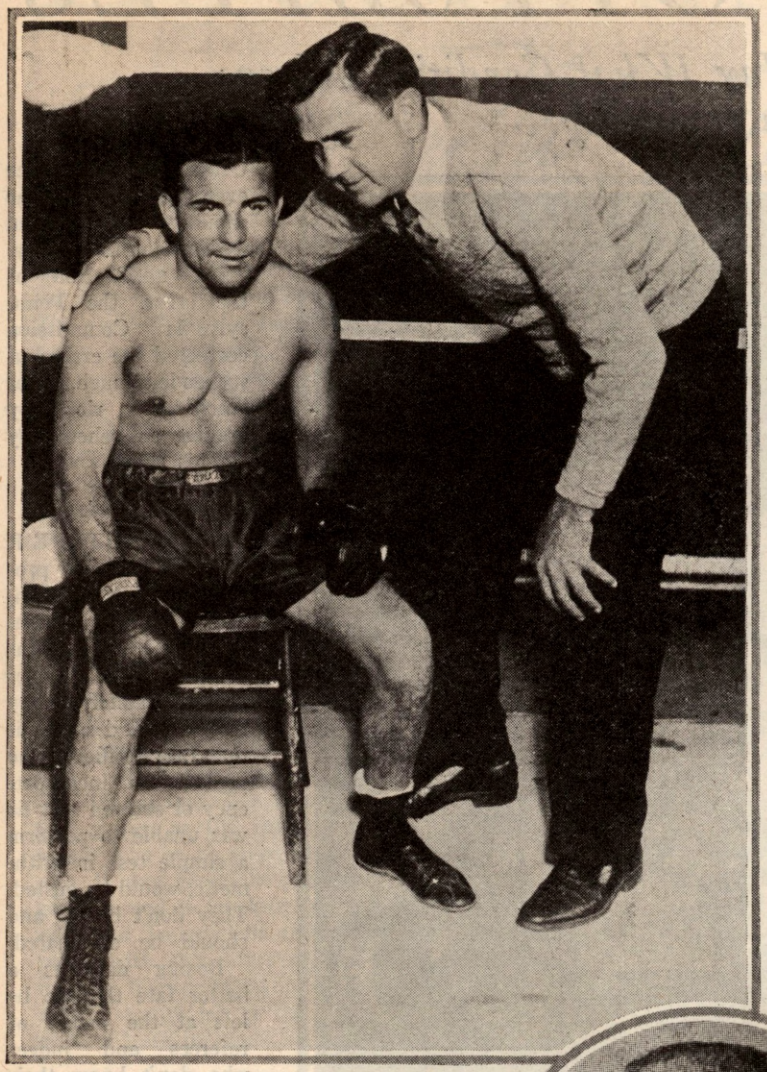
On July 16, 1925, he boxed Jack Delaney in a downpour in a ten round bout in Philadelphia and, when the fight ended, Delaney received the verdict. The judges had disagreed and the referee gave the honors to Jack. After considerable argument, Commissioner White threw out the official verdict and, an hour after the tilt, called the bout a draw, which is the way it is recorded in the record books.

* * *

THERE are plenty of high class officials kept on the side lines while inefficient ones, probably as a political favor, receive the important assignments. New York, the greatest boxing center in the world, should set the pace. The State Commission should weed out these inefficient hangers-on and show other commissioners how boxing can and should be conducted on the scale to which it is entitled.

Let the Garden see more of Charles F. Mathison, the most competent of all New York judges; Sam Austin, Harold Barnes and George Patrick and referees of the Haley, Magnolia, McPartland, O'Sullivan, Dempsey, Forbes, McAvoy, Denning and Griffin type. That, and good pairing of boxers, will soon put boxing back to where it was two years ago.

"Take Chances, You Managers!"



George Blake giving Fidel La Barba his final instructions

IT is the style of the day in boxing to seek the causes of an undisputed depression. All sorts of reasons have been advanced. The boxers have been blamed. The matchmakers and promoters have been told that they are at fault. The managers have been placed on the griddle.

If the truth must be told, all have had something to do with the loss in interest and revenue. Of course, the basic reason may be traced to the industrial letdown all over the country. When you have no money you do not pay to see fights. When the customers do not pay there are no good cards. When the cards are bad and the clients are shy, the real boxers creep into their shells like a Mississippi farmer crawling into a cyclone cellar until the blow is over.

Yes, it's quite a circle. But let me tell you this: The trouble with boxing lies in boxing itself.

It lies in the undoubted fact that in our quest of quick returns we have reduced quality.

Growers of cantaloupe try to bring their fruit to maturity faster and faster. Baseball magnates rush untried rookies from the minors into the majors. The demand for ball players far exceeds the supply.

And that's how it goes right down the line. Development is pushed so hard, and raw material is asked to tackle such big jobs early in athletic life, that our boys do not get a chance to mature normally.

* * *

THE quality of our boxing material is being reduced year by year as the supply of old time trainers is cut down by inexorable Father Time.

The old type of manager and trainer lived the life of his fighter. He was with him all the time. He was in training quarters with him. He supervised his entire life.

There was a firm community of interest. The old trainers were like fathers to their charges. And the old trainers knew something about boxing and conditioning.

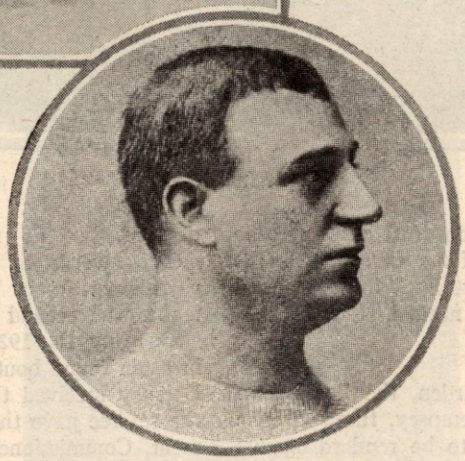
These men knew all the tricks of the trade. They knew science. They knew everything there was to know about boxing and the boxer. They were adroit in making matches, and yet fearless. What a striking contrast to-day!

You have managers scared out of their wits. They are afraid to let their men fight contenders. They keep watching out for the so-called "big shot" outdoors, and in the meantime the moss grows under their feet and they pass up the chance to get the cash and keep interest alive.

That's the main thing in any sport. Keep the interest alive! Fighters do not realize this duty and they want the matchmakers and promoters to do the work for them. But how?

Let me drive home a striking parallel. Football today is one of the greatest sports of all time? Why? It has great teams. But who make these elevens? They do not organize and coach themselves.

Men like Knute Rockne, Glenn Warner, Major Cavanaugh, Howard Jones, Dick Hanley, "Chick" Meehan and Lou Little, men with the ability to develop, bring out wonderful teams season after season. They fear no one. Their teams tackle all comers.



Billy Delaney, a master conditioner of other years

* * *

THAT'S what we had in boxing in the years gone by. We had men like Harry Gilmore, Jimmy Barry, Jack O'Keefe, Martin Duffy, Jack Moffatt, Billy Brady, Billy Delaney, Billy Gibson, Billy O'Connell, who made Charley White a left hook star, Charley Harvey, De Witt Van Court, discoverer of Jim Jeffries, oh, we had them by the tens and the twenties. They made fighters. They inspired fighters. They instilled the fighting spirit in them.

When these men ruled the ring, a fighter had to be a real fighter to get anywhere. The school was tough, the battle tougher.

What is the situation today? A lad develops as an amateur, and immediately ten or fifteen managers get after him. He need have no great ability or even promise.

Sometimes the management of a good fighter is split into shares, with none of the "share holders" having an intimate interest in the boxer other than that which has to do with the balance sheet. It's like running a grocery store. Clerks are put in charge and the owners go their own way.

The boxers work in little gymnasiums without supervision, if there is supervision, it lacks the expert touch.

Says Blake

Man Who Developed La Barba, Fields, Holds Boxing Clinic

By

George L. Blake

Often a boxer is "owned" by a man who knows nothing about the game. The "owner" is a dress manufacturer. Or perhaps he is a social light, who sees in this bizzarre association with the ring fancy a chance to break into the newspapers, a chance to be hailed in his circle as an unusual type.

In recent years this strange attachment of Society for the Ring, once quite usual in England in the days of a hundred or more years ago, has come back stronger than ever.

Anyway, your boxer who is "owned" by a man outside of the game has no real control, no actual coach. The "owner" either has a lot of money and spoils the fighter, or he is avaricious and kills the boxer in another way. No matter which way it works, the fighter is the ham in the sandwich, and he doesn't last.

* * *

THE conditions I have enumerated have cut down the supply of fighters of merit and fights of drawing power. The public can't be fooled. Abraham Lincoln was no fight manager, but what he said ought to be pasted up in the office of every promoter and manager, and in the hat of every boxer. Abe said: "You can fool some of the people all the time. You can fool all the people some of the time. But you can't fool all the people all the time."

Now then, what is the remedy? I take it for granted that shortly we will be on a definite upward trend industrially and financially, and that men again will have real money to spend on fights. In most places they have it now. Experience in New York has proved that.

First, let us have better preparation for the fighter, more complete training under knowing leaders. In music, they teach a lad finger exercises before asking him to run off a piece on the piano. In boxing they send the lad out to play a classic before he knows the scale. Let us have better ground work.

Bill Brady, one of the craftiest managers of the old school who piloted Corbett and Jeffries

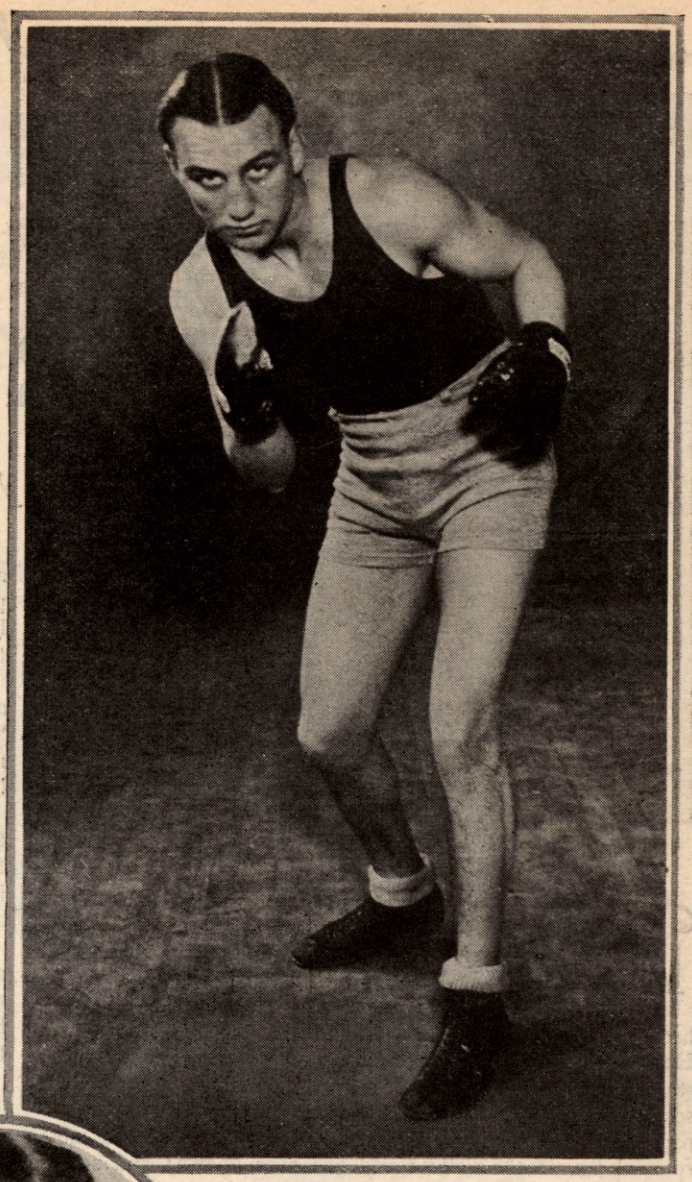
In this connection I long have nursed an idea which I would he anxious to see installed in big clubs like the Garden in New York, the Stadium in Chicago and the Garden in Boston.

Let these arenas run, as adjuncts in their building, big gymnasiums in which fighters could train under proper coaching, in wholesome surroundings, under ideal conditions. Fighters like admiring crowds. But in the ten by eight boxes that abound as training places the lads are so crowded they cannot breathe properly.

* * *

IN asking for proper ground work I do not recommend anything which I myself have not insisted on, and I do not preach anything I do not myself practice.

In the cases of Fidel La Barba and Jackie Fields, I de-



Jackie Fields, a product of the Blake system

veloped them slowly, gradually, from amateurs. I did not let them overdo things. They went on to Olympic championships, then eased into professional competition. They tried to rush themselves. I curbed them.

After each bout I showed them their mistakes. I drilled with them, day in and day out. I lived with them. I got to know their innermost thoughts. Four or five times a week they went through that hard routine of training.

From the fighter, let me pass to the manager. I say this with no apologies, because most of my associates are the kind that have the welfare of the game at heart.

But there are not enough game managers, willing to take their chances. In the old days managers gambled. They were willing to throw their men into the ring with good fighters. Now champions expect to feed on overweight matches or bouts with sub-calibre opponents. The game has run into too much money and the prevailing type of manager is not the risk-taking kind.

If the managers are reasonable, the match makers will do their share. I think too much unwarranted criticism has been heaped on the match makers and promoters. They want the big bouts. That is their business. But they cannot pull the fighters into the ring.

I don't want to seem harsh on some (*Continued on page* 42)

Jack Dempsey as he appeared in "The Big Fight"

The TIGER *in* GREASE PAINT

By MARY ROBINSON

THE tremendous strength of personality that radiates from Jack Dempsey is displayed in the following scene which I chanced to witness as a member of his cast in "The Big Fight."

"The Big Fight"—a play starring the Mauler—had concluded its Boston run and the huge Boston Opera House teemed with the usual activity of a closing performance: stage crew loading trucks with massive production scenery; company of one hundred packing trunks; newspapermen avid for "one more story" from one of the most colorful figures the fistic world has ever known; and scores of Fans—Fans—Fans—waiting with programs, scraps of paper, boxing gloves, anything they could seize upon, to be autographed by the one and only Jack Dempsey.

Inside his crowded dressing room, packed and ready for the midnight train, genial as ever, sat Dempsey—showman supreme. Scrawling his name again and again, giving hasty but carefully worded statements to the Press, shaking hand after hand, and always a smile for the grimy little boys brought in by their proud fathers.

Jerry the Greek, busy, silent, ever watchful of his idol, glanced at his timepiece: "Time you go, Champ." (Jerry still uses that title, for to him Dempsey will always be "the Champ.")

"Well, boys," Dempsey got to his feet, "so long!" He pushed a way through the jammed corridor calling farewells as he went. The stage door closed behind him. Several hundred persons still milled about the brilliantly lighted theater—but the building was dark and empty. Jack Dempsey had gone!

* * *

I FIRST met Jack Dempsey while I was playing in Max Marcin's melodrama, "Trapped." Mr. Marcin was co-author of the play, "The Big Fight," in which Estelle Taylor and Jack were to be starred.

One night after our performance Mr. Marcin asked me if I would care to help Dempsey rehearse his part in the coming production. The company rehearsals were to start in a week and the ex-champ wished to be somewhat prepared before facing a company of experienced actors.

I consented with pleasure and we proceeded to Mr. Marcin's apartment where Dempsey awaited us—and what a surprise awaited me! In place of the slow-witted bruiser I had expected to meet, sat a conservatively dressed man, cigar in hand, using well chosen words to express his ideas pertinent to the role he was to portray.

One of his amusing and helpful suggestions was that the authors, in order to ring a change on the overworked term "palookas," should employ the expression "Joe McGees." It meant the same thing they told us and was frequently used by pugilists.

But my amazement and admiration knew no bounds when the one-time rod-rider turned to Mr. Marcin, flicked the ashes from his cigar and observed casually: "Well, Max, as I see it, this role must be played with a fine finesse."

Pretty good for the Tiger, what?

Several weeks later I joined the cast of the "Big Fight" and had a "close up" of Dempsey as Thespian. He made a surprisingly good actor, never stagy or ridiculous. He always had that quality of sincerity so necessary in Art and Sport to a marked degree.

* * *

THE last act of the play was the big fight scene, the stage being set with a regulation-size ring and designed to resemble that in Madison Square Garden as nearly as the limited space allowed. Dempsey's reaction to this scene was very amusing.

Three sparring partners, all good men, were carried with the show, alternating at each performance as the villainous "Challenger." No one man could have stood the strain, for each night, in perfect good faith, Jack would say, "Now, Buddy, let's take it easy to-night; it's only a play; no use getting all tired out." The men would agree, but the Tiger, the instant the gong sounded, invariably forgot these instructions and tore into his opponent at his usual locomotive speed.

It wasn't cruelty. Dempsey simply couldn't help it. From the moment he heard the bell, the shouts of the mob, saw Jerry the Greek crouched close to the ring, the make believe ended. He was the born "killer" and there across the ring stood his prey—even though that prey was a friendly enemy.

A funny thing happened at a performance in New Haven and we on the stage got the thrill of our lives. The fight was carefully rehearsed to go two rounds, at the end of which the challenger was to fall and be counted out.

On this particular night the man doing the Challenger stuff was the six feet, five inch giant, Ralph Smith, of California. During the first round Jack accidentally hit him a terrible wallop and the bell found Smith fearfully dizzy.

Still very groggy, he came up for the second round—then the fun began! Huge, strong and fairly fast, Ralph made for Dempsey with blood in his eye. As the fracas always seemed real to Jack, this suited him perfectly. It looked great until Dempsey, sensing the approaching end of the round, whispered to Smith to fall. Ralph's answer was a smashing blow to the Tiger's heart! (*Continued on page* 43)

Fistic Cartoonettes

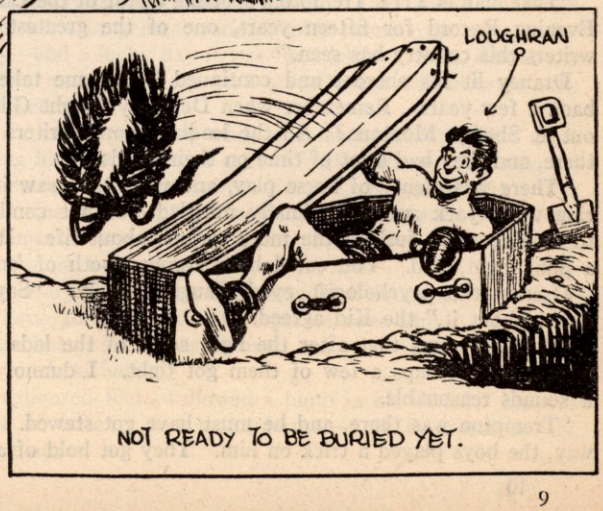
By "Lank" Leonard

THE TIDE SEEMS TO HAVE TURNED.

YOU WILL IF YOU KICK THAT

THE MIAMI RECEIPTS

A HELLUVA CAR TO TAKE ON A TOUR !!



NOT READY TO BE BURIED YET.

"POOR BOY,

Trempton Spotted Denton at an American Legion smoker

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

KID TAGUER was feeling fine. Tommy Draney, his manager, wore an expansive smile into which was inserted an expensive cigar. The firm of Taguer & Draney was heading toward a match for the heavyweight title. Only three years before Taguer had landed in New York via the freight car and brake beam route. Now he was the toast of the "fancy," the acclaimed contender.

But like many another human, Taguer had a tendency to forget about his past troubles. The Kid was inclined to be a trifle callous. He just had knocked out Babe Heaton in three rounds, and as Draney and he were leaving the Garden they were accosted by a shabby figure, run down at the heels, seemingly a derelict.

Draney drew a five spot from his pocket, patted the "bum" on the back, and hastened away.

"You'll land in the poor house, Tommy," the Kid remonstrated. "Every time we have a bout that tramp shows up for a handout. You're spoiling him. It's ten here and five there. It used to be that managers had to keep an eye on their fighters' dough, but in this case it looks as if the battler will have to appoint himself guardian of the manager. Lay off staking bums. Listen, they don't appreciate it."

Draney walked along silent for a few minutes. "Kid, this may interest you," he said. "Don't always judge a man by his clothes or his ten days' beard. And don't judge your fellows too harshly. Come up to the room and I'll tell you all about that man. It's a rare yarn."

* * *

THEY got settled, and Draney began to spin his story. "Every word of this is the gospel truth, Kid. And maybe when I get through you won't feel so tough toward Johnny Trempton and his kind."

"Trempton! That sounds familiar. Johnny Trempton, eh? I have seen that name somewhere," the Kid mused.

"Yes, you've seen it, and so have millions of others," Draney went on.

"That man is THE Trempton, sporting editor of the Chicago Evening Record for fifteen years, one of the greatest fight writers this country has seen."

Draney lit his cheroot and continued." Let me take you back a few years. Remember when Dempsey fought Gibbons out at Shelby, Montana? All the leading sports writers were there, and they had a lot of time on their hands.

"There was plenty of horse play, and what they saw in the ring when Jack and Tom finally mingled was not conducive to making them feel all the more serious about life. It was a punk fight, Kid. You could have stopped both of 'em."

Draney the psychologist eyed Tauger closely. "Say, no doubt about it," the Kid agreed.

"Well, it seems that after the fight some of the lads made merry, and perhaps a few of them got tight. I dunno. But it sounds reasonable.

"Trempton was there, and he must have got stewed. Anyway, the boys played a trick on him. They got hold of a pair of girls' undies and packed them away in Johnny's grip.

"Now Trempton would take a drink. He would play poker until he had gone into hock for half a year's salary.

"But Johnny Trempton would not look at a woman other than Mary, his wife. They were wildly in love with each other. Maybe too crazy in love. Her whole life was wrapped up in Trempton. And she was pretty, Kid. Well, about as pretty as they come, and then some.

"Yes, you guessed it. But I didn't blame her for passing up a poor fight manager for a fine guy like Johnny."

* * *

"TREMPTON finally got back to Chicago from Shelby, and after a hurried breakfast, began to shave. He had to be down at the office early that morning. As he scraped his beard, Mary began to unpack his bag.

"Well, when she saw that bit of ladies' finery she gasped. She jammed it right back into the bag and went to her room to think. It stunned her. No, she didn't stop to give Johnny the benefit of the doubt, or suspect that it was all a mistake. Kid, women like to jump at conclusions, especially when a man is concerned.

"She finally got a new hold on herself and waited for Johnny to finish his toilet. As Trempton began to unpack, he spotted the troublemaker too, and he saw it all in a flash. He knew that gang out in Shelby. He shoved the underwear under his coat, but Mary was all over him.

"Well, Kid, you can imagine what happened. One of them violent scenes. Trempton tried to explain, but she was nervous, unstrung. Finally he banged the door and went down town, shouting 'Suit yourself about this.'

"An hour later they picked up her mangled body from the elevated tracks on a North Side station near his home. She had suited herself."

* * *

"SAY, that sure was tough," exclaimed Taguer. "Enough to make any man go off his nut."

"Yes, it was tough, but I haven't finished," Draney went on.

"The blow was too much for Trempton. He went on a long souse. He neglected his work, but the paper was sympathetic and would have carried him along and no doubt straightened him out. But one morning Trempton disappeared.

"For about six months they could find no trace of him. And finally he showed up in San Francisco. By this time he had became a bum. Once he had been a dandy in dress. Now he had sunk to tattered clothes and broken down shoes.

"Boxing had been Johnny's first love, and toward the ring he now drifted. He frequented gymnasiums, where they let him sweep out the place and tossed him an occasional dollar. He haunted the fight clubs.

"Then he disappeared again for five months, and when he came back he looked healthier, but seedier in so far as clothes were concerned. He had gone out to Kansas, to the harvest country—gone out there to get a new lease on life. But the grief of it all had licked him again.

"He showed up around Chicago, going through the same old daily routine, doing odd jobs around the gyms, picking up fives and tens after the big fights.

"He had a peculiar expression. He kept saying, with a wan smile, 'Poor boy, rich boy, they're all alike. Life is hell.' "

* * *

WE never could figure out why Trempton had singled out Big Luke Warlden," Draney continued.

"But one day, while Warlden was watching Toohey, that punk middleweight he had for a couple of years, in Marlen's gym, Trempton took Luke aside and said, 'How would you

RICH BOY"

The Calloused Kid Learns a Lesson About Fives Cast on the Waters

Denton beat up Whalen for the title in New York

like to have the next heavyweight champion of the world?'

"Warlden looked at him funny and laughed, 'Johnny, might as well ask me if I want a million. Where is this great find of yours?'

" 'He's down at a place called Barrington Lick, in Kansas.

" 'You'll find him on the Hawtree farm. He has fought four or five times in the American Legion smokers there and if I know anything about fighters, he's a comer. Name is Denton.' "

" 'Okeh, Johnny,' laughed Warlden, and he handed Trempton a five. Luke thought it was all a stall for a touch.

"At the time Warlden paid no attention to the tip, but as the days went along Luke got a hunch, and decided to investigate. He went to Barrington Lick, and saw this comer in action."

"The champ, eh?" Taguer interjected.

"Yes, Phil Denton, now world's heavyweight champion—and Trempton discovered him!" Draney explained.

"Warlden induced Denton to come to Chicago, and you know the rest. After pushing over a couple of stumble bums, Denton was tossed in with Charley Fraley, and that was over in two heats. It was 5 to 1 on Charley, and Denton at once was a sensation.

"Denton became an obsession with Trempton. Back in his brain there must have been keen resentment against himself for not having snapped out of the rut and managed Denton himself. It would have saved Johnny, made a new man of him. But he had become too weak.

"Wherever Denton fought, Trempton was sure to bob up. I thought Warlden gave Johnny a dirty deal. I said to Luke, 'This man handed you a gold mine. Why don't you take care of him?'

"You know that Warlden guy. He spat, and he said, 'Don't pay to pamper these bums. If I gave him a century he'd drink it up in two days. I'll take care of him and you'll mind your own business.' What I said to that bird couldn't be repeated."

* * *

"WELL, you know how Denton came along, beating everything in sight, and then knocking out Jim Whalen for the title in New York. But when Denton beat up Whalen, it wasn't Warlden who was handling him. That's another story—and listen sharp, Kid. It may do you some good," Draney laughed.

The old campaigner settled back as he opened another chapter in the drama of Johnny Trempton.

"Denton kept fighting often, and Trempton kept following him around. Finally they landed in New Orleans, in Tom Stella's Auditorium.

"Denton had a date there with Carl Maney, the Indian from Oklahoma. Phil made a few passes and they carried Maney out on a stretcher. Denton's share of the house amounted to a little over $17,000. Warlden went into Stella's office for the dough, and as he started out for the street he spied Trempton standing at the door, waiting for his five or ten.

"Warlden was in an ugly mood. He should have been the happiest manager in the game. But he had a mean streak in him. When he saw Johnny he flared up.

" 'There's that bum Trempton again, waiting for me. He has been hounding us all over the country. I'm sick of him.'

" 'Why, Luke, I hear Johnny tipped you off to Denton. Why get sore?'

"Yeh, he tipped me off, but I found a raw palooka, and I made a championship contender out of him myself. I owe nobody anything. I'm tired of being haunted by that sad looking tramp. How can I get out of here without being spotted?"

"Tom was disgusted, but told Warlden of the back exit —you know, out the side alley, that leads to the car line on St. Charles Avenue."

"I WAS sitting with Tom in his office, and what we said about Luke would fill a book that couldn't be published even on asbestos." Draney leaned back and spat vindictively.

"First I went out and fixed Trempton so he could get himself something to eat and a place to sleep. Then I went back to see Galt and Torrey, who had had fighters on the night's card and were enjoying their customary battle with the dice.

"Well, who is in the game with them but Warlden. The sight of a pair of dice gets him like nothing else will.

"As he left Tom's office to steal out the alley way and beat Trempton out of a five spot, he went into the room that they use as a gym and dressing quarters.

"The game already was in progress and as Warlden passed he became fascinated by a natural thrown by Galt.

" 'Say, you guys, I'm in a hurry. Got a heavy date down at the Louisiane. But here's five. Who will cover?'

"Well, he rolled 'em, and won. He won again. Warlden was in a streak of luck, and just then I happened to come in.

"I watched for a while and got hot under the collar. I was sore over the way Luke had treated Trempton, and it made me all the more angry to see him cleaning out Galt and Torrey, who needed the dough badly.

"I eased into the circle, and first thing I was in the game.

"That carnival of dice shooting lasted until eight o'clock the next morning, and when Warlden left he had lost the $20,000 he had had in his pocket at the start, and had left IOU's for $7,000 more with me."

* * *

"DRANEY chuckled. 'Yeh, that dough is in the bank right now. I rolled those dice that night like they never were rolled before. I was determined to break that guy. Sneaking away from Johnny, all for a five spot!

"When Warlden got back to the hotel Denton asked for $5,000. Luke didn't have it. They had some words. And that day Denton broke with Warlden. They made some sort of financial arrangement, and Denton went over to Charley Hartley—and a lucky day it was for Charley. Still, Kid if you know your onions and do as I say, Denton will have to take a back seat soon."

Draney sat silent for a while and laughed. "They say there is a thing like retribution, I guess Wardlen knows that now.

"So, don't be so hard boiled, Kid. Live, and let live. The fives and the tens that you might give occasionally to fellows like Trempton won't break you. They give you a certain satisfaction in living."

"Poor Mary! She must know now how wrong she was. I've got to save Johnny, Kid. I've got to save him.

"I can hear him saying it over and over again, 'Poor boy, rich boy, life is hell.' "

The calloused Kid swallowed a lump in his throat. He was thinking of freights and brake beams—and Trempton at the Garden door.

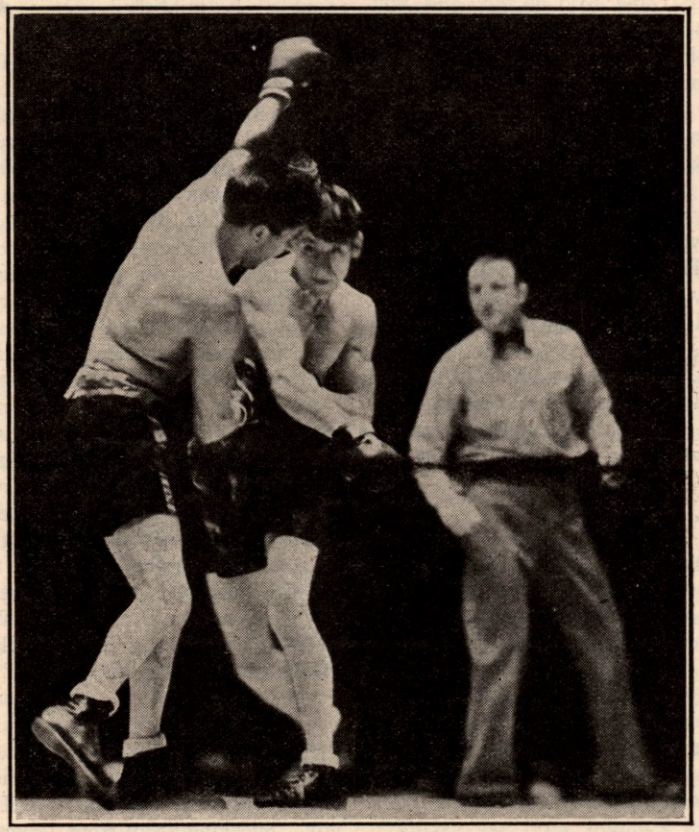
Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

British Champion Loses a Golden Opportunity
Failure to Follow Up Big Lead Proves Costly
Receipts Rise as Kid Depression Starts Moving

POOR judgment proved extremely costly to Len Harvey, British middleweight king, in his recent return engagement with Vince Dundee in the Madison Square Garden arena of New York. After piling up a big lead by taking four out of the first five rounds, the Briton was permitted to coast along until the eleventh round. By that time Dundee had gained the upper hand in five consecutive sessions by as plucky an uphill fight as has been seen in the Metropolis this year.

With an even break in the eleventh, the American lad came through with a hair-line victory. This, despite the fact that Len made a hit in the final round, the twelfth, with a whirlwind finish.

Unfortunately for the British champion, the rules of New York, and not those in vogue in other states or in Europe, are the determining factor in deciding the issue in the Empire State. These stipulate that the rounds credited to a fighter should be added at the termination of a bout and the contestant who has received the majority, is to be declared the winner.



A scene in the Len Harvey-Vince Dundee return match. Arthur Donovan, referee, voted in favor of Dundee

Under this procedure, I gave Harvey five rounds, Dundee six, and one even. Two of the officials, the referee and one judge, did likewise, and the dissenting judge, Charles F. Mathison, the most capable of all New York officials, handed the verdict to the Englishman.

Thus, for the second time, there was a variation of opinion regarding the victory, and if the boos and hisses that greeted the verdict—prolonged dissension—is a criterion, then Harvey should have carried off the honors. But I must throw my verdict to Dundee.

Had the fight been scored according to the rules of old, a far better system than is now in use, Harvey would have won without a shadow of doubt, because his margin of victory in the rounds he won, was far greater than that in which Dundee came through. Had Harvey's seconds sent him along after the fifth round as they did in the first five, the Englishman today would be sitting one rung nearer the middleweight championship of the world. As things now stand, his double defeat in America by Dundee, makes Vince the outstanding challenger for Mickey Walker's crown, if the Elizabeth boy cares to defend it. Should he refuse, Vince may soon land on top through popular acclamation. The National Boxing Association, already has taken action against Walker by declaring his title vacant and ordering an elimination tourney in which Dundee, and Harvey are named.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the boos that greeted the verdict were exceedingly prolonged, it seems to me that the popular disapproval of the decision was brought about more by the desire of the fans to see the Englishman win, because of his clean cut fight, his gentlemanly actions both in and out of the ring since his arrival here, and a general desire, always in evidence in New York, when a foreigner fights a Native Son, to give the visitor a break.

This, I say, with all due respects to the unfounded statements emanating from England, that an English fighter cannot get a square deal in America. Jackie Berg has disproved that claim.

Dundee's determination and courage carried him past obstacles that seemed unsurmountable. Only an iron jaw prevented him from being knocked silly in the first few rounds. Why Harvey's seconds permitted Len to let up in his furious, hard-hitting attack after the fifth, is a mystery to me.

Instead of coming on as he had been doing, Len began to back away—and there lies the mystery. Why? Surely the Englishman can't be accused of lacking courage!

Vince, with his aggressiveness, cut into Harvey's lead until he not only had equalized matters, but gained an advantage which cost Harvey the battle. In my opinion, Harvey won the first mill, although the decision went against him, but there is no question in my mind about him being nosed out in the second encounter.

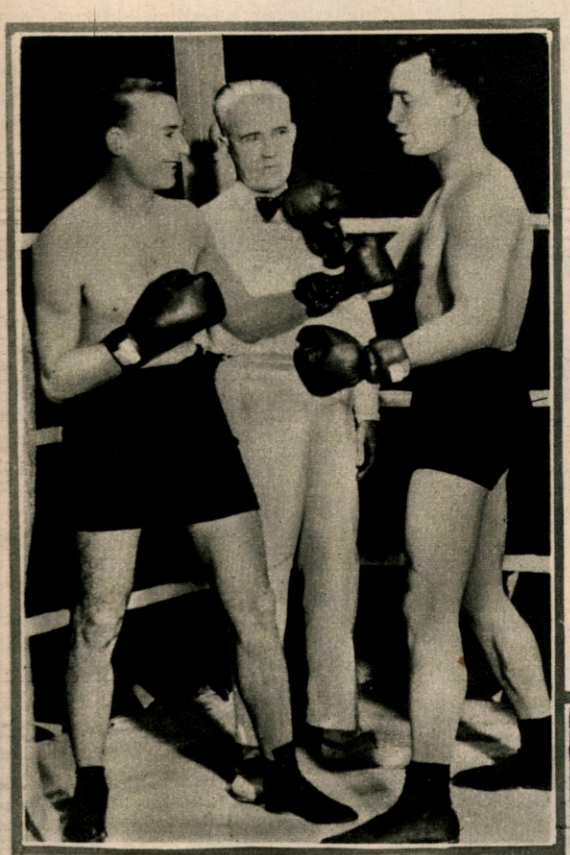
In final analysis, it was Dundee's ability to withstand the battering wallops and the pace and Vince's stamina, durability and extreme courage, that won the fight for the Newark lad. Had Len displayed the same aggressiveness at the three-quarter mark that he did in the first (*Continued on page* 41)

FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED

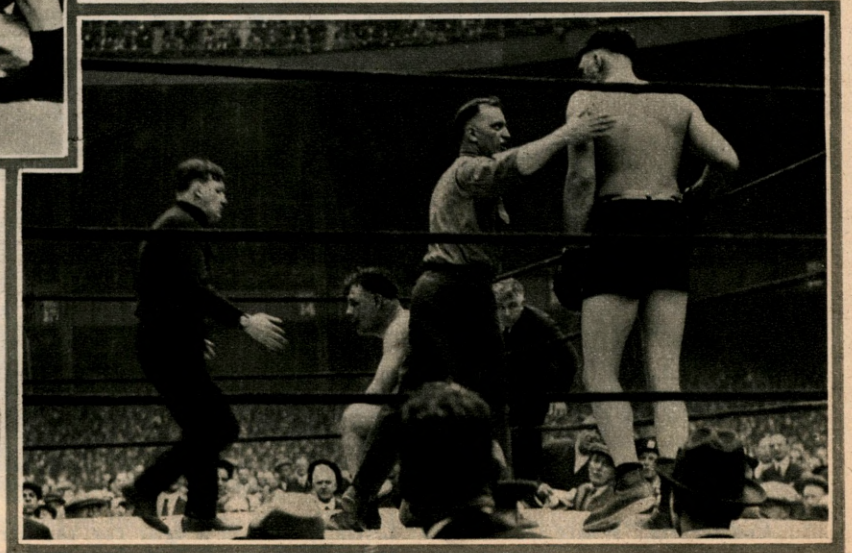
SERIES NO. 16

On September 23, 1921, Johnny Buff won the bantam title from Pete Herman in 15 rounds in the old Garden. From left to right, Sam Goldman, Herman's manager; Herman; Tony Polozzola, Herman's trainer; Patsy Haley, referee; Buff and Lew Diamond, Buff's manager

In the first defense of his title, on Nov. 10, 1921, Buff won a 15 round decision from Jack Sharkey. (left). Haley refereed



Patsy Haley, center, posing with Benny Leonard (left) and Jack Britton, when they fought for the welter title in New York on June 26, 1922, Leonard losing on a foul in the 13th round when he struck Britton while Jack was down



In his first bout in the attempted comeback of Jess Willard, he knocked out Floyd Johnson, in a Milk Fund Bout on May 12, 1923, in New York, in the 12th round. Here we see Referee Appel sending Willard to his corner, while Willie Lewis (left) is running to Johnson's aid. Scotty Montieth is seen coming into the ring in Willard's corner

When Indian Tomahawks

By NAT FLEISCHER

OUT west in the Indian reservations, when the white man was regarded as a pale face intruder and had to be protected against the ravages of the Injun by Uncle Sam's soldiers, fist fights often displaced tomahawk battles during periods of relaxation. Recently, THE RING Editor, in purchasing the library of a western sportsman, came across a letter and some woodcuts belonging to Bob Sweeney, one of Buffalo Bill's frontiersman, which adds another chapter, hitherto hidden, on American pugilism.

"We spent several days on the Sioux Indian reservation as the guest of "Green Feather," a rather tough warrior," wrote Mr. Sweeney to his brother, "and while here, the chief ordered two of his young bucks who had been quarreling over the love of a squaw, to battle it out for the prize of the bride and her pony.

"We pitched the stakes, ropes were tied around each, and with "Green Feather" as the referee, the decks were cleared for action. There were no set rules—everything, from gouging one's eye out to choking, permitted. The Injuns fought a bitter mill and it was not until one, who had been tripped, kicked in the stomach and then almost choked, could no longer continue, that "Green Feather" called a halt and awarded the prize to the victor. A feast was then set and amidst a war whoop and a weird dance, the bride was turned over to the winner.

"I've often read of fighting for the hand of a fair woman, but this is the first time I've ever actually seen one."

Fighting for buffalo robes and ponies was a pastime practiced by the Indians long before the art of fisticuffs took its place as one of America's leading sports. In upper New York State, where the Mohawk tribe had its quarters, fist fighting was a regular part of the camp celebrations. Leo Gates, who now sports the colors of Commissioner Mulrooney's bluecoats as a pavement pounder in New York City, is a descendant of the Mohawk tribe.

In the New York *Herald* of 1851 there is a story, with a woodcut, the original of which is in possession of the writer and is herewith reproduced, showing the battle for the camp championship between "Little Head," the title holder and "White Goose." The men fought for the right to be termed the strongest man in the Mohawk outfit and the winner, in addition, was to get three ponies and three buffalo robes.

The bout, which was staged in honor of a visiting delegation of government officials from Washington, was won by "White Goose."

* * *

UNDER the rules formulated by Chief Red Bull, the men were to continue to fight until one could no longer go on. Kicking, biting, hair pulling, tripping, wrestling—in fact everything went.

During the bout only the chief was permitted to smoke. He is seen in the accompanying wood cut in the lower right hand with his badge of honor, the braid of authority, around his chest.

As in the days when boxing was in its infancy in England,

Red Devils, "White Goose" and "Little Head", in a fight for the strong man championship of the Mohawk tribe, three ponies and three buffalo robes

Went Out of Style

Big Chief Green Feather of the Sioux Indians sets two young bucks to fighting in the ring for the prize of a bride and her pony

wrestling and hair-pulling were part of the game. An addition to the rough-house tactics was the French La Savate method of attack—kicking an opponent in the stomach or on the chin.

The photographs on the accompanying pages are rare and of exceptional value to the student of American Fistiana, for they prove that the sport was followed by the original natives of America, the Indians, whether by adoption after seeing the white man exhibit it, or through instinct of self-defense, is something worthy of further study. It seems most probable that the Indian did not have to copy fighting from the pale face for the American Injun was a natural born scrapper whose fierce encounters form thrilling chapters in American history.

Although the first bare-knuckle fight on record in this country dates back to 1816 when Jacob Hyer, father of the first American champion whipped Thomas Beasley, boxing was not unknown here prior to that time. In stories of the War of 1812, we find reference to "soldiers engaging in fisticuffs during recreation periods." It is therefore possible that the Indians learned to fight with their fists from Uncle Sam's service men.

IN "The Spirit of the Times," a publication that appeared prior to the Civil War, there are many references to milling among the Indians. In an issue of 1856, there is a story of a Sioux Indian gathering to celebrate a victory over a rival tribe with dances followed by a "hand-to-hand encounter between two huskies of the camp which resulted in the death of one by strangulation."

In this tale, the writer, apparently an adventurer who was in the good graces of the chief, wrote to the Editor of the Times: "Unlike our own fights where a man cannot be hit when he is down, these Injuns struck each other until they got into a clinch and then everything went. They bit each other, pulled each other's hair when one hand was free, and then wrestled to the ground. Once down, the fellow on top got a strangle hold on his opponent and while all those gathered about the improvised ring looked on in glee, the Redskin who lay on his back was choked to death."

THE Indians have developed many star athletes in the last fifty years, most of them in football, but in recent times, boxing and wrestling have come to the front as their favorite sport. Every one remembers the great Jim Thorpe, the best all-around athlete this country has produced.

Then there is the great Sockalexis, who at one time was a major league pitcher. He could fight and wrestle and was a football star. Frank Mt. Pleasant, Hudson, Seneca, Guron, Wahoo and Welsh, great football heroes of Carlisle, were well up in the art of self-defense. Carl Morris and Jack Dempsey are part Indian. Dempsey has Indian-Scotch-Irish-Jewish and American blood coursing through his veins.

Of the fighters of today who are Indian or part Injun, Pete Nebo, Chief Matokoah, Chief Sitting Bull and Pinky Uriquidi, are the best. Tom Marvin, Jim Clinkstock and Tiny Roebuck, lead as wrestlers.

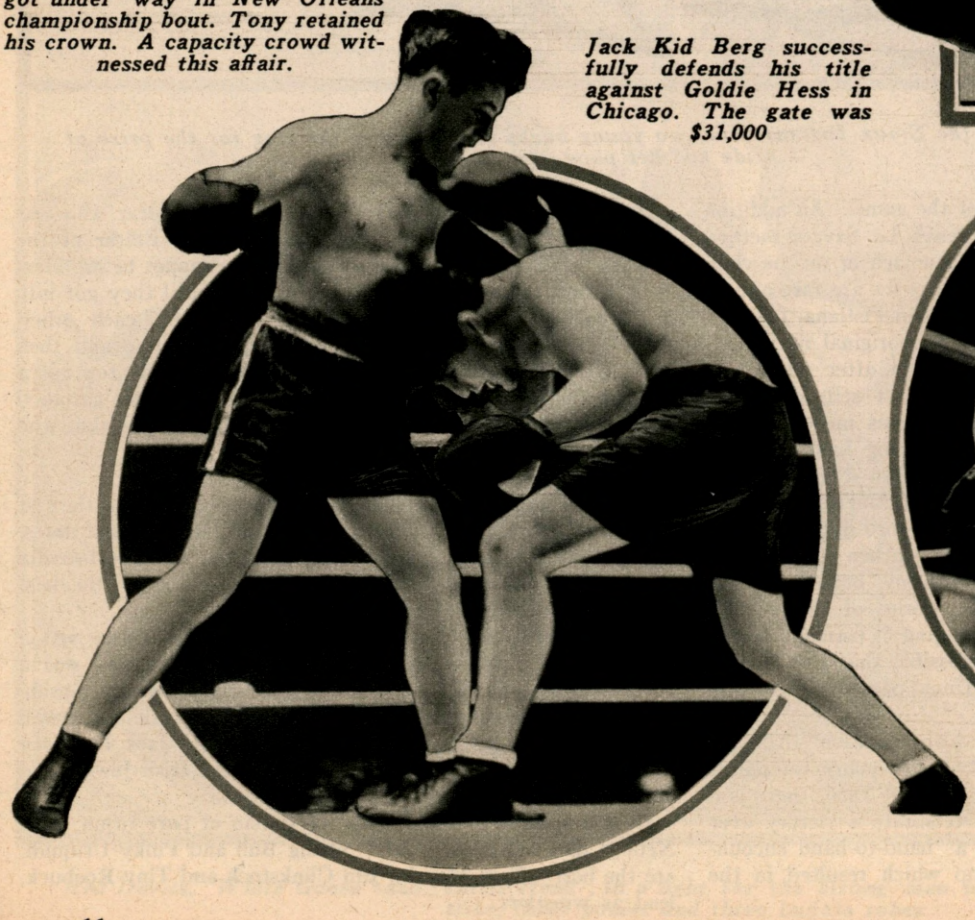
Recent Bouts *that* Packed 'Em In

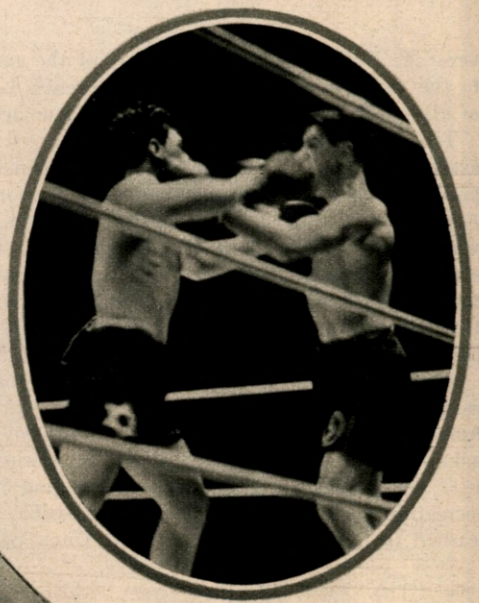
What's wrong with boxing? Only poor matchmaking is our reply. The pictures on this page furnish ample proof. Each fight drew a big house. And as for wrestling—well, figures speak.

Johnny Farr (right), posing with Tony Canzoneri just before they got under way in New Orleans championship bout. Tony retained his crown. A capacity crowd witnessed this affair.

22,200 fans paid $59,496.50 to see Jim Londos defend his wrestling title against Jim McMillen in Madison Square Garden. Here we see the champion doing "monkey shines" on the ropes

Jack Kid Berg successfully defends his title against Goldie Hess in Chicago. The gate was $31,000





Jimmy Slattery (right) beat King Levinsky before a big gathering in Chicago Stadium that paid $40,000

"Gentleman Jim"

Corbett Gave New Tone To a Jaded Prize Ring

By EARL McKEE

James J. Corbett, "Gentleman Jim" of the prize ring

BACK in the early nineties, a new and startling note crept into the profession of prize fighting. A "gentleman" became the world's champion heavyweight! The "gentleman" bore the name of James J. Corbett and the sports world was quick to dub him "Gentleman Jim," taking its cue from sports writers ever on the lookout for the unusual.

It may be well to recall that the word "Gentleman," now used to denote almost any individual of the male gender, was rather a flossy appellation in the last century and carried with it an implication of culture, polish, the habit of wearing evening clothes after six bells and all that sort of thing that set the "gentleman" apart from the common herd.

Prior to the rise of Jim Corbett to pugilistic heights, fighters were a rough set. Their manners were uncouth and they scorned the niceties of social life. They wanted to be considered "tough 'uns," and although many of them were real gentlemen under the skin and had hearts of the finest gold, it pleased them to adopt the free and easy role of the bully, the braggart and the killer.

Oldtimers will recall the wild barroom exploits of John L. Sullivan, when the man from Boston offered to "lick any man in the house" on a thousand occasions. And frequently, he made good his offer. They were a rough and ready crowd, those oldtime pugs, and their following loved them the more for this primitive urge that seemed to indicate they were real he-men.

Then, one morning, the world awoke to find a "gentleman" sitting nonchalantly on the heavyweight throne, and, instead of a cap or derby for a crown, the newcomer wore a silk topper. A "damn dude" had whipped the great John L.!

James J. Corbett, a bank clerk out in San Francisco, had managed to outbox, outgame and outlast the Boston Strong Boy. This Corbett was said to indulge in his worst dissipation when he sipped tea of an afternoon with millionaires and high society debutantes. He was reputed to be an inveterate reader of Shakespeare, Browning and Emerson. The new champ was "meat" for the imaginative among the sports scribes, and they did not spare the horses—or typewriters—in placing Corbett on a pedestal alongside Lord Chesterfield himself.

We had much the same line of guff not so many years ago anent Gene Tunney. Both Corbett and Tunney were—and are—fine types of men and perhaps out of the ordinary run in their intellectual attainments and clean living habits, but it is a question if they would have attracted any special attention on this score were they in any other walk of life.

All this leads to the first time the writer saw Corbett. It was on March 18, 1893, the year after James J. had won the heavyweight title from Sullivan. The new champion came to the Grand Opera House in Indianapolis at the head of a troupe in a melodrama called "Gentleman Jack."

The title of the drama was palpably a play on the name "Gentleman Jim" which had been hung on the titleholder. So great was the curiosity of citizens of the Hoosier capital to look at this strange new figure in Fistiana, that the crowd at the performance that night set an all-time record for attendance at this theater.

Lawyers, doctors, business men and politicians scrambled with the crowd to secure seats. The fair sex also was well represented. Every seat was sold and almost two hundred chairs were placed on the stage, with the occupants so mixed with the players that at times it was difficult to distinguish between actor and patron.

* * *

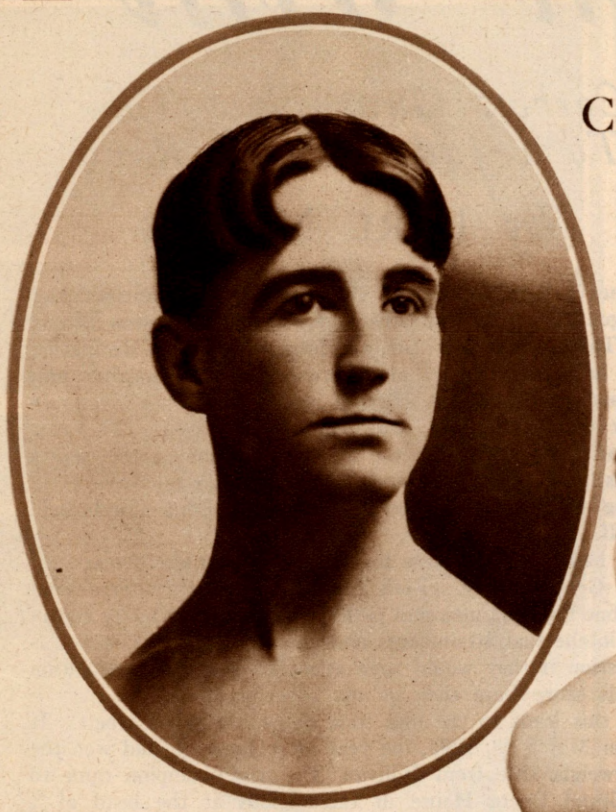
IT was a strange sight, a revival of what was a custom in the early days of the theater. The play, "Gentleman Jack," was written to show Corbett's points as an athlete. "Gentleman Jack" was an athlete in college, the all-around pride of the institution—a general favorite. He was pursued by a vindictive rival and hampered by a father who had gone to the dogs and eventually was driven to teaching the manly art as a means of livelihood. This situation gave opportunity for introduction of a training scene, in which the hero punched the bag, skipped the rope and indulged in other routine workout stunts.

The final scene of the show was set to represent the arena at New Orleans where Corbett beat Sullivan and was featured by a four-round bout between "Professor" Mike Donaldson of Minneapolis and the champion. With the big, soft gym gloves, these two went at it hammer and tongs and the immense audience whooped with glee. At the close of the third act, Corbett was called before the house, if such a thing could be possible with an audience front and rear. The new champion thanked the patrons for their reception and promised that his forthcoming battle with Mitchell would be a good one.

After the final curtain, scores of the leading business and professional people of Indianapolis went on to the stage to shake Corbett's hand and wish him well. In the vernacular of today, "Gentleman Jim" had (*Continued on page* 43)

IT'S A *LONG* ROAD

Overenthusiasm and Greed—Chief Obstacles to Success in Ring



Eddie Hanlon of California, a bulldog scrapper whose strength was sapped at an early age.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES won the heavyweight championship of the world after having engaged in about a dozen fights. But James J. Jeffries, whether he believed it or not, was something of a prize ring prodigy.

Champions are not made over night. This is an axiom of the ring, but one that many managers fail to heed. Just recently Jeffries brought out a young heavyweight named Al Morro, a burly chap in whom Jeff saw himself re-created.

"If I could win a heavyweight championship, without any great experience, this fellow ought to be able to do it too," Jeff reasoned. So he sent the youngster along at too fast a pace and in consequence, young Mr. Morro ran into several thumpings.

Unfortunately, the over-confidence of managers in the ability of their proteges, or a desire to make money too quickly, has ruined many promising fighters.

I remember a fine-looking young sailor named Andy Schmader who boxed at the old National Athletic Club in Philadelphia ten years or more ago. Schmader was a finely put up boy, with a natural instinct for the game and a good right hand. He knocked out a number of second-raters around the Quaker City and seemed to be pointed for bigger things.

Over night he became a drawing card. He was offered a reasonably large sum to fight Bill Brennan, then one of the best heavyweights of his time. Naturally, there could be but one ending to such a battle. Andy was beaten into a bloody pulp before being knocked out and that finished him.

Something happens to the soul stuff of youngsters who are overmatched, and they seldom overcome the effects of the beating they get. Schmader did not. He went down hill rapidly and never appeared in big-time competition any more.

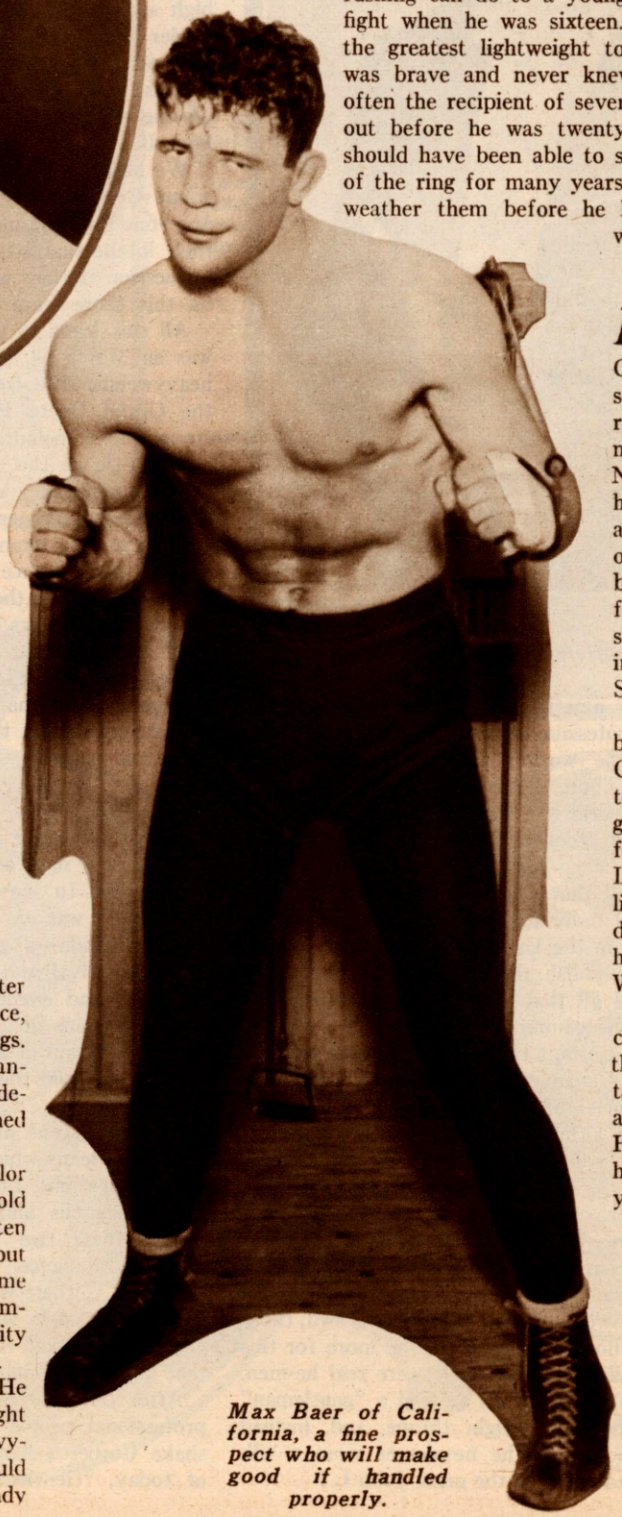
Take Bulldog Eddie Hanlon as a prime example of what rushing can do to a youngster. Hanlon started to fight when he was sixteen. He was pitted against the greatest lightweight to be found. Because he was brave and never knew when to quit, he was often the recipient of severe beatings and was worn out before he was twenty-one. His sturdy body should have been able to stand up under the rigors of the ring for many years, but because he tried to weather them before he had matured, his career was cut in half.

* * *

IT seems to me that this also applies to Kid Chocolate who was such a sensation in New York rings some eighteen months ago. The Cuban Negro started boxing when he was hardly more than a child. He engaged in one hundred and seventy bouts without a single defeat, and then was outslugged by Jack Kid Berg in a furious battle last Summer.

They say the body beating that Berg gave Chocolate started the latter on the downward grade. His subsequent defeat at the hands of Fidel La Barba and Bat Battalino have been laid to the door of the beating that he got at the hands of the Whitechapel Cockney.

It seems to me that the cause goes deeper than this. Chocolate didn't take half the thumping against Berg that Eddie Hanlon did in any one of his fights. Certainly his youth should be able to assimilate that. His sudden slipping from form was due to the fact that he fought too often before he had gained his full strength. Normally, you wouldn't think that a chap was being rushed when he didn't get his first chance at



Max Baer of California, a fine prospect who will make good if handled properly.

TO BOXING PEAKS

By JACK KOFOED

a championship until he had engaged in one hundred and seventy battles. Would you?

But those one hundred and seventy matches were crowded into a few years. Chocolate fought almost continuously, once and sometimes twice a week. That took something from him that probably never will return. They said he was another Dixon but, when his big chances came, he failed to grasp them.

* * *

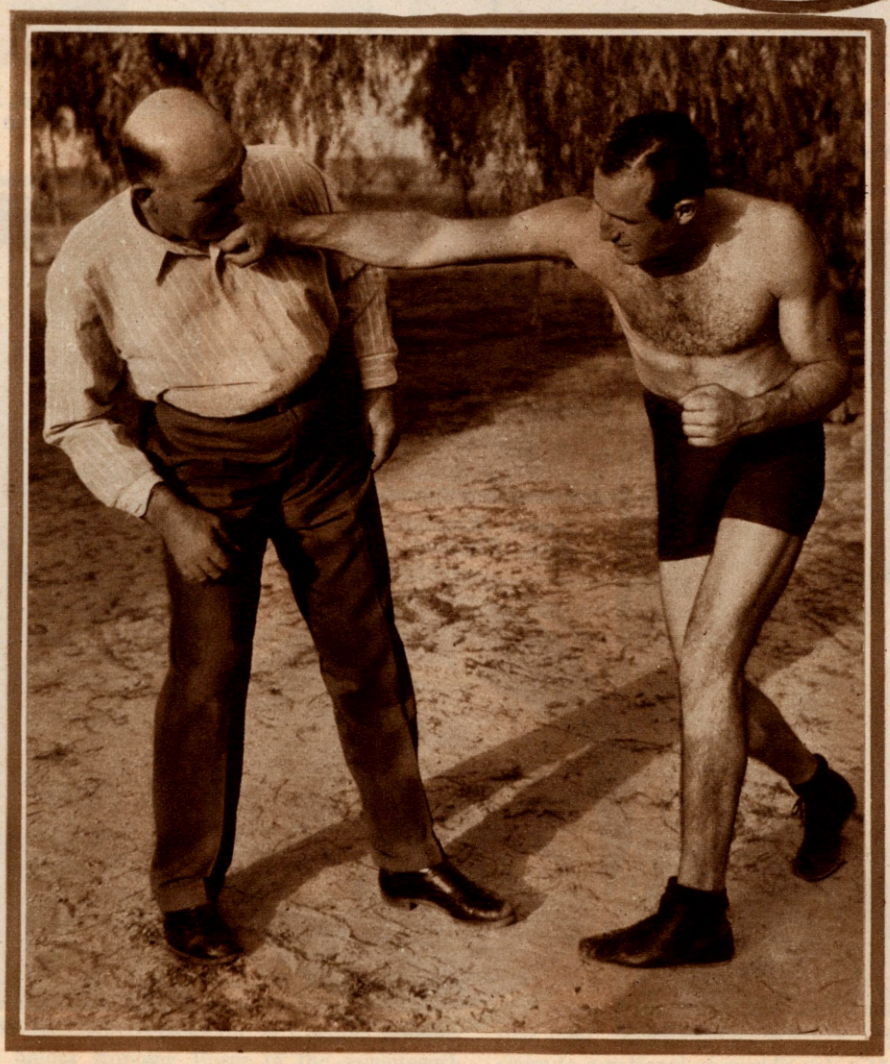
THE fact that a boy seems naturally fitted for a career in the prize ring is no excuse for pushing him too fast. Nothing takes the place of experience, and experience cannot be gained too quickly without paying an exorbitant price. Jeffries is always cited as an example of how far a man can go in a few fights, but Jeffries is one of the rare exceptions to an almost unalterable rule. To balance his success, a thousand failures, with every one laid at the door of too much haste, can be cited.

Now Bombardier Billy Wells may be something of a laughing stock when great fighters are mentioned. He had an unfortunate weakness in that he was unable to stand up under a stomach bombardment. But Wells, who was as fine a physical specimen as the ring ever saw, was also one of those fellows who was brought along too quickly. Perhaps this had something to do with his failure.

His experience was limited to Army boxing and a few professional bouts when he was tossed into a match with an English champion, Gunner Moir. The Gunner knocked him out in three rounds with a left hook to the body, and it may be that a sense of inferiority was planted in Wells' heart then and there. Perhaps that sense of inferiority was as great a handicap as any physical weakness.

And don't forget Joe Rivers, the Mexican lightweight, who might have become one of the immortals had he been brought along at a slower pace. Joe was only nineteen when he engaged in twenty-round battles with Johnny Kilbane, Joe Coster, Ad Wolgast, Joe Mandot and others just as good.

Kid Chocolate, a great featherweight prospect who seems to have shot his bolt.



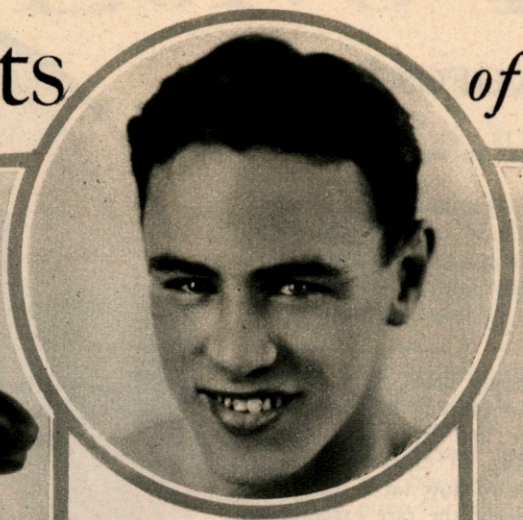
Jim Jeffries (left), and his pupil, Al Morro. Morro was pitted against too good talent from the start with the result that he has failed to make good.

By the time he was twenty-one Rivers had passed the peak of his ability. He was just a burnt-out youngster.

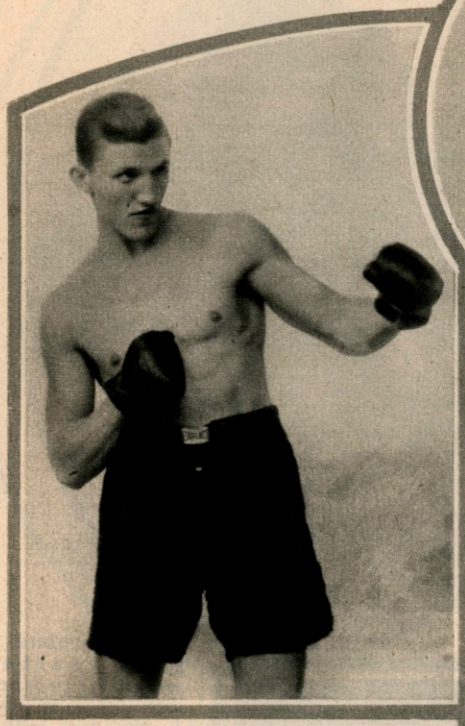
* * *

I LOOK with doubt upon the methods used in ballyhooing Max Baer. This young California heavyweight is as superb a physical specimen as I have ever seen. He looks better than Jack Dempsey did at a similar stage in his career. Baer is handled by Frankie Burns, who used to be a great lightweight himself back on the Coast. But Burns' idea is very similar to that of Jeffries. (*Continued on page* 41)

Representatives Gathered *from* All Parts *of the* Globe

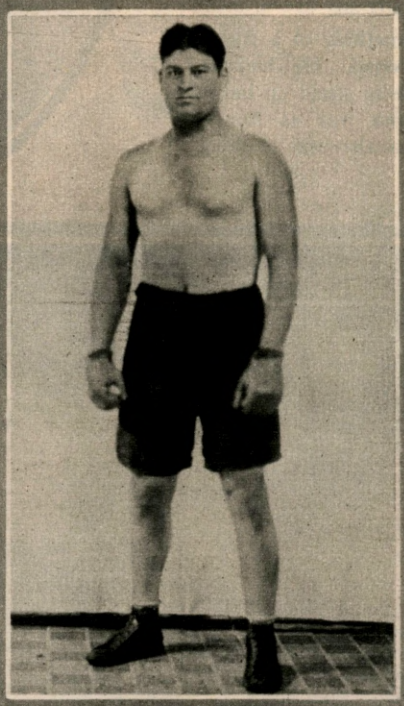


Tommy Quinn, former amateur champion of New York

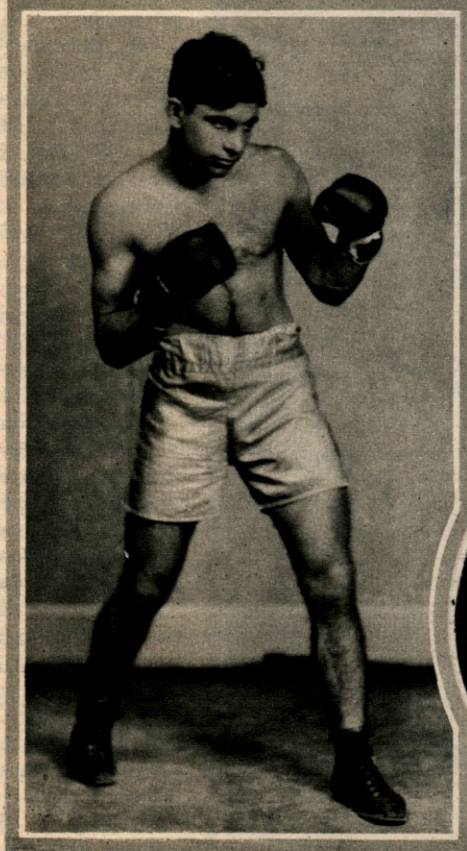


Jerry Johnson, Norwegian light-heavyweight, going great in New York

Denis Golden, Irish middleweight, now in New York



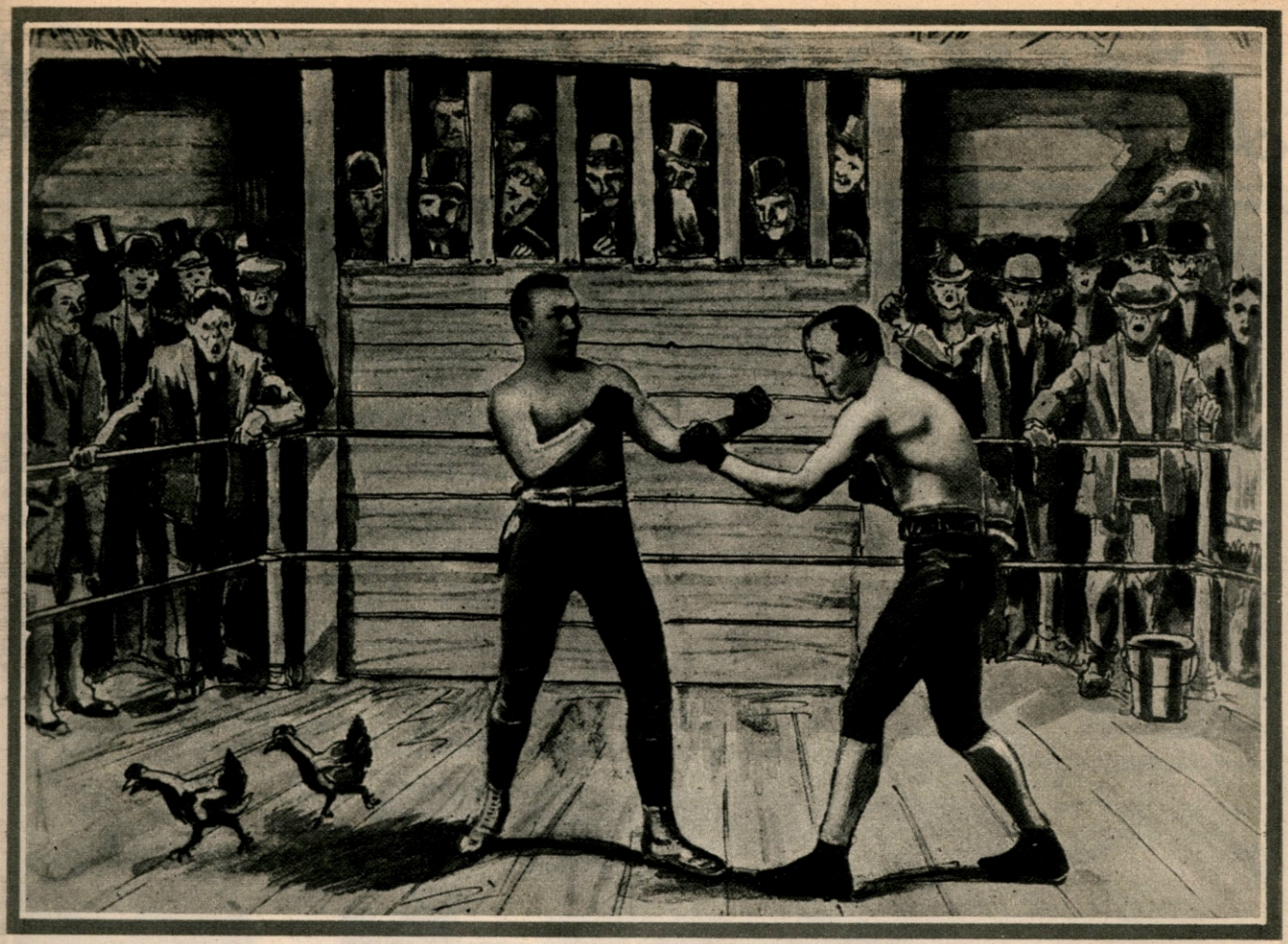
Lewis Kimball, promising New England heavyweight



Harry Alexanian, crack youngster from Worcester, Mass.

Marty Stone, Detroit's classy lightweight

Danny Devlin, hard punching middleweight from Allentown, Pa.



From an old print showing the scene of the McAuliffe-Carney bout at Revere Beach, Mass., Nov. 16, 1887. The fight was staged in a barn

Disputed Claims

Official Documents Prove That Neither Sullivan Nor McAuliffe Held World Title

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

UNFORTUNATELY for historical truth and accuracy relating to pugilism, there was an almost entire absence of official supervision in the early days of the ring. As a result, the boastfulness and egotism of prominent boxers resulted in a sad perversion of the facts, a perversion that has filtered down the ages to the present time. Due to the watchfulness of modern boxing commissions, it is useless for any boxer to claim a title that he has not won in a contest with an accredited title holder. Yet in ancient times, a boxer had but to declare that he was the champion of a specified class, and immediately he was acclaimed from the housetops.

But a short time ago the announcement was made that "Benny Leonard and McAuliffe, both lightweights, were the only two world champions to retire with their honors intact."

So far as Leonard was concerned, the statement was true, for he was one of a large number of lightweights who fell heir to the world's lightweight title that George Lavigne won from Dick Burge, English lightweight champion, in London, in 1896, the American title holder stopping Burge in the seventeenth round.

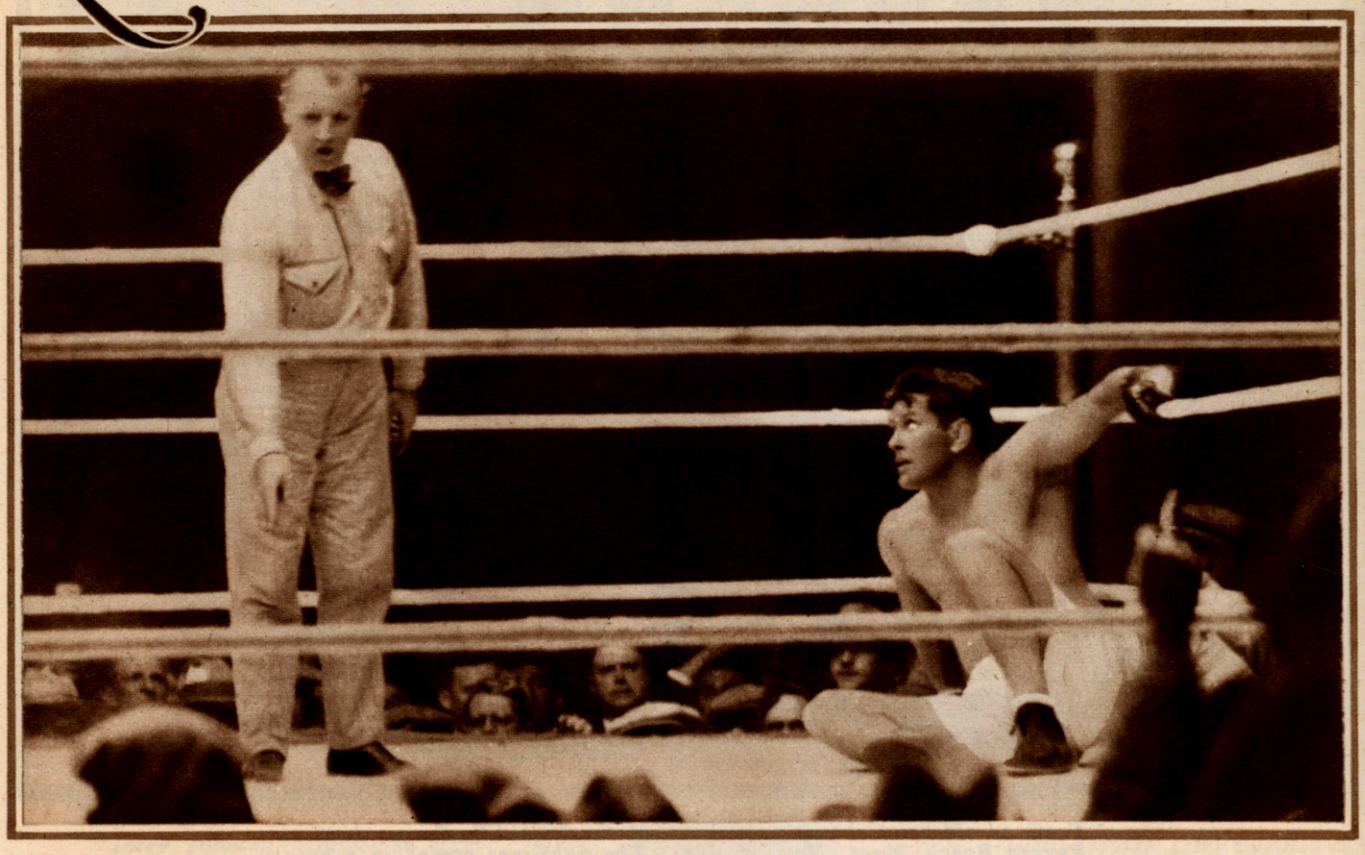
From Lavigne the title descended to Erne, to Gans, to Nelson, to Wolgast, to Ritchie, to Welsh, to Leonard. With the retirement of Leonard, the succession to the title has been supervised by the New York Commission and no baseless claims have been allowed.

* * *

IN the case of McAuliffe, the facts of history fail to sustain his claim of a world's title. McAuliffe had but one bout with a foreign champion during his ring career, that with Jem Carney, lightweight champion of England, which contest took place at Revere Beach, Mass., on Nov. 16, 1887. The fight lasted 74 rounds, the ring being invaded by onlookers and the battle stopped. Each side claimed that the other was responsible for the stoppage. Nelse Innes, father of American boxing records, declared that Carney had the better of the fight at the time of the interference. The referee called the battle drawn, which left the world's title in abeyance.

Previous to the contest with Carney, and subsequent to that fight, McAuliffe never met a man who had the remotest claim to a national or world's title. McAuliffe got the American title by claim and was fairly successful in its defense, but he did not have the right to the (*Continued on page* 43)

LONG COUNT and



Referee Dave Barry beginning the count over Tunney after Jack Dempsey finally agreed to go to a neutral corner

By WILBUR WOOD

TO the man in a ringside seat, it appears that the referee of a fight has a simple task. All that is required, it seems to the casual observer, is for the referee to be able to count ten and to keep himself in a position to see what is going on.

Baseball has its grandstand umpires. Boxing has its ringside referees. But if one of these ever was put into a ring to handle a fight, he soon would learn that refereeing is not as simple as it looks.

Thousands of wise cracks have been based on the inability of some referee to count ten properly. That does seem easy enough. But counting ten in ten seconds, as the referee must do, is not so simple a matter.

If you doubt that give yourself and your friends a trial the first time a few of you get together. It will be unusual if one out of a half dozen can toll ten seconds accurately in a quiet room with only a few friends sitting around.

Usually the count by one inexperienced will run longer than ten seconds. Though few can call off a count correctly even without anything to distract their attention, almost everybody is willing to testify that the referee was wrong when there is a charge of a short or a long count.

* * *

IT was with the realization that the referee is likely to be thrown off on his count when an unusual situation arises that the New York Boxing Commission instituted the practice of having the timekeeper start a count, checking himself by watching a watch; so that the referee may pick up his count when ready to do so and be certain that he gives the fallen fighter neither the better nor the worst of it.

The fistic fathers thought that this would end for all time disputes over counts. Yet even this system broke down in Madison Square Garden last January, resulting in a ludicrous mixup in which Tom Heeney, the old Hard Rock from Down Under, was the victim of a short count.

On that occasion Jack Dempsey was the referee and Arthur Donovan, another referee, was serving as official counter on knockdowns. When Heeney was shouldered through the ropes by Max Baer, there was some confusion. Without boring you with the details, suffice it to say that at the moment Dempsey counted eight, after presumably picking up Donovan's count, the latter reached ten.

After some argument Dempsey accepted Donovan's count and Heeney, who had come to his feet immediately after Dempsey had shouted "eight," was declared the loser on a knockout. Heeney could have arisen sooner, but he governed himself by the referee's count. It was a tough break for Honest Tom.

That is only one instance of hundreds of disagreements over the apparently simple process of counting over a fallen boxer.

* * *

DEMPSEY himself was the goat in the most famous case of that kind, the so-called "long count" by Dave Barry in the seventh round of the second Tunney-Dempsey bout.

The official timekeeper is authority for the statement that Tunney was on the floor for thirteen seconds, yet officially Gene was up at nine.

Dempsey himself was partly responsible for the long rest given the champion, for Jack foolishly engaged in an argument with Barry when ordered to go to a neutral corner and the referee did not start counting until Dempsey had done as was agreed before the fight.

The peculiar thing about it all is that the more precautions are taken to guard against a mixup the more likely, it seems,

SHORT ROUSE RANCORS

Task of Boxing Referee Not As Easy As It Looks

such a mixup will result.

Before the Chicago fight between Tunney and Dempsey both boxers, their seconds and the squad of referees from whom the official to work would be chosen were called together by the commission and every contingency that anyone could think of was discussed and the procedure to be followed was outlined.

It was dinned into the fighters and everyone else that if a knockdown occurred the man scoring it must immediately go to a neutral corner. In the face of that, when the big moment came in the seventh round and Tunney was hammered to the floor, Dempsey not only did not go to a neutral corner at once but engaged in an argument with Barry when the referee ordered him to do so. By that argument Jack possibly cheated himself of the supreme ambition of his life, the recapture of the title.

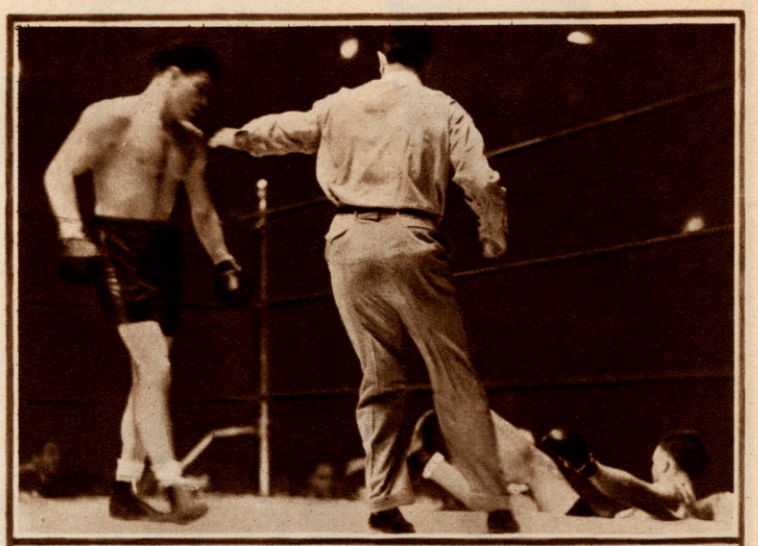
* * *

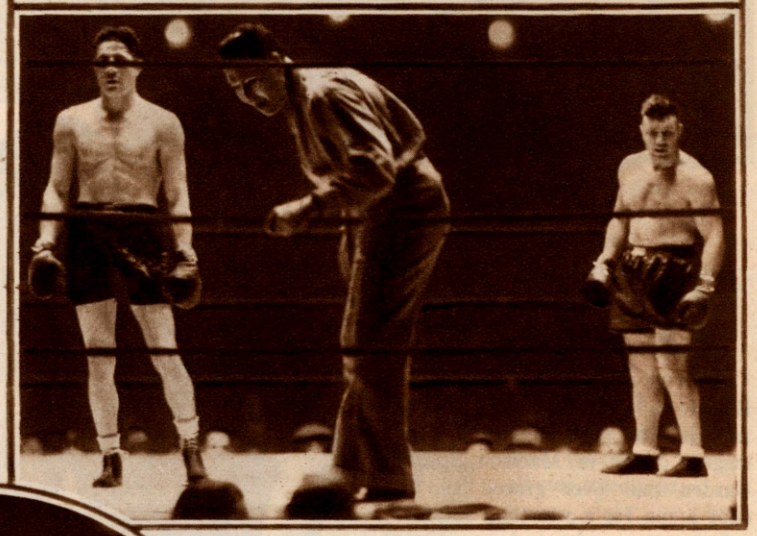
THEN there was that frightful muddle at Miami more than a year ago when Jack Sharkey met Phil Scott. Days were spent by the commission, the referee, Lou Magnolia, and the representatives of the fighters in reaching a decision on what would be done under any possible condition. Yet when the crucial moment came nobody seemed to know what to do.

Sharkey figured in another case of the kind last June, when he fought Max Schmeling for the title in New York. In training it was noticed that Sharkey had trouble keeping his left uppercut to the body above the belt line. His handlers cautioned him, no matter what happened, not to use that punch except with the utmost care.

Yet, at a moment when it seemed he had the fight as good as won, Sharkey fired a left at Schmeling that dropped far below the belt. It was a low punch. That was plain to anyone who was in a position to see it.

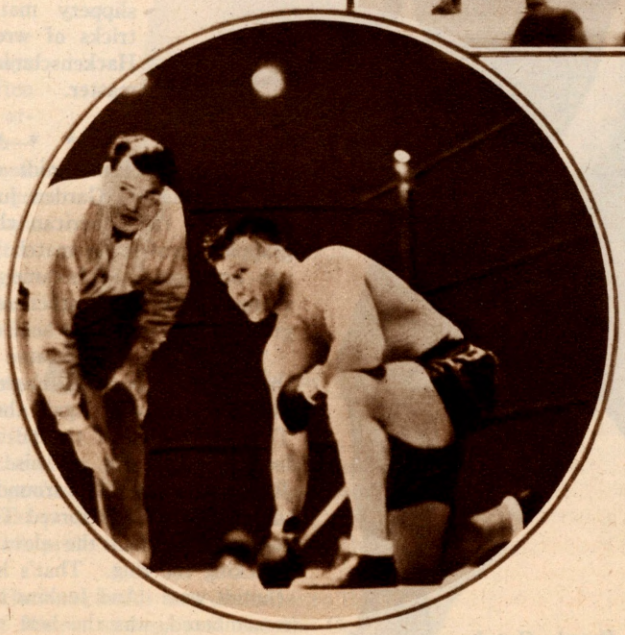
That was before the New York Commission promulgated its famous no-foul edict and in case of a low blow it was obligatory upon the referee to obtain the opinion of the two judges at the ringside.





Above: Tom Heeney falling into the laps of the scribes after being pushed out of the ring by Max Baer

And here we see Dempsey, Baer and Heeney all looking on in amazement as Donovan declares Heeney counted out while Dempsey insists he had only reached eight



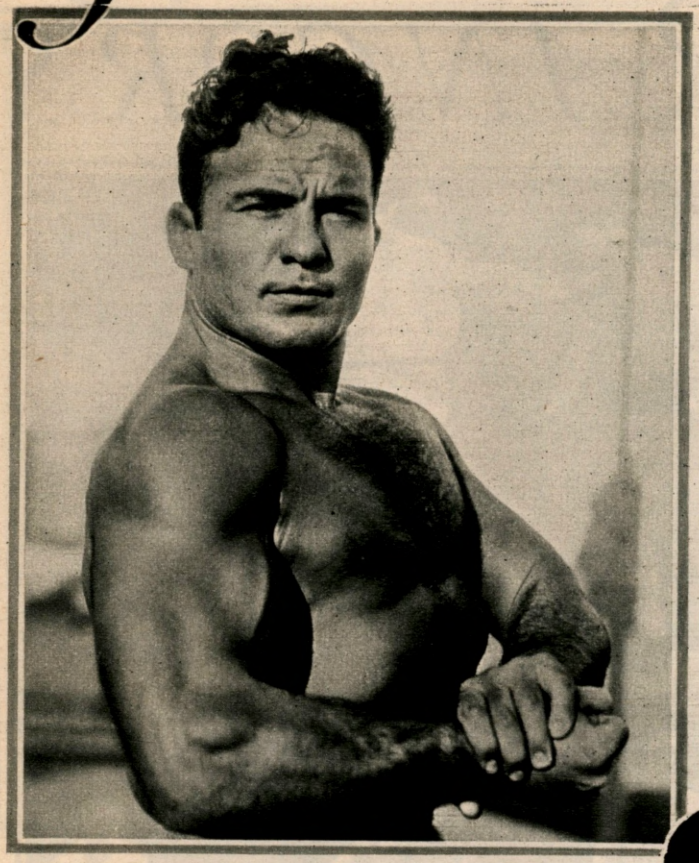
Dempsey picks up count of Donovan, knockdown timekeeper after Heeney gets back into the ring

The referee that night was Jimmy Crowley; the judges Charles F. Mathison and Harold Barnes. Of the three, only one, Barnes, saw the punch, or would admit that he saw it. Mathison plainly could not see it, because the fighters were in almost a direct line across the ring from him, with Schmeling's back shutting off Mathison's view of the blow. He did not see it—and said so.

Crowley, the referee, should have seen it. That is one of the elementary qualifications of a referee—(*Continued on page* 45)

HACKENSCHMIDT

Londos, Jenkins and Gotch Receive High Rating in Curley's All-Star Selections



Jim Londos

How Jack Curley Rates World Famous Wrestlers

1. **George Hackenschmidt, Russia**
2. **Jim Londos, Greece**
3. **Tom Jenkins, United States**
4. **Frank Gotch, United States**
5. **Richard Shikat, Germany**
6. **Stanislaus Zbyszko, Austria**
7. **Hans Steinke, Germany**
8. **Strangler Lewis, United States**
9. **Yussif Mahmout, Turkey**
10. **Earl Caddock, United States**
11. **Joe Stecher, United States**
12. **Wladek Zbyszko, Austria**

"WHO was the greatest wrestler in the last thirty years?" This was asked of me by THE RING Editor on the night that Londos and Holuban performed before the biggest crowd in Madison Square Garden that ever graced an indoor arena for a wrestling show.

It is not an easy task to answer a query of that kind without giving some thought to the question, because, unlike boxing, in which the stars of today are far inferior to those of twenty-five or even ten years ago, wrestling has produced many great men since Hackenschmidt, Jenkins and Gotch were in their prime. Jim Londos, the present heavyweight champion of the world, for example, commands considerable respect when one is selecting the great men of the mat game.

Likewise men of the calibre of Steinke, Shikat, McMillan, Garibaldi, Holuban and others who are in the field to-day. There is scarcely a heavyweight wrestler who is starring in the various meets around the country, who would not have given the boys of thirty or twenty-five years ago a pretty stiff battle for the honors, but there is no wrestler today who could have stood the test against the great Russian Lion, George Hackenschmidt.

Frank Gotch

Put his name down as No. 1, for there has never been his equal in the catch-as-catch-can end of the game. He, in my opinion, represented the best, most physically perfect mat artist that ever came to these shores. A marvelously built fellow with an abundance of strength, an agile, slippery matman who knew the tricks of wrestling as few others, Hackenschmidt stood out as the master.

* * *

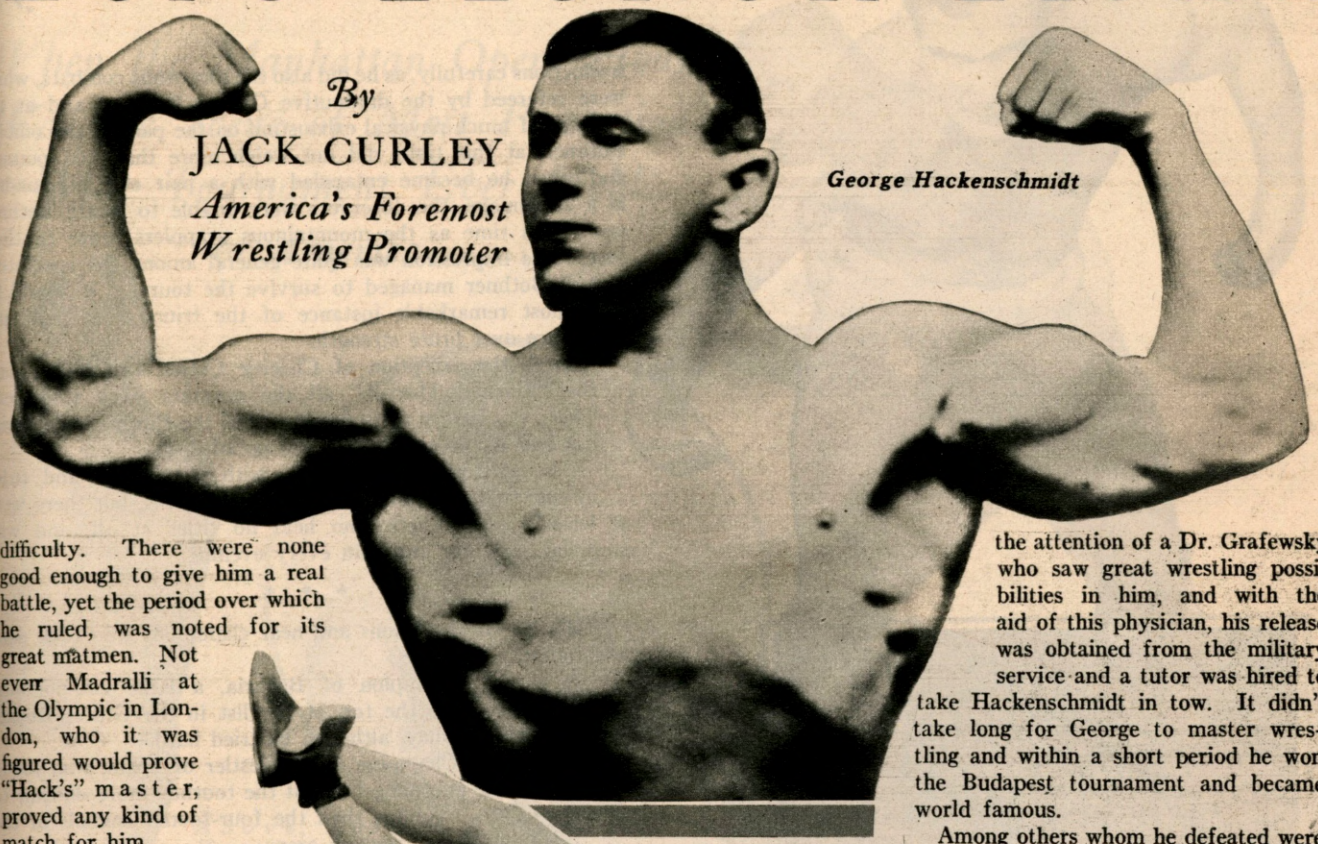
WHEN Hackenschmidt wrestled Tom Jenkins in the old Garden just about thirty years ago, Tom, the American champion, a wonderful grappler, proved no match for the Russian. On one occasion Tom became scared after Hackenschmidt had dealt rather roughly with him, and grasping the ropes, he held on for dear life.

"Let go that rope," came out a command from the referee, good old Eagle-Eye Charley White, but Tom held on. Again the command, and when Tom still held on to the ropes, Hackenschmidt lost patience, put all his strength into pulling Jenkins, jerked him around the body with one tug which not only forced Tom to break from the ropes, but pulled the elevated platform with it, wrecking the ring. That's how powerful Hackenschmidt was! And Jenkins at the time, it must be remembered, was the best man we had.

Hackenschmidt went through the field of American and European talent without

TOPS HONOR ROLL

By
JACK CURLEY
America's Foremost Wrestling Promoter



George Hackenschmidt

difficulty. There were none good enough to give him a real battle, yet the period over which he ruled, was noted for its great matmen. Not even Madralli at the Olympic in London, who it was figured would prove "Hack's" master, proved any kind of match for him.

Hackenschmidt was not oversized, but he had tremendous muscular development. Besides his wonderful back and shoulders and his powerful forearm, he had a pair of legs which were as strong as marble pillars. He was of the nervous type, full of energy and was ever ready for action. In general movement, he reminds me much of Jack Dempsey—always on the go.

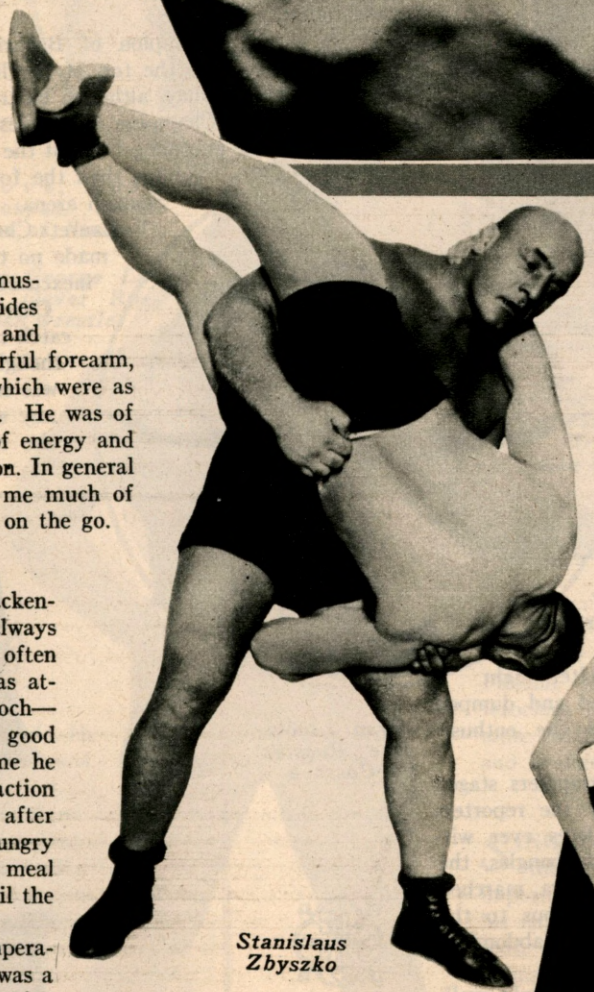
* * *

LIKE Dempsey, Hackenschmidt was also always on the offensive. He often remarked what later was attributed to General Foch—"the best defense is a good offense." From the time he entered a ring, he was action personified. He went after the "kill" just like a hungry lion would go after its meal and he never let up until the goal was reached.

He was a highly temperamental individual. He was a great athlete and a fine artist. His every step, on or off the stage, just like William Muldoon in the older days, was a gesture. There was nothing about him artificial. He took great pride in his ability and his physical prowess and it was this pride that helped make him the great wrestler he was.

At the age of nineteen, Hackenschmidt was drafted into the famous Imperial Guard of Russia and so well was the Czar pleased with him, that he soon became one of the Czar's personal body guard. It was while at a state function that he attracted the attention of a Dr. Grafewsky who saw great wrestling possibilities in him, and with the aid of this physician, his release was obtained from the military service and a tutor was hired to take Hackenschmidt in tow. It didn't take long for George to master wrestling and within a short period he won the Budapest tournament and became world famous.

Among others whom he defeated were such stars as Paul Pons, Laurent Le Beaucerois, Raoul Le Boucher, Pohl, Eberle, Koch, Omer Le Bouillon, Diricks Le Brasseur, Pederson, Buttan Singh, Emile and Giovanni Racevich, Hali Adali, Cotch Mehmet, Kara-Ahmet and Madralli. In addition to these foreigners, Hackenschmidt took into camp Tom Cannon, Tom Jenkins and all other leading American wrestlers except Frank Gotch, yet I do not think Gotch deserves a better place than fourth in my all-star selections.



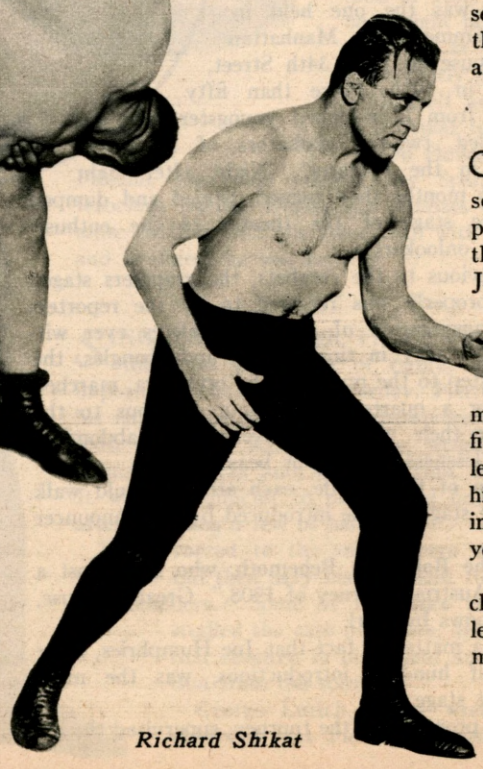
Stanislaus Zbyszko

* * *

NEXT to Hackenschmidt, I would place Jim Londos, then the great Tom Jenkins, Frank Gotch and Richard Shikat. These, in my opinion, are the five greatest wrestlers who have exhibited their wares in the last thirty years.

To complete the choice of the twelve lead wrestlers is a mighty difficult task, for after

(*Continued on page* 44)



Richard Shikat

PARADE *of*

Strangler Lewis, winner of the catch-as-catch-can title

THE most pretentious wrestling tournament ever staged in America was the one held in Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House on West 34th Street, New York City, in 1916. More than fifty grapplers, ranging from lithe-limbed youngsters to the heavy-jowled, two-ton gladiators of the arena, took part in the contests. Night after night for more than two months they tugged, hauled and dumped each other on the stage of the theater to the enthusiastic shouts of the onlookers.

Every night, previous to the combats, the grapplers staged a parade, which properly was referred to by the reporters as the "grandest aggregation of amazing athletes ever witnessed in America." Gay in tinsel, silks, and spangles, the grapplers, keeping step to the music of the orchestra, marched about the stage for a quarter of an hour previous to the contests, displaying their muscular development, abdominal rotundity, and fearlessness of man or beast.

At the conclusion of the parade, each athlete would walk to the center of the stage and be introduced by the announcer in this fashion:

"Karl Pospisil, the Bohemian Behemoth, who never lost a match in the great Austrian tourney of 1908." Great applause, and numerous low bows by Karl.

It is recorded as a matter of fact that Joe Humphries, after completing the half hundred introductions, was the most wearied man on the stage.

Ed Rochman, the promoter of the tourney, supervised the introductions carefully, as he did also the numerous combats, which were refereed by the diminutive George Bothner, and at the expense of much physical exhaustion on the part of the official. Bothner, at this time, did not weigh more than 165 pounds, and when he became entangled with a pair of 250-pounders in a scrimmage, the observers were unable to locate Bothner until such time as the mountainous grapplers arose to their feet. The impression was quite general among the spectators that if Bothner managed to survive the tourney, it would be a most remarkable instance of the triumph of skill and science over brute strength.

With the exception of Charley Cutler, Dr. Roller, and the "Masked Marvel," all the entrants were foreigners. There was hardly a district in any of the European countries but had its "champion" in the parade.

The programme of events, with the names and titles of contestants, included some 32 champions, but there were at least twenty others who held no titles at all, and who grappled for glory and coin every evening.

* * *

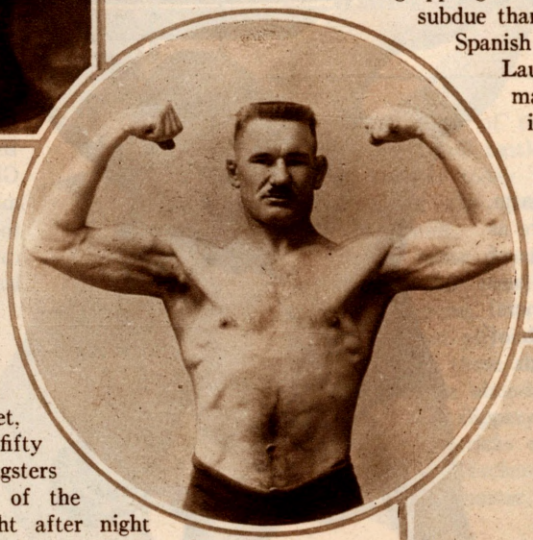
THE list of champions and near champions who took part, follows:

Hans Asam, Champion of Bavaria, a large 200-pounder, who did not get to the top of the list in the Graeco-Roman branch of the tourney, although he tried hard.

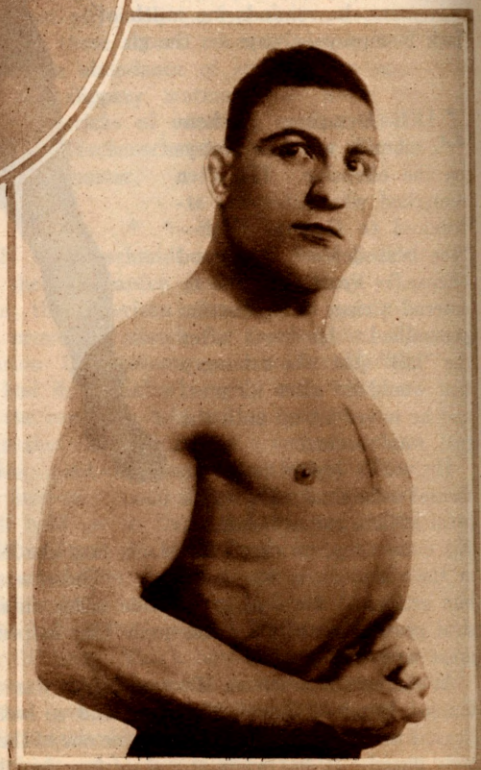
Andres Balsa, Champion Bull Wrestler of Spain, who found the grappling bulls of the tourney more difficult to subdue than the four-footed animals of the Spanish arena.

Lauretz Christiansen of Sweden, who made no title claim, apparently an inexcusable oversight.

Charles Cutler, catch-as-catch-can champion of America, though where he got the title was not made quite clear. In any event, he had no title at the close of the tournament.



Ivan Linow, the Russian Cossack



Yussif Hussane, Turkish title holder

PACHYDERMS

By JOE HUMPHREYS

When the Manhattan Opera House Was the Scene of Most Pretentious Mat Tournament Ever Held in America

Above, Sulo Hevonpaa, champion of Finland

Left, George Lurich, clever Russian wrestler

Alexander Aberg, who carried off the Graeco-Roman crown

Charles Cutler, catch-as-catch-can champion of America

The Great Daro, of Hungary. He was a fine specimen physically, but scientifically he fell short of championship form.

Edward Delivuk, of Austria. He claimed no title, but gave a good account of himself.

Tom Draak, Champion of Holland, was quite a grappler and is still in the flesh and wrestling arenas.

Adolph Finke, of Germany, was willing to be placed according to his performances, which were excellent.

Hans Fuerst, of Austria, did not claim title, perhaps because Anthony Jrsa, who claimed to be the champion of Austria, was entered in the tourney.

Wild acclaim always announced the appearance in the parade of Renato Gardini, who modestly insisted he was the champion of Italy. Renato may still be the champion of Italy, but in any event he is right here in America and wrestling at frequent intervals. He recently gave a fine account of himself against Jim Londos in a titular match.

Sulo Hevonpaa, Champion of Finland. He could outroar any Spanish bull or other ferocious animal. During his combats on the mat he did more battling with his voice than with his legs and arms, and in defeat he was terrible.

* * *

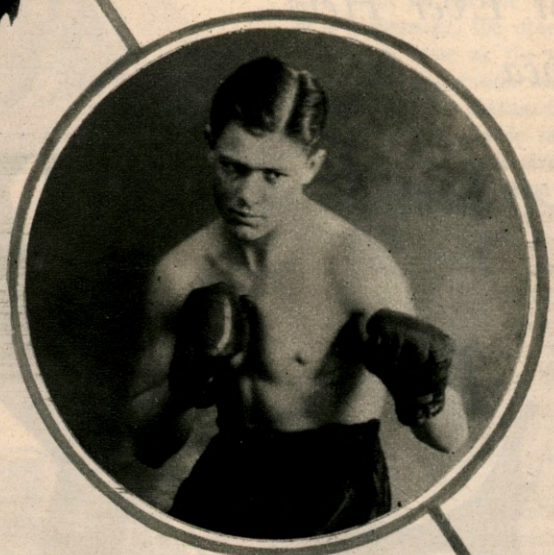
SINGULARLY enough, France, whose athletes are for the most part trim of figure, furnished the most imposing athlete in the tourney. Pierre Le Colosse, was his name. He claimed the championship of France. He most decidedly was a colossus, weighing well over 300 pounds, and was built in proportion, from heels to head. It was not difficult to understand how he won his title after watching a few of his bouts.

When forced to the mat, Pierre would turn on his stomach and then defy his opponent to turn him over on his shoulders. Some of the more thoughtful wrestlers studied the case of Pierre, and devised a method that resulted in his defeat and practical elimination from the tourney.

George Lurich, clever wrestler from Russia, observed that Pierre (*Continued on page* 42)

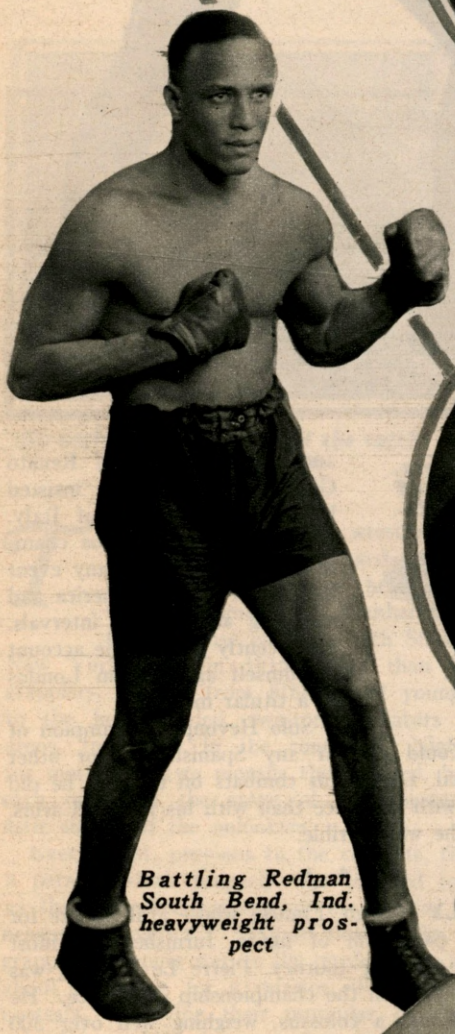
Parading Some *of the* Country's *Best* Prospects

Billy Townsend, colorful welterweight from Vancouver



Boomer Brooker, coming Manden, N. D., featherweight

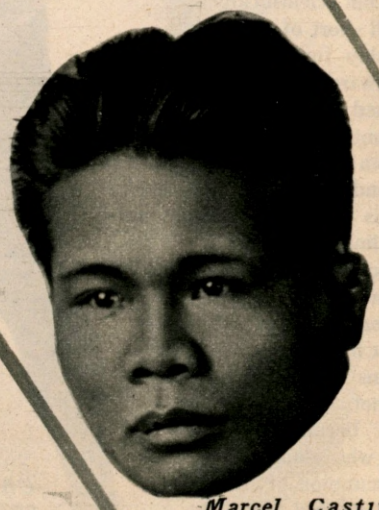
Whitey Gorsline, Michigan's outstanding heavyweight



Battling Redman South Bend, Ind. heavyweight prospect

K. O. Castillo, Mexican lightweight, campaigning in the Middle West

Tony Cancela, Tampa light-heavyweight

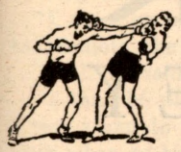


Marcel Castinia, rugged Filipino under Duke Barry's management

COLOR *Is the* THING

Fighter Who Doesn't Possess "IT," Fails as a Drawing Card

By JOHN KNIGHT



FOR several years past, numerous experts have harped considerably in their comments on boxing on the "color" of various pugilists. Not the color of a fighter's skin, but the hue or tint conveyed by his actions inside and outside the ring. The fighter under discussion might be ignorant as to the difference between a left hook and a right swing, but if his personality possessed the vivid coloring demanded by the new cult in boxing values, as in the case of Justo Suarez, he is more to be honored than the winner of three separate championships.

A boxer might be so extraordinarily clever, his opponents for the most part might be unable to lay a glove on him with effect, but if he is lacking in the element of "color," he would be cast into the pugilistic waste bag.

It has been a difficult matter to determine just what does constitute color. Some feel it is the possession of a knockout wallop. Others, that it is the boring-in, never-let-up type that has color. The most colorful of the present day fighters are Jimmy McLarnin, Kid Berg, Billy Petrolle and Kid Chocolate.

The secret does not lie in the ability of a man to read and appreciate Shakespeare and other classics, but in his fighting ability. Gene Tunney, for example, is proficient in the matter of literature, yet is not credited with any great amount of color, while Jack Dempsey, whose title was taken by Tunney, simply radiates color from every pore of his skin. At the same time it is doubtful if Dempsey has more than an obscure idea as to the writings of the great Shakespeare.

Despite any literary shortcomings, Dempsey stands today the living embodiment of what the experts call "color." Dempsey is a well-behaved, well-mannered, temperate young man, who dresses well, takes good care of himself physically, is free from boastfulness, and is altogether a desirable citizen.

In the ring, he was a quiet, modest chap, a heavy puncher, fairly expert boxer, and entirely lacking in a shade of yellow which is taboo by the color experts. Therefore it is inexplicable that Dempsey should possess "color" in excess of that shown by Tunney, who can quote Shakespeare, and also marry into high society.

* * *

THE case of Jim Corbett also comes up for inspection. Jim was the most proficient boxer in the history of the heavyweight class, and also the conqueror of the great John L. Sullivan, and yet, although he is an able actor and a credit to the profession, he is not reputed to have much "color."

Bob Fitzsimmons was the most scientific and deadliest puncher in the history of the heavyweight division. He had sandy hair, a conciliatory disposition, and a well settled reputation as the leading strategist of pugilism, but was sadly lacking in "color."

Joe Gans was the greatest lightweight in history, but he was a mild-mannered chap inside and outside of the ring. With him, exceptional cleverness and hard hitting were what the present day fight experts and fans would regard as his "color."

The same is true of George Dixon, great bantam and featherweight.

Terry McGovern, who either scored a knockout, or was himself put to sleep in his fights, was full of color. He usually "saw red" when he entered the ring for a battle and always was popular with the fans because of his hitting power. Likewise Stanley Ketchel. He also was a heavy hitter, and it was the wallop he carried that gave him his "color." Every time he entered a ring he saw red.

Without much doubt the leading exponent of "color" in pugilism was John L. Sullivan. The big Bostonian had more color than a fancy dress ball and he was bowed down to by all classes of society, not only for his fighting ability, but for the actions of the man both in and out of the ring. Sullivan was not sparing in detailing his own good points as a fighter and his reiteration of the boast that he could "lick any man in the world" is a fair sample of the ego that sustained him during his troublous ring career.

To be sure, Sullivan was a bilulous creature, but he maintained an attitude throughout of kindly condescension to the remainder of the mortals who watched him during his career. Possibly his constant habit of throwing coins to newsboys and insisting on everybody within ear-shot stepping to the bar and drinking at his expense, may have had something to do with his reputation for color.

The fact remains that Sullivan was the chief figure in one of the most remarkable demonstrations in the history of boxing. Following the contest in New Orleans on September 7, 1892, in which Corbett divested Sullivan of his championship crown, Sullivan was the recipient of a remarkable ovation staged at Madison Square Garden on the night of September 17, 1892, just after he returned from the New Orleans defeat.

* * *

IT is true that Jim Corbett, the new champion, was there in person and sparred a few rounds with the former titleholder, but it was John L. Sullivan who was the hero of the occasion, and Corbett was second in command.

The crowd, estimated at 10,000, threw up their hats and howled when the beaten boxer appeared, and no champion was ever the recipient of such vociferous and long drawn out cheering as that accorded to the victim of Corbett's boxing skill, youth and speed.

The same men who had laid 5 and 6 to 1 that Sullivan would defeat Corbett, yelled as loudly, if not more so, than those who did not wager a penny on the fight. Among those who sparred at the testimonial were Jack McAuliffe and Jack Skelly. The latter was roundly applauded, although he was stopped by George Dixon in New Orleans in jig time.

When Sullivan and Corbett entered the ring, Sullivan, who seemed depressed, was called on for a speech, and he responded as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—I thank you sincerely for this hearty reception, coming as it does after my recent defeat. I have nothing but the kindliest feelings for the present champion, and bespeak for him all the honors to which he is entitled. He has a bright future before him and if he makes the right use of his opportunities, can make a noble record.

"I have no excuses to make for my defeat. I was beaten. That is all there is to it. The defeated man who makes excuses makes the mistake of his life."

As soon as the speeches were ended, Corbett skipped lightly to his dressing room and disappeared. Sullivan, however, was waylaid by a solid mass of men eager to get near him. Carrying an immense floral harp, Sullivan marched slowly to his dressing room. Sullivan's "color" consisted of a dash of boastfulness, a strip of good fellowship, a roar like that of a lion, and a generosity never surpassed by a pugilist.

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART TWELVE

REACHING Vienna in September, I established my headquarters at the Grand Hotel and, under the guidance of an English speaking acquaintance, I set out to learn something of this altogether charming city. Among the first things I learned was that the best site for the proposed wrestling match between Stanislaus Zbyszko and Dr. Roller, was the Circus Busch and I promptly rented it for a Sunday night three weeks later.

Here, as in London, I introduced sports promotion in the American manner, writing my publicity, having it translated and then distributing it to the newspapers. The editors fell in heartily with my idea and gave me a generous space allowance.

Near the Grand Hotel was a coffee house which the wrestlers in Vienna made their rendezvous and here I also spent a part of each day. The wrestlers looked on me as an amiable and harmless lunatic who was destined to discover that a match such as I had in mind would not draw but that in order to attract followers of the sport I must conduct a tournament, after the Continental fashion.

Dr. Roller, first university wrestler to make good in pro ranks

Some of them tried to persuade me that I was wrong, others contented themselves with sly jokes at my expense or knowing nods and winks at each other when they thought I wasn't looking. I didn't mind this in the least, nor did I mind being accepted as a "sucker" by them because of my habit of buying food and coffee for everybody in sight whenever I dropped in.

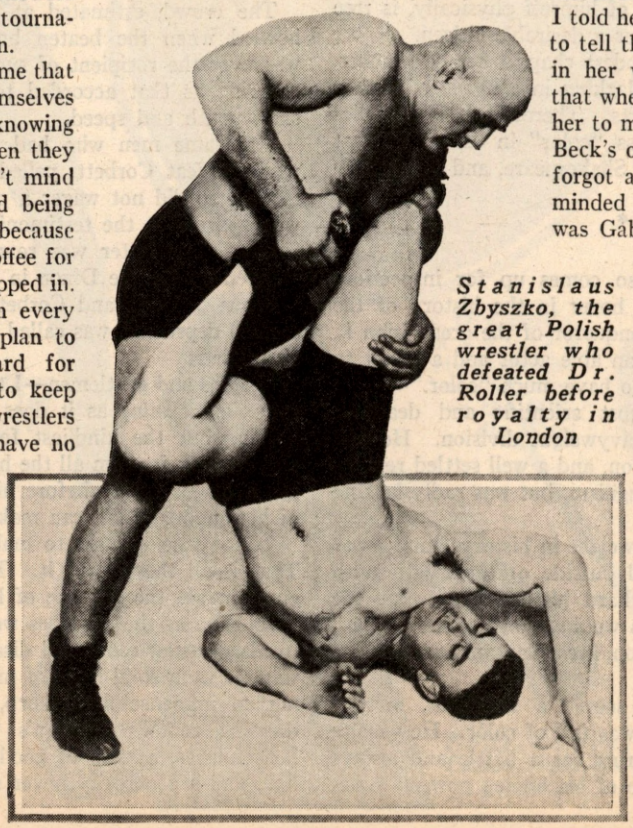
My readiness to stand treat on every occasion was but a part of my plan to arrange a strong supporting card for Zbyszko and Roller. I wanted to keep the local big shots among the wrestlers in good humor so that I would have no trouble lining them up when I wanted them.

* * *

MY friends always have said they are willing to wager I can walk into any corner of the world, no matter how remote, and find some one I know. I guess they are right. This certainly was true of Vienna where, wandering into the Adelphi Music Hall one night, I discovered that the manager was Ben Tieber, an old friend of mine from Chicago. Tieber had been secretary to Alderman Eppstein, one of Chicago's "Boodle Aldermen," and although he did not tell me so, I concluded that his presence in Vienna following the exposé of the aldermanic board back home, was not just a coincidence.

We arranged to have luncheon together the following day and in connection with our meeting, I have two interesting recollections. One is of a glimpse of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany and Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary riding by in an open barouche surrounded by a guard of honor as we emerged from our hotel—the Kaiser being on a visit to Franz Joseph. The other is of my introduction by Tieber to a young lady whom I recognized as an artiste on the bill at the Adelphi and of her presence at luncheon with us.

The young lady was very much interested in America and eager to appear here, naming $300 a week as a salary that would be agreeable to her. She asked me if I could arrange bookings for her. I told her I never dabbled in theatricals—to tell the truth, I wasn't a bit interested in her wish to appear in America—but that when I returned, I would speak about her to my friend Jake Stennard in Martin Beck's office in Chicago. On my return I forgot all about her but I was to be reminded of her later on. . . . Her name was Gaby Deslys.



Stanislaus Zbyszko, the great Polish wrestler who defeated Dr. Roller before royalty in London

* * *

THERE awaited me in Vienna, however, a more glamorous meeting than that with Gaby Deslys.

In those days I was much more active physically than I am now and it was my habit to keep in something approaching the condition of an athlete. So, feeling fatigued one morning, I donned an old suit, soft shoes, a cap and sweater and soon was running through what I took to be a private park. Swinging back on the last lap of my road work, I sighted an open carriage drawn by two spirited horses coming in my direction.

On the box were coachmen

and footmen in rich livery and, in the carriage, a man in civilian clothes and another in the uniform of an army officer. As it drew near, I saw that the man in uniform was beckoning to me and, as the coachman pulled the horses to a stop, I came alongside. The officer looked at me keenly for a moment and, evidently divining that I was an American, spoke to me in English.

"You are an athlete?" he asked, politely.

"I was," I said, "and I like to keep in trim whenever I can."

"And what do you do now?" he pursued.

"I am a promoter of sporting events," I said. "I am going to promote the Zbyszko-Roller match at the Circus Busch."

"Ah!" he said. "I should like to see that."

"I shall be pleased to have you see it as my guest," I said. I was about to add that I would leave passes for him on the door when he turned to the man in civilian attire who, I gathered, was his secretary.

"Make a note of it," he said.

Drawing a card from his wallet, he handed it to me.

"I shall see you at the match," he said. "I am very pleased to have met you."

"Thank you," I replied. "I am very pleased to have met you."

He gave a command to the coachman, who cracked his whip. The horses broke into a brisk trot and the carriage rolled off. I looked at the card.

My chance acquaintance was Franz Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary, whose assassination at Serajevo nearly four years later was to precipitate the world war! That which I had mistaken for a public park and in which I so blithely had done my road work, was the park surrounding his palace!

* * *

AS soon as I had recovered from the shock, I hastened back to the hotel, changed my clothes, then made for the newspaper offices to notify them that the Crown Prince would attend the match. I knew what that meant: Front page publicity and a sell out for the match.

A few days previously, in compliance with the regulations, I had visited the Commissaire of Police and submitted my plans for the match, which he had approved as a matter of form. When, however, the newspapers printed the fact that the Crown Prince would attend, the Commissaire summoned me. This time it was no mere formality. I had to submit my plans in infinitismal detail.

How many matches would there be? Who would appear in them? Who would handle the wrestlers? Where had I engaged my ushers and other attendants? Who would have charge of this—of that—of the other? The name of the band I had hired? What was the musical program? And so on.

Before I got through with the Commissaire, I was almost as excited as he was.

Once more, prior to the match, I was to see the Crown Prince. That was at an amusement park, where I had gone to kill an evening. One of the attractions was "The Battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac," familiar to patrons of American amusement parks, where it had been shown for many years. Franz Ferdinand was there and, spying me, he smiled in cordial recognition.

"Perhaps," he said to me, "you can tell me something of this epic battle."

As a matter of fact, all I knew about the Monitor and the Merrimac was that they had had a battle somewhere and that the Merrimac had won—or maybe it was the Monitor. I wasn't sure. But I was not one to disappoint royalty. I told him all about it and if my account varied from those of the accepted historians, I must plead that I sought to be obliging.

Franz Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria, whose death by an assassin started the world war. He was a wrestling enthusiast

The night before the match I had as my guests at dinner the editors of the three leading newspapers at the Grand Hotel. Roller and Zbyszko were due in the morning. Everything was in readiness for the match, which, as I had known it would be, was a sell out. I had nothing to worry about. This was the pleasant interlude between three weeks of hard work and the culmination of my enterprise, which was to be graced with the presence of the heir presumptive to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

* * *

I WAS in the highest spirits and so were my guests, three courtly, learned gentlemen. I had given much time and thought to the menu and, to my delight, they enjoyed every course and were loud in praising the excellence of the food and the vintage of the wines.

We had reached the coffee, cigars and brandy at the end of the dinner when a page boy laid a telegram at my elbow. In deference to my guests, I did not open it immediately but waited until there was a lull in the conversation. When I read it my brain stopped functioning for an instant and the table and the three editors danced before my eyes.

It was from Zbyszko.

"Call off the match," it read. "Have a bad knee and cannot possibly wrestle."

When my senses began to click again and the editors and the table ceased to dance, I was steeped in horror. This match was to be, in many respects, my greatest achievement as a promoter—and Zbyszko, at his home in Cracow in Galicia, had a bad knee and could not wrestle!

What was I to do? Which way to turn? Only for a moment was I undecided. Then I made my decision. Zbyszko would wrestle if he had to be carried into the ring! But he was in Cracow and this was the night before the match! I didn't want to rush from the table and I gave no outward sign of my agitation, yet I was so wrought up that I thought the editors never would leave. At last, however, they made a courteous and leisurely farewell.

* * *

ONCE they had gone, I rushed for a telephone and put through a call to Zbyszko. The connection was not a very good one. I had to bawl at him and barely could distinguish his muffled replies.

"You've got to come!" I yelled. "The Prince is to be at the match!"

"I can't . . . bad knee . . . call . . . off . . ."

"No! No!" I roared. "You must come! I don't give a damn about your knee! The Prince . . ."

". . . hurts me . . . can't make it," came the feeble, maddening response. "Tell Roller . . . another match . . ."

I hung up, glanced at my watch. It was 8:40.

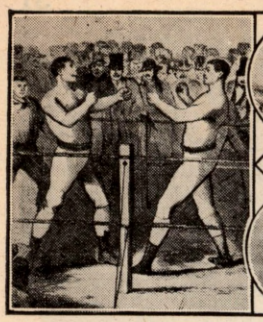
"What time can I get a train for Cracow?" I asked of the head porter.

"The last train is at 9:05," he replied. Looking at his own watch, he added, "I don't think you can make it."

"I've got to make it!" I said.

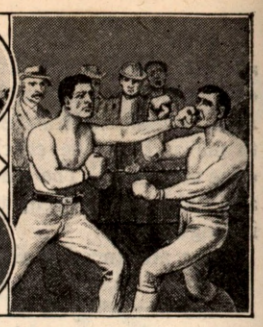
Clapping a hat on my head, I jumped into a taxi and ordered the driver to get me to the railroad station for the 9:05 at all costs. I tore through the station just as the train was about to pull out and, because it was nearest at hand, flung myself into a third class carriage crowded with peasants. They must have thought that I, in my evening clothes, was a mad man, as, wild-eyed and perspiring, I fell into the last vacant seat in the compartment.

I never shall forget that ride, which lasted until six o'clock the next morning. The jolting of the (*Continued on page* 42)



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS



IT has often been said that John L. Sullivan was the first actor-pugilist in this country, but early history of American boxing proves that this honor falls to Deaf Burke, an Englishman who appeared in New York back in 1836. Burke, a wonderfully built athlete, was not a Thespian in the true sense, as his appearance on the stage was in the role of a model in a show called the "Venetian Statues." With his superbly structured form white-washed to make his body look like a marble figure, he posed in the following:

1—Hercules struggling with the Newman Lion.
2—Achilles throwing the Discus.
3—The Slave Emoleur.
4—The Fighting Gladiator.
5—The African alarmed at Thunder.
6—Samson slaying the Phillistines.
7—Ajax defying the lightning.
8—Romulus, from David's picture of the Sabines.
9—Remus' defense of same.
10—Cain killing Abel.
11—Samson lifting the gates of Gaza.
12—The five celebrated positions of the dying gladiator.

Deaf Burke was a tremendous success in this role but the one time he attempted to take part in a speaking part, he was a complete failure.

* * *

Sullivan Most Successful on Stage

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was the most successful of pugilist-actors so far as financial remuneration was concerned, but his acting was nothing to brag about. When he appeared with his "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" in Australia, for example, he was criticized severely for his lack of histrionic ability. Yet thousands of persons flocked wherever he played because of his personality, his magnetism.

Of all the pugilist-actors, none has been so successful as James J. Corbett, who, although on the stage since he left the fighting profession, still is going strong and his acting is respected by all.

Will Lawless, one of the veteran scribes of Australia, who, in his heyday, reported the fistic doings of all the old-time stars, tells an interesting story about that great teacher of fisticuffs in the Antipodes, Larry Foley. Foley is the man who taught Young Griffo, Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons the art of boxing.

Foley made his initial attempt at the Thespian art long before Sullivan, Fitz, Corbett and Jimmy Britt deserted the resin pot and hempen boundary of the ring for a stage career, and it was not for the purpose of engaging in cheap vaudeville or in a sob story romance. His was a character in a play of the immortal Bard of Avon, old Bill Shakespeare. It happened in the early eighties when Foley was the licensee of the Queen's Hotel in Sydney and lessee of the theater of the same name, adjoining the pubbery.

* * *

Foley as "Charles the Wrestler"

FOLEY had sublet the playhouse to a well-known actor of the day, William Dampier, who, when about to stage "As You Like It," hit upon the novel idea of having the champion fighter appear in the part of "Charles the Wrestler," a part in which William Muldoon, now a member of the New York State Boxing Commission, made a name for himself about this same time in the United States. Being excellently built, handsome and popular, the advertised appearance of Foley in the show drew a capacity crowd.

After many private trials, the great Australian fighter seemed to be letter perfect in his part and the management looked forward to Foley's stage debut with no small amount of confidence. However, as things turned out, the managers failed to figure what effect a packed house would have on Larry in his first public appearance as an actor.

* * *

Larry Forgets His Line

WHEN Foley walked out on the stage, he was met with a wonderful ovation. He was received with open arms and for almost five minutes the din could not be halted. He was absolute star—but, only for those few minutes, for Larry soon forgot that the only words he could speak were those which were in the part he was to act.

One husky fellow in the gallery, just as the play was started, yelled down to Foley:

"Good boy, Larry. Show 'em how you can do it."

Larry, forgetting what was impressed on his mind before he came before the footlights, looked up, and waving his hand, greeted the caller with:

"Ah, there, me lad, how are ye?"

That was the start of Larry's failure. He not only missed his cue but after the prompter had set him on the right track, he got all tangled up and instead of saying, "Where is the young gallant who wishes to lay with mother earth," Foley said, "Now listen to me, you all, where is the bloke who wants to fight?"

That naturally brought forth plenty of laughter, but it upset the rest of the company and it took some time before the play was properly resumed.

However, if Foley was no actor, he certainly was a mighty fine fighter and the greatest boxing instructor that ever lived. Peter Jackson, Griffo and other Australian stars would never have been part of fistic history if there had been no Larry Foley.

* * *

When the Toughs Ruled

RECENTLY THE RING editor had a signed story in this publication on the gangsters who ruled boxing in the old days and in his story he mentioned several fights in which the hoodlums held the upper hand. But here is one fight he missed.

Back in 1898, on December 23, Paddy Slavin fought a 14-round draw with Jim Smith, the champion of England, the battle taking place at Bruges, Belgium. The bout was staged on a lawn tennis court adjoining Squire Grimshaw's mansion, at the early hour of seven o'clock on a Sunday morning.

To assure themselves that Smith would not be defeated, about 50 of Smith's Birmingham toughs were imported from England to see that "justice" was done their man. When things went against him, they attacked Slavin and his backers and handlers with clubs so that Jim Bettie, the referee, to avoid possible bloodshed, called the bout a draw and quit the ring.

That's how they did it in the good old days.

Jimmy Wilde, the Welsh Wonder

By HARVEY LANGDON

BORN—May, 1892, Quaker's Yard, Merthyr's Valley, Wales.
Weight—105 pounds.
Height—5 feet 3¾ inches.

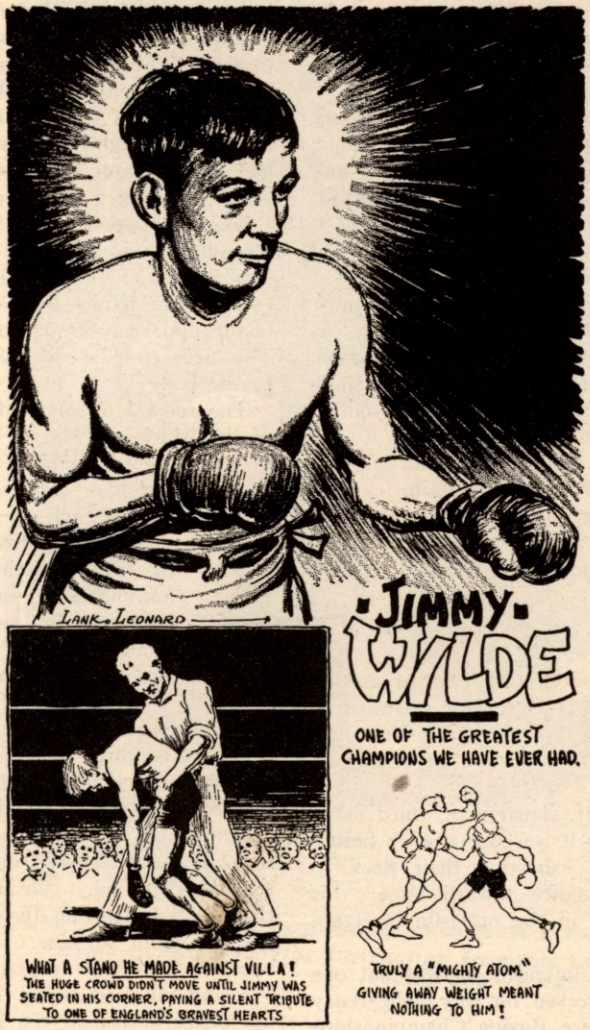
Former world's flyweight champion.

Here you have a little sketch of the greatest freak ever known to the boxing ring.

Jimmy Wilde, the greatest boxer of his pounds and inches in the history of fistiana, has such an enviable record that he finds himself classed among the "Supermen of the Prize Ring" along with such famous fistic characters as John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Jack Dempsey, Terry McGovern, Bob Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel, Benny Leonard, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, George Dixon, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, and others of their ability. Quite an honor, yet well deserved.

The Mighty Atom, who until he was knocked out by Pancho Villa at the Polo Grounds in New York City on June 28, 1923, had reigned supreme over his class for many years, stands out as one of the unique figures in boxing. There never was a boy his weight, there never was a cleverer, harder hitter among the wee ones, than this little Welsh terror.

Fighting at weights between 88 pounds and 109, which he scaled for his championship bout with Villa, Jimmy, often forced to give away many pounds to an opponent, found it just as easy to polish off the heavier fellows as it was for him to put away the boys closer to his weight. And that is why they called him the "Welsh Terror."



The Mightiest Flyweight In Ring History.

* * *

HIS remarkable reign over the flyweights came to a sickening end when Villa, the mighty tyke of the Orient, smashed the tiny king from off his throne in one minute and forty-six seconds of the seventh round. Wilde's passing from the fistic picture as a fighter was most pathetic. Those who came to see the great little foreigner in defense of his title, saw a brave fellow go face down in the resin after giving one of the most astounding exhibitions of gameness ever witnessed in an American ring.

Lacking the speed and killing punch of yore which made him so great a champion, Jimmy walked into the cannon's mouth, a sad, defiant smile on his face, lips swollen, nose bleeding, both eyes closed from a terrific battering at the hands of the slant-eyed speed marvel of the Philippines. He stood there, an unsightly figure, facing the spiteful fists of little Pancho until a wicked right hook all but tore Wilde's head off and Jimmy pitched forward on his face, a beaten champion.

Is it a wonder that this Welsh tyro endeared himself to the hearts of those who sadly witnessed his downfall.

"There goes the bravest champion I've ever seen," remarked the veteran Tom O'Rourke, promoter of the show, as he saw poor Jimmy strike the canvas. Tom should know for he was the manager of the great George Dixon, Mysterious Billy Smith and Joe Walcott. In all the history of the ring, I doubt that ever a champion went down with more courage than did England's mightiest in all ring triumphs.

That is why Jimmy Wilde, the Mighty Atom, finds a place with the Ring Immortals. Worthy? Never a fighter more worthy of that honor.

* * *

THEY called him a freak because of his tapering body, broad shoulders and anemic appearance that was so deceiving. He looked so fragile, yet his hitting power and strength for his size and weight, were simply astounding. He was a mighty skilled boxer and the power in those little fists of his had the effect of dynamite when they struck an opponent.

For virility, ingenuity, speed, accuracy and ability to block, there never was a boxer of Wilde's weight to equal him. His style was that of his teacher, Jem Driscoll, but his methods of attack were his own. He studied an opponent and then proceeded to polish him off by the use of tactics most suited for the opposing style.

Always on his toes, his body executing a wave-like motion, his gloves resting on his hips without a semblance of a guard, his knees slightly bent, he proved a bewildering subject for any opponent. He always kept his man guessing, feinted him into knots and then connected with his terrific right, said to be the heaviest punch ever delivered by a fellow his weight.

Always a home-loving man, Wilde stored away his earnings for the proverbial rainy day, with the result that today, at the age of 39, Jimmy, retired, ranks among the wealthy people of his land. He still loves boxing and he referees quite frequently.

The Man on the Cover

IT was about the middle of the month of December, 1925. The super dreadnaught U. S. S. Wyoming was plowing its way through a tremendous sea. The waves broke over the decks and all hands, that could be spared, were safely below decks. The captain had been on watch for two days during which he never left the man at the wheel. His meals were brought to him and he even ate while he kept his eyes glued to the compass.

It was one of the worst storms that the commanding officer had ever experienced. Under ordinary circumstances the captain might have put into a harbor till the storm had subsided, but this was no ordinary occasion, so the orders were "full steam ahead."

There were many reasons why this was not an ordinary occasion. Reason number one was that General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, was aboard and in a hurry to get to Washington to make a very important recommendation to the Secretary of War.

At that time things were rather in a turmoil in Chili and the American Ambassador had requested that a regiment of Marines be sent there to show the natives that there must be no fooling with American affairs. The General made his investigation and was now on his way back to Washington. He had wired the War Department that he would be there at a certain date and the commanding officer of the Wyoming was anxious to get him there on time.

Reasons number two and all the way up to 1,000 were that the crew of the great ship, from captain to mess attendant, was anxious to get to New York and start on furlough that would bring many home to their family for the Christmas dinner.

* * *

BUT there was one young man among the 1,000 sailors who had another reason besides that of getting home for Christmas. Of course, he was looking forward to that with pleasure but as he had missed other Christmas dinners at home, he felt that one more would not make so much difference.

This young man was Ernie Schaaf, signal man, third class, of the U. S. S. Wyoming. Although it was but a week before Christmas and the preachers were exhorting their flock to have "good will toward all and malice toward none" this young man had made his mind up in the opposite direction entirely.

Ernie Schaaf wanted to fight and intended to fight not one but at least three opponents. The reason for this belligerency was that the United States All Service Boxing Championships were due to be settled on December 23 in New York City.

At that time Schaff was a fine, up-standing sample of the young manhood that service in the United States Navy developed. Five feet ten inches tall, weighing 172 pounds, a beautiful shade of tan covering his face and body and his hair as blond as a Viking, he was fired with the determination to bring the light-heavyweight title back with him to the good old Wyoming.

For weeks he had trained aboard ship while stationed at Guantanamo Bay and he felt that the clean life he had led and the training he had undergone, had fitted him to engage the best in the Army, Navy or Marines at his weight. So despite the fact that it was Christmas week, he felt in the mood to pick an argument with any that cared to dispute him. This, according to expert trainers, forecasted the fact that he was in the "pink" of condition.

* * *

IN due course, the Wyoming dropped anchor in the Hudson River and to say that the crew was happy would be putting it mildly. General Pershing, with the entire crew drawn up at attention expressed his thanks to the officers and men for getting him safely to New York and on time to the hour.

Those of the crew that could be spared, were given furloughs to spend the holidays with their loved ones. Less than three hours after the anchor was dropped, liberty parties were shoving off from the ship with smiles on their faces and joy in their heart.

Among the boys in dress blue, was Schaaf. What a hurry he was in! It was just about 24 hours before the championships and although he knew that his name had been properly entered, he was taking no chances. The fights were to be held in Brooklyn and there he went in a hurry.

Promptly at seven o'clock the next night, Schaaf was on hand and weighed in and examined. The roll was called and each entrant was given a number and then the numbers were placed in a hat to draw for opponents.

The first opponent for Schaaf was a huge colored man with shoulders as wide as the battleship he represented. He was Jim Brown of the Nevada. The boys were not boxing very long before Ernie discovered that his opponent was muscle bound and that his hardest punches did not hurt very much. This fight ended suddenly when Schaaf shot a hard left hook to the body.

The second opponent for Ernie was Sergeant Jim Harvey of the Marines. Harvey was the most talked about man in the tournament. He was blessed with a magnificent physique and was a clever boxer. In addition, he could punch.

During the first round Schaaf was the best catcher that Brooklyn had ever seen. It seemed as though nothing could or did get past him. Left jabs and hooks, right swings and uppercuts drove in as though from a machine gun.

While this was going on, the sailor was staggering from rope to rope. Then the bell for the end of the first round. The seconds worked over Schaaf with a speed that made for clumsiness. The three men were trying to talk at once and nothing they said could be understood by the groggy sailor.

The bell for the second round found Schaaf still dizzy but determined. The Marine dashed out to complete the slaughter, but like a man chased down a blind alley, Ernie turned and stood his ground. Closing his eyes, he let fly a right hand that landed right on the button and down went the Marine for the count of nine. Arising, he tried to hang on but in vain. Schaaf was aroused then. How he did fight!

Swing followed swing till the beaten Harvey could stand it no longer and soon the referee completed his count of ten. This was without a doubt the sweetest victory that Schaaf has ever scored and, as he says, "it was my hardest fight."

* * *

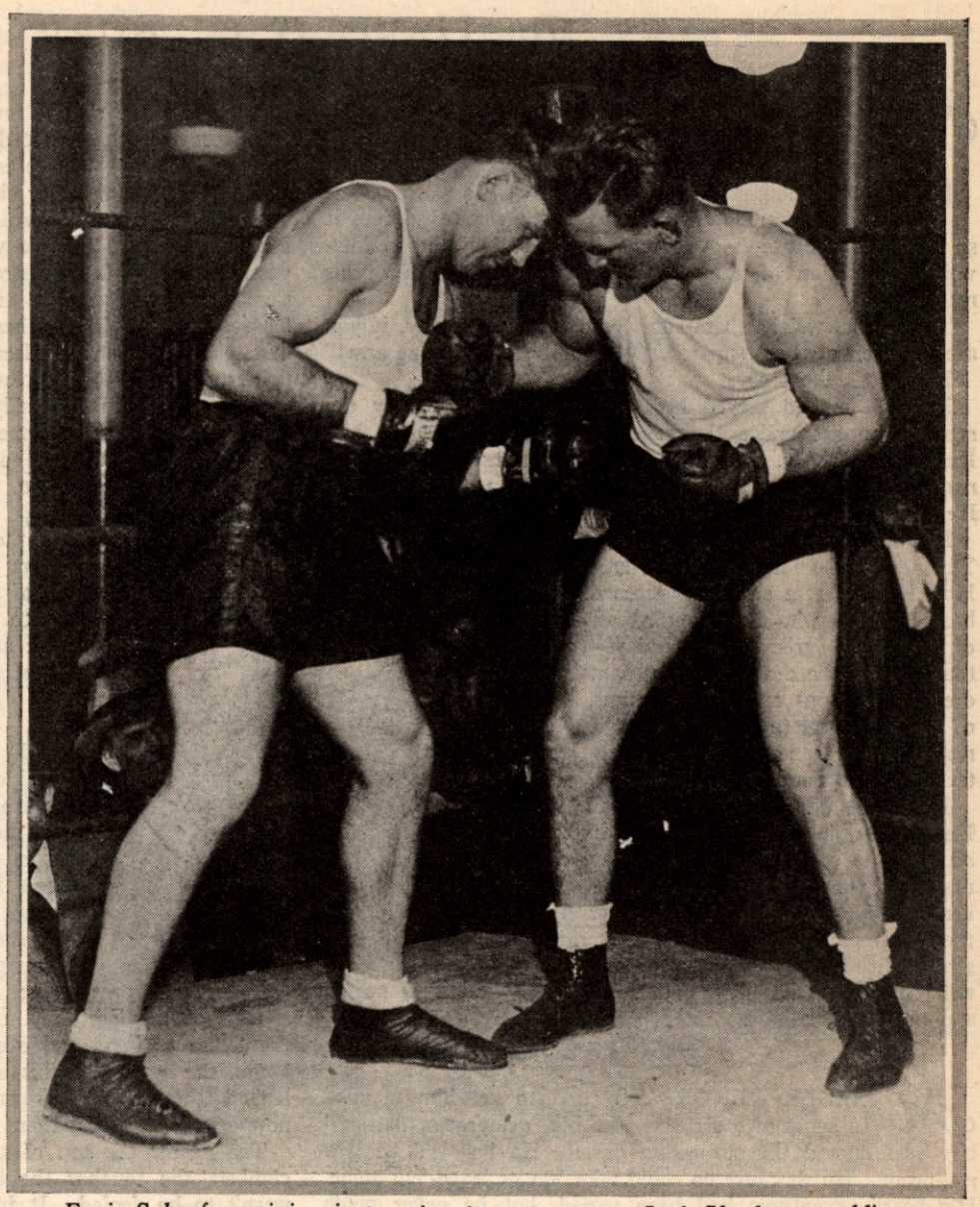
THE third man to be met that night was Henry Nealon of the U. S. S. Florida and went but one round. This third victory clinched the All-Service title of light-heavyweight champion of the United States, and to say he felt proud of the honor was putting it very mildly.

Following this victory Schaaf was sent to the U. S. S. Denver and while at Boston, Ernie was taken in tow by Phil Schlossberg, formerly heavyweight champion of the Navy and a retired chief petty officer. Phil entered Ernie in the Inter-National tournament held in Mechanics Building, Boston. Entries were received from the best in the Danish and Swedish amateur ranks. The best amateurs around Boston were picked to meet them.

By this time Schaaf had grown into a full-fledged heavyweight. He tipped the scales at 190 pounds. This was in 1927 and Schaaf knew quite a lot about boxing. He also was a terrific puncher. When he defeated a Swede in the

Managerial Firm of Buckley and Sharkey Put Ernie Schaaf on Pugilistic Map

By
Billy Henderson



Ernie Schaaf receiving instruction from his tutor, Jack Sharkey, world's leading heavyweight

first bout, his right to the first prize was admitted by all.

The Dane came into the ring and hardly made his bow to the audience when he was on his way back again to the dressing room. A right to the jaw finished him. Naturally such boxing as this was bound to attract notice throughout the country and numerous offers were made to Schlossberg for Ernie to turn professional. This Schaaf agreed to in the winter of 1927. Today, Ernie is one of the leading contenders. He is rated among the first ten.

* * *

SCHAAF takes great delight in telling about his enlisting in the United States Navy. He tells that he and his two buddies, along about 1923, when Ernie was but 15 years of age, were hustling around looking for a job. At that time Ernie was big, blond and strong. In fact, the boy looked at least three years older than he was in reality.

Each day as the boys went from their home in Elizabeth to the down town section, they would pass a recruiting officer and stand and look at the pictures that had attracted so many other young men to the Navy. The recruiting officer would approach them and try to get them in conversation. The kids would only just laugh and continue on their way.

Finally one day, the three youths talked about the thing among themselves. Getting a job appeared to be out of the question. So all agreed to enter the service. The recruiting officer took them in hand and asked the usual questions about age, parental consent, etc.

The next day Schaaf was first at the recruiting office and waited for his pals to show up. This was something they did not do. After much pleading, Ernie received the consent of his parents to go into the service, so after the usual examination, he was sent away to the navy yard and became from that moment one of Uncle Sam's seamen.

Although only 15 years old, Ernie was very big for his years and quickly started taking part in the athletic activities. Due to the fact that Schaaf was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, also the residence of Georgie Ward and Mickey Walker, both rival welterweights, boxing came natural to the young sailor and it was not long before he was taking part in boxing in a serious way.

* * *

IT was while his ship was stationed at Chili in 1927 and landing parties had been put ashore to protect American interests due to a little insurrection, that Schaaf had one of his many thrilling experiences.

The boys had established quarters on the beach and one of his duties was to burn up the garbage after each day's work. For several days the refuse had been put in a large container and with gasoline poured over it, was burned up daily. On this particular afternoon, an extra large amount of gas was used, as the boys were eager to get ready for a dance held in their honor that night.

While Schaaf was leaning over the container and pushing the garbage into a better burning position, a terrific explosion took place that sent the burning debris flying everywhere. As Ernie's head was the closest thing to the seat of the trouble, he had to take the brunt of the attack, so to speak. His eye brows and lashes were completely burned off and his clothes became a mass of flames.

This certainly was no time to lose control and due to his navy education of taking care of emergencies, Schaaf dashed for the water which was only fifty feet away and taking a running dive he soon had the fire out and was receiving treatment for his injuries.

Although Schaaf has fought Johnny (*Continued on page* 44)

The RUINOUS RIGHT

By HAROLD C. BURR

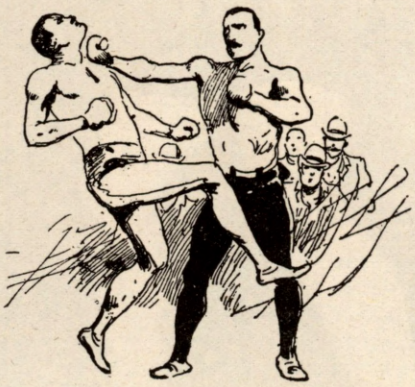
THE next time you go around to the Nonpariel Sporting Club to watch the bouts, give a thought to Mike Cassidy, the special cop who keeps order in the milling crowd around the box office with nothing but a bamboo cane. Perhaps the reason he does it so easily is because he was once upon a time the middleweight champion of the world. But that was before his marriage.

"The middleweight champion?" you echo skeptically, if you are a patron of the Nonpareil. "Why, he's only got one arm!"

But that's the story.

Because he had served his three years in the Navy the sports who sat under the ropes in those days called him Destroyer Cassidy. But for still another reason the nickname was very apt. Destruction lurked in one of his gloves. He possessed what might be called a ruinous right.

It was quite a long while before Cassidy won the title. This wasn't the fault of his manager, Old Man Hendricks, a shrewd, weazened little business man who had handled all sorts of pugilistic grist in his day—young toughs from the docks, little bantams who dressed like fops and carried canes, boys of a rich chocolate color, Mexicans, Germans, Poles, Danes, French dancing masters and one pure strain Chinaman.



It was the fault of Cassidy himself. The Destroyer didn't smoke or drink, but for all that, he wasn't any saint. His weakness was Adam's rib. The female of a certain type petted him, ran after him, the camp girl type. The sport world is strewn with the human wreckage left in the wake of these gold-digging damsels whose breath is poison and their touch, guile.

* * *

MANAGER HENDRICKS tried to get him married to some nice girl, but the big, overgrown, flattered boy just hooted the suggestion down. He believed he was girl-proof. He was sure he could take 'em or leave 'em alone. His heart adventures had been varied, but he never made a dishonorable promise. Paying as he had gone, he had left no regrets behind him.

"I've been up against this skirt game on the seven seas," was his favorite boast. "I've had a sweetheart in every port. I'm too strong for 'em."

Nevertheless, woman was Destroyer Cassidy's goddess. While stationed in the Philippines, the tale had been brought to him of a gin-soaked derelict in a nipa hut who was wonderously skilled with the needle and the red and blue inks. For the price of a stiff drink, this fallen artist would tattoo snakes, full-rigged ships on your chest or your arm.

Him the Destroyer sought, and his choice in tattooing was the figure of a nude woman on his right arm just above the elbow. The pain of having the design pricked into the skin only made him grin. Somehow a woman was always bound to hurt a man. He was getting off lucky.

The arm swelled where the ink had poisoned him, but that passed, and he was vastly proud before his ship mates of the likeness of his deity that no amount of scrubbing could wash away. The woman was on his arm to stay in all her shame, his close and inseparable companion until death. He had to but roll up his sleeve to worship.

But along about the time when Old Man Hendricks was grooming him for a title bout with the champion, Cassidy met Lucille Baldwin. She was a shy little thing, and had never been more than a few blocks from home. Born under the shadow of the elevated road over on Third Avenue, she dried her hair on the fire escape and waited for her prince to come up the dumbwaiter shaft.

Yet in the midst of sordidness and poverty, evil had passed her by. At eighteen, she was still innocent, poor, clean and wistful. A boy friend introduced her to the Destroyer. He was a trim and graceful craft on a waxed floor and it was his footwork in the clinches that endeared her to him in the first place. When she learned that he was a brutal prizefighter, she shivered deliciously. The nice girl had arrived.

"That little kid," Cassidy told Old Man Hendricks afterward, "would have to take on weight to make 112 pounds, ringside. But I'm ready to go down on my hands and knees to her. She's lonesome, that's what gets me—her lonesomeness."

This was a good symptom, thought Old Man Hendricks. It was masked assault on the protective side of the Destroyer's man-nature, weakness to provoke his strength. But Lucille didn't attack thus knowingly. It was the gift of a million years.

* * *

OLD MAN HENDRICKS had the middleweight contender bring Miss Baldwin around, sized her up for a little home body already in love with Cassidy, and let go a gusty sigh of relief. This girl wasn't like those other saucy things. If a man proposed taking her home in a taxi, she would say it was too expensive.

Meanwhile, Destroyer Cassidy's ring fortunes were progressing, culminating. That winter he won sixteen of his fights by knockouts. The ruinous right did the lethal business and every time his soggy glove thumped home, the woman on his arm danced gleefully. But Cassidy looked thoughtfully, frowningly at that tattooed creature nowadays. You see, there was Lucille to take her place.

The nearer the top of the pugilistic ladder the Destroyer climbed, the tougher the boys got, but our young aspirant wasn't to be denied. It just took him a few rounds longer, that was all. At last no one stood between his fists and the title bout but Len Bailey. Destroyer Cassidy rocked him into the land of the lullaby in seven and a half rounds.

Then he signed up to meet the champion. It was a great achievement for Old Man Hendricks—the careful nursing, the jockeying, the persuading of the promoters. But still the old man wasn't quite satisfied.

"Look here, lad," the kindly old master urged when they were installed in their training camp on Long Island. "What's the blue devil that's bothering you? It isn't like you to worry. But you're off your feed, you don't listen. What is it, Destroyer?"

Cassidy looked off across the peach orchard at the back of the quarters. "I wish to God I'd never seen a woman, John!" he burst forth abruptly, and stopped with that.

"A lot of us feel the same way, Destroyer," said Old Man Hendricks mildly. "But the great thing, lad, is picking your company. What is it—some letters, blackmail?"

"It's Lucille," gasped the wretched boy frankly. "I didn't think they made that kind when I was playing around with all those swift janes. But they do, and I want her. I want her and can't have her—that's the hell and damnation of it."

"Pull your punches a minute, Destroyer, while I get this straight. Why can't you have her? Doesn't she want you?"

"Oh, I haven't asked. It isn't that, John. It's the past."

The doleful young swain grew philosophical. "Ain't it queer how a guy's past rises up to sock him when he wants it to lie quiet? There's a Referee some place, John, I guess, who doesn't let us get away with too many fouls."

"Young love's problems are my meat, Destroyer."

"She's just getting the husks," continued Cassidy, and Old Man Hendricks knew he meant Lucille Baldwin. "She mustn't know what kind of a moral leper I've been. I needn't tell her, I suppose. But how am I going to hide this if we marry?"

* * *

WITH a dramatic gesture Destroyer Cassidy rolled back the sleeve on his ruinous right arm. He extended it rigidly before him in loathing. Somehow the woman etched eternally there looked more brazen than ever to Old Man Hendricks. The boy's face was turned away.

"She listens to all my fights over the radio. She's never seen my bare arm. I take good care she doesn't. Bare? I wish it was bare! Do you think I could put an arm like that round a good, clean kid like Lucille? What do you think she'd say when she caught the first glimpse of that—that thing on our honeymoon? Her love would die, that's all that would happen. And I—Oh, hell!"

Destroyer Cassidy went flinging out of his chair, upsetting it behind him, and beat his fists against one of the roof supports.

"Easy, lad!" admonished Old Man Hendricks soothingly. "Nothing's to be gained by having the rabies all over the place."

Cassidy flung around on his manager furiously. "It's all very well for you to spill the old apple sauce. It isn't your girl—or your arm."

Old Man Hendricks knew that the cornered Cassidy was right. It would never do to let a girl like Lucille Baldwin see that branded arm. Her modesty would cringe against giving herself into the Destroyer's custody after such a dream-shattering revelation. She believed all men good. In particular she must believe that of her lover.

Cassidy didn't break off with the girl. He was stumbling, groping, swearing, seeking some way of escape. Every night, while undressing, he looked at his ruinous right and cursed it bitterly. He bruised and pulled at the offending flesh as if he would tear the frank female figure from the rest of his body. The tirades left him exhausted and impotent.

* * *

SUNDAY was visiting day at the camp, and Lucille would come out with baskets of lunch. Destroyer Cassidy sneaked off into the woods with her leaving the sightseers without their expected peek at the challenger. Cassidy would come back more irritable than when he started. Old Man Hendricks made no protests at these upsetting visits. The dried up little manager liked the girl's freshness. Cassidy's future was even more important than sending Lovejoy kicking.

It was the day after one such visit that the Destroyer came to Old Man Hendricks.

"John," he said, apologetic, rueful. "I had to ask her. She says she'll stand up before the priest with me after I've met Lovejoy."

Old Man Hendricks didn't like the pugilist's expression. "You've told her about—?" he began tentatively.

"No," declared Cassidy with decision. "I—I couldn't. It was weak of me to bring up marriage, and kind of lousy. But I had to know where I stood in case of—well, anything happening. And there's a plumber's assistant in the tenement where she lives who keeps pestering her to go to the talkies.

Those final days of preparation Destroyer Cassidy was dangerously listless. His heart was like a lump of indigestible dough, and he had no stomach for the gruelling his rough sparring partners doled to him. The old ruinous right hung limp at his side. He was drawn of feature, laggard of limb. The sports experts said Destroyer Cassidy had gone stale.

Old Man Hendricks was beaten. It's youth that isn't discouraged, discounting Cassidy. The manager felt too old and tired, of a sudden, to start over again. The kid would have to work out of it himself.

Then the miracle happened. The Destroyer went into action against his sparring partners his old confident self. He knocked them from ring post to ring post, giving them a carefree, comprehensive battering. He sang the latest love ballads under the shower. He playfully wrestled with Old Man Hendricks.

"Allah be praised!" said the little manager devoutly, straightening his disarranged clothing.

There wasn't any use in looking a gift horse in the mouth—he might bite you. In some way Cassidy had come upon a solution of his love affair. It must be a happy ending, because he was already happy. Perhaps the Destroyer had thought up some good lie about that decoration on his arm. It would be a harmless deception. Even good would come of it. And Lucille Baldwin would be an easy girl to fool.

But once in the dressing room at the big pine saucer his mood changed again. He became grim, hiding his emotions behind a set and inscrutable jaw. "He's tightened up," thought Old Man Hendricks. But for once Old Man Hendricks was wrong. The Destroyer wasn't worrying about Lovejoy. He wasn't worrying about anything. He had just made up his mind.

"It's my last fight, John," he said briefly, when he had his manager alone in his corner up in the ring. "I'm going to burn myself up to-night, becoming the middleweight champ. Then I'll retire. Lovejoy can't stop me, and don't you try. Let's go!"

Old Man Hendricks looked calmly to the smelling salts. "Sarah Bernhardt used to say the same thing. You're only twenty-six, lad. You are going to paw rosin for years yet."

"This is on the level," said the stubborn young gladiator hurriedly as the referee beckoned both boys to the center of the ring for instructions. "It's the only way I can marry Lucille. There isn't time to explain anything more now. I'll get in touch with you when—it's all over, John."

* * *

DESTROYER CASSIDY went about the subjugation of Wallie Lovejoy with the mechanical surety of a robot. He threw his punches unerringly. Once he sized up the champion his gloves went grinding on to victory. It was the old ruinous right that laid the king of the middleweights disgracefully on his back in the fifth round. Lovejoy was stretched out as if nailed to the canvas. Not even the thumb of his glove twitched as the referee tolled off the fatal tenth word, and a new champion was crowned.

The crowd tore up the seats to pay the victor homage. But Cassidy took it stoically. Old Man Hendricks had drummed into his ears all about mob psychology—how it loved to raise a man up only to tear him down. Even now it was howling at the fall of Lovejoy. Well, it would never drag him down. He had just fought his best fight—and his last.

The Destroyer's gloves were yanked off, he was swathed in his bathrobe, and he jumped into a taxi for the nearest Turkish bath. It was well on toward the evening of the next day before he had any privacy. Then his movements became mysterious, almost furtive.

He studied the time tables of every railroad running into New York. He wanted to pick the fastest train. He was looking for one that would arrive after dark, so that the engineer would be blinded by the glare of his headlight. He knew just the lonely stretch of track on the P. G. & R. If only the train would make a clean job of it.

To make Old Man Hendricks think it an accident wouldn't be so easy. But it didn't matter what his manager thought. He could be depended upon not to run to Lucille with his suspicions.

He crossed the ferry, took an accommodation to a lonely station, and in the dusk started down the right of way. He would explain his presence away out there (*Continued on page* 43)

CRADLES of BOXING

WHILE the fight between Tom Beasley of Boston and Jacob Hyer of New York at Hingham, Mass., in 1816, a mill which ended in a victory for the former, has been set down by many as the first white heavyweight championship mill in America, its particular effect insofar as Boston was concerned, seems to have been of the two-edged variety.

Naturally, it heightened the interest of the real sporty folk in pugilism—gave a big kick to the department of fisticuffs—had the "Fancy" of the day all talking. But, from other quarters it served to bring forth plenty of protest, and plenty of the kind that counted.

There must have been a general tightening of official reins, the same spurred on by a frowning from pulpits and demands of staid citizens, for a search through the records of the time show no reference for a number of years to any further fistic activities in or near The Hub.

But, despite stern opposition, hell-fire sermons and protest, the Hingham mill gave the sport a foothold —the camel at last had got its nose inside the flap of the tent—a green bay tree was planted that has flourished on and off ever since.

* * *

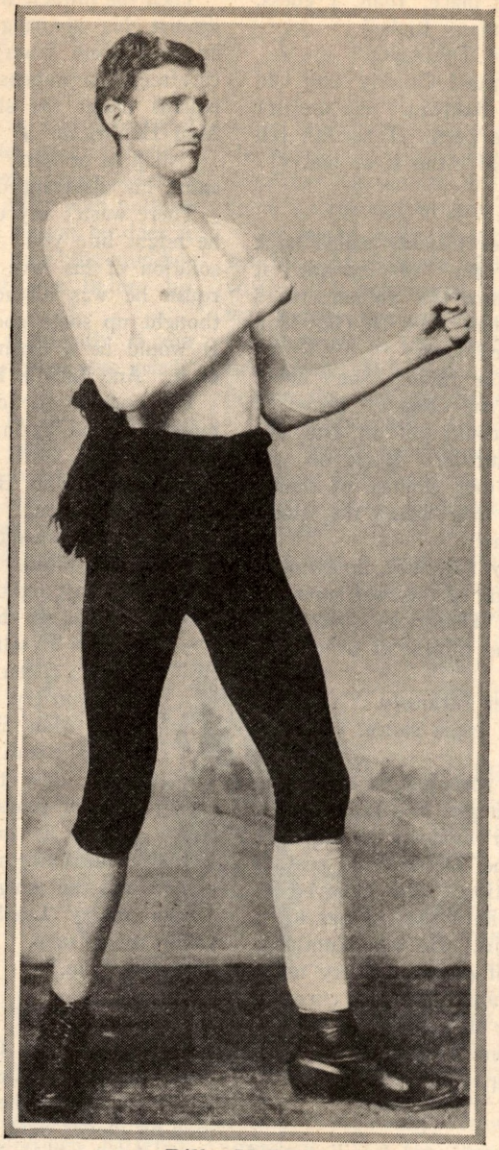
THE lone break in the big gap existing in Boston's ring annals from the Beasley-Hyer affair until along in the '40's, is to be found in a letter written by Andy McLane, known to many of his day as the "Philadelphia Champion" following his win over Jim Sanford, the Jersey "American Phenomenon." In this letter addressed to Jack Langan, the "Brave Irish Lad," at that time retired and a tavern-keeper in Liverpool, and bearing the date of May 14, 1832, McLane in addition to other matters, refers to New England, and Boston in particular, as follows:

"In the Eastern States, boxing is now in much practice. There is a smashing fellow here from Boston, named John Hudson. He is looking out for a customer; he will soon get matched."

Evidently, John Hudson was a big fellow—some boy—probably a heavyweight. He must have been regarded as a pretty fair fighting man or McLane would not have mentioned him. While we have unearthed a number of references to this Hudson, his detailed record has slipped from history. Seemingly, no one bothered himself with writing it down for posterity.

Though the early recorders of pugilism in America appear to have been few, and particularly as concerns the sport in Boston and vicinity, as the years went by, The Hub did have its "professors," graduates from the active ranks, and these increased and multiplied.

In the year 1844, we find the following instructors in the "Manly Art" plying their profession within the confines of Boston—Belcher Kay, John Sheridan, John Hudson, Prof. Ottignon, Bill Dole, Joe Long, Jack Wright, Jack Smith, Captain Louis Beiral, a Chilean and others.



Billy McLean

IT was about the year named that the first public sparring exhibition was held in Boston with a show staged in the old Masonic Temple Building, then located at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, since replaced by another similar structure. The story is told that on this occasion Jack Sheridan, who weighed about 175 pounds, gave a challenge from the stage to any man present. It was picked up by Belcher Kay, weighing 160 pounds, and they fought a rattling mill, Sheridan winning. This affair paved the way for similar exhibitions in old Boylston Market Hall, corner of Washington and Boylston streets, also at the Sudbury street and National theatres, old time Boston variety playhouses long since departed in dust.

Out of one of these affairs came a real fight, "Prof." Jack Smith, a Britisher by birth, meeting one, Joe Long of Maine, a ring Adonis of his day, in a bare-knuckle fight staged on Little Brewster Island, Boston Harbor. It lasted three hours and was called a draw when both men, pounded to ribbons, could no longer continue. The details never were made public as milling in those days was a serious offence.

Belcher Kay, whom we have mentioned, always was regarded as a handy man where stakes, ropes and fists were concerned, and Jack Wright attained fame when on August 16, 1841, he encountered Frank Speight of New York near McComb's Dam, that city, winning in seven rounds. As the money involved, that is directly, was but $50 a side, personal satisfaction must have figured as one of the main assets.

As for Beiral, the noble Chilean captain, as an instructor, authority and one of those "among present" chaps, for years he was much in the limelight. Frequently he was a "third man," a notable occasion being his presence as referee at the fight between Patsy "Scotty" Branagan of Brooklyn and Young Barney Aaron of England, fought on October 18, 1858, at Point Abino, Canada. This mill, a 10-rounder, lasting 13 minutes, for $200 a side, and won by "Scotty," has generally been regarded as the first in America for a world's lightweight title.

And Beiral's activities did not end there for, two days later, October 20, 1858, he was one of the referees at the fight between John Morrissey and John C. Heenan for the heavyweight championship at Long Point Island, Canada, an affair of 11 rounds for $2,500 a side which lasted 21 minutes, Morrissey winning.

* * *

TOPPING the list of these former warriors and instructors of old Boston because of his long association with the sport and his efforts for its uplift and popularity, we find the name of "Prof." William G. Taylor, and, closely associated with it that of "Prof." John B. Bailey. Both have been gathered unto their fathers for many years but, in their heyday, both held a prominent place in fisticuffs, were recognized as

How Boston Got Its Start

(First of a Series on the Rise of Boxing in New England)

By 'DOC' ALMY

Boston's leading fistic expert

authorities and were widely respected.

Taylor, a native of Manchester, England, appeared in Boston in the early '40's, a fighting man, and such, also an instructor of boxing, master-of ceremonies and presiding genius at many turnups, was much in the public eye from that time until his death in New Orleans, La., in July, 1864, where he held a lucrative office under Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. As for Bailey, colored, and a native of Baltimore, Md., where he was born in 1819, and also a fighting man, his first appearance in Boston dates back to 1835. He won some fame in the early ring but as a pistol shot, also as an instructor in that art, sword-play and boxing. He came in for more particular attention.

And, it was this Bailey who pitched the first and only ring wherein John L. Sullivan, the famous John L., of Boston, faced a colored gladiator, all more or less contrary to the "accepted stories for years associated with the Boston Strong Boy. With this incident, an absolute historical fact, we will deal in its place.

Looking back through musty records, we find "Prof." Taylor blossoming forth in a woodcut, posed in the old "fair stand up fight" British style of his day under the general caption head of "Teacher of Boxing," with the remark that he was "5 feet 5 inches in height and weighed 136 pounds." Such seems to have been the first serious notice taken of him—his joys and sorrows receiving not a line of comment, a situation far removed from the present day as pertains to boxing and its fraternity. It was not until 1858 that we again find "Prof." Taylor breaking forth into cold type—a brief notice in a semi-sporting weekly which reads as follows:

"BOXING REVIVAL IN BOSTON"

"Professor W. G. Taylor will give two grand exhibitions at the Melodeon, next to the Boston Theatre, in Washington street, on the 26th and 27th inst. He will be assisted by a number of excellent boxers, including Mike Murphy of New York, and a celebrated sparrer from Philadelphia.

"The prices of admission for these exhibitions have been fixed at 25 cents to the gallery, and 50 cents to the body of the house. These entertainments promise to be well and respectably attended. Let there be made ample provision for the comfort of the spectators, and let good order characterise the entire proceedings, and there will be no opposition manifested in Boston hereafter to sparring exhibitions."

* * *

SUCH was the fistic publicity in the year 1858 in Boston. The opposition to the sport and its surroundings, as viewed by the press, may be read between the lines.

Well, the great event took place, the account of the same opening as follows:

"On Tuesday evening, Jan. 26, at the solicitation of many of our first gentlemen, Mr. W. G. Taylor, one of the professors of the manly art, took a complimentary benefit at the Melodeon, and brought into the field some of the best talent to be found in America. Notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, the house was well-filled, and with such a class of citizens as are seldom seen in such a place.

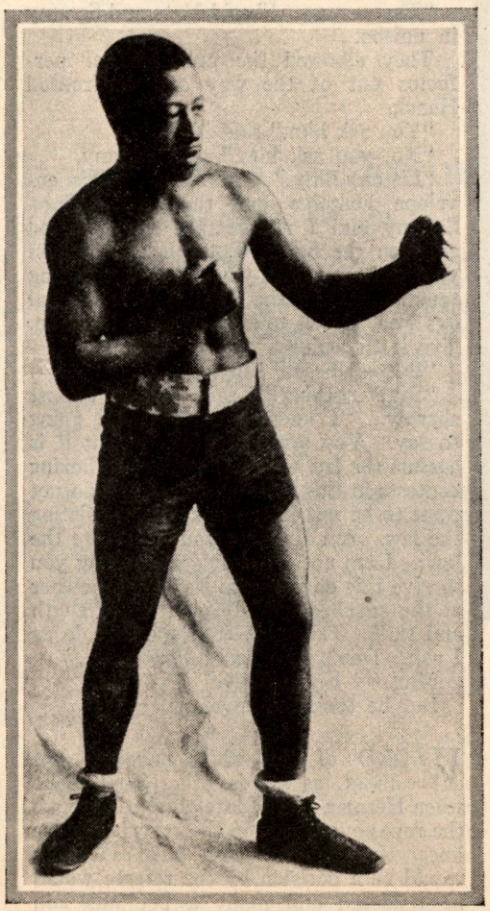
"The 'self-defenders' were there in a body, and some of our 'solid men,' and some of the tough sons of our 'solid men,' all evidently interested in the evening's sport. The hall had been tastefully decorated, and presented an interior and exterior view quite after the holiday order."

The principal contestants at this "revival" were Barney Ford vs. Harry Finegas, well known fighters of their day; one Molineaux of Worcester, vs. John "Cocky" Woods of Boston, who will figure again later on in our story; "two old bruisers" known as Osborn and Bushnell, with Orville (Awful) Gardiner, a New England product but hailing from New York, vs. Thomas Wilson of Leicestershire, England, a newcomer.

On the second night, when, it is stated, the attendance was not so good, the contributors were "Nobby" Clark vs. Mr. Howard; Mr. Howard vs. one Sweeney; "Awful Gardiner vs. "Cocky" Woods, and a windup between Taylor and Mike Murphy ending the affair.

"Mr. Clark, having a bit of a lush, didn't fare very well with Mr. Howard," remarked the boxing editor of the day.

So, thusly boxing began to find its way into the Boston sun—a slow process fraught with many embarrassments and serious consequences—a story of thrills and tribulations, but, nevertheless, marking the laying of a firm cornerstone. As the story unwinds itself, we will give many details concerning these early gladiators of Boston—their battles, triumphs, repulses and experiences—a series of yarns from the distant past never before assembled.



Rufe Turner

In the first issue of Porter's "Spirit of the Times," Boston is often mentioned in the reports on fights and fighters, and in these reference to complaints by the Puritan element of New England is often made.

Frequent reference is also made to the arrival of ships from Europe and Australia with British and Irish fighters among the crews, and that "as a little pastime and to earn a few extra dollars, interesting boxing bouts were staged with these sailors, the contestants."

In the New York *Herald* of 1834 there are seven lines on a fight between Chester McAuley and Sandy Masters, an Irish and a Scotch sailor, respectively, belonging to a brig, called the *Helene,* engaging in a mill at New Bedford for a purse of $20.

Further evidence that the first fighters who engaged in ring battles in New England were members of crews of vessels plying between England or Australia and this country, is gained from the following item in the New York *Sun* of July 7, 1838.

"Our correspondent from New London informs us that a bloody battle took place yesterday between a Negro, Harvey Walker, and an Australian, Matthew Bolin, at that city, with the white man having a decided advantage. The scrimmage took place in an inn and was well attended by the sports who wagered considerably on their favorite."

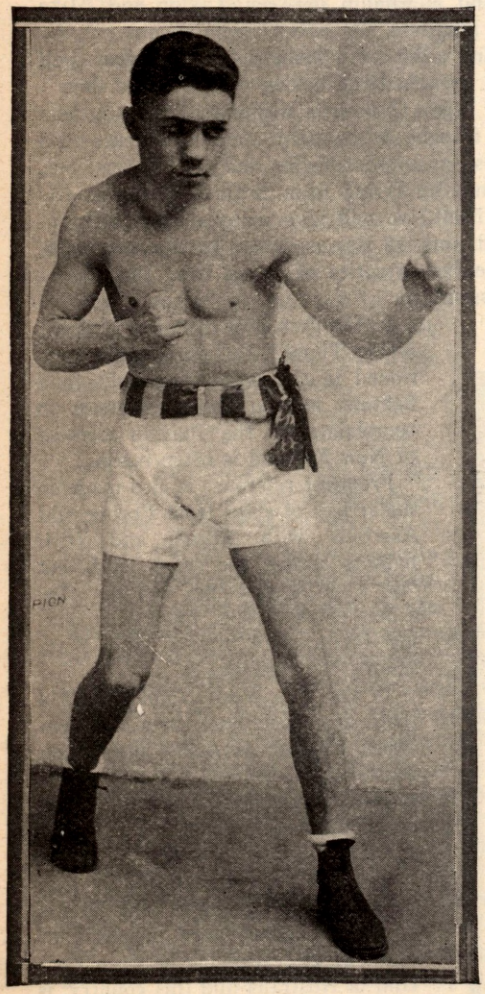
Champion Beaten But Keeps His Title

By Frank Gillespie

BEND an ear this way, Mr. Believe It or Not—and learn something: Once upon a time a champion and a challenger met at the class limit, the challenger received the referee's decision and bets were paid off on it—yet the title did not change hands!

The bout took place in Memphis in 1919. The champion was Pete Herman, the New Orleans bootblack who ruled the bantamweights. The challenger was Pal Moore of Memphis. Technically, it was an eight-round, no decision contest but—

On the afternoon of the fight Nate Lewis, who managed Moore, met Sammy Goldman, who managed Herman, in the



Pete Herman

cigar store owned by Billy Haack, the promoter of the fight.

"Hello, Sammy," said Nate.

"Hello, Nate," said Sammy.

"What do you think of the fight?" asked Nate.

"I think we'll win," said Sammy, employing, as managers will, the managerial "we."

"For how much?" asked Nate.

"For $500," said Sammy.

"You're on," said Nate.

"And the odds?" murmured Sammy. "I suppose you will want odds, Pete being the champion."

Nate shrugged.

"Not necessarily," he said. "I think it is a good match. If I didn't, I wouldn't have made it. I'll lay you even money."

Sammy blushed.

"It's a shame to do it, Nate," he said, "but if you insist—"

* * *

NATE drew from his wallet five crisp one hundred dollar bills, hundred dollar bills always being crisp because they do not get about much, except among fight managers. Sammy drew five equally crisp one hundred dollar bills from his wallet. Nate put his money in a white envelope that he produced from somewhere—the air, possibly. Sammy put his money in it, too.

"And now," asked Sammy, "to whom shall we leave the decision, since this is a no-decision contest?"

"The newspapers?" suggested Nate, hopefully.

"In Memphis?" asked Sammy. "Leave the decision in a Pal Moore fight to the newspapers in Memphis? Nate, I am surprised at you."

Behind the counter Haack was passing the time of day with the purchaser of two perfectos.

"The very man!" said Nate and Sammy in unison.

They elbowed the purchaser of perfectos out of the way and confronted Haack.

"You ask him," said Nate.

"No, you ask him," said Sammy.

"Listen, Billy," said Nate. "This envelope contains one thousand dollars. Sammy and I are betting five hundred even on the fight. Put this envelope in your pocket when you go into the ring tonight. When the fight is over, if Pal has won, give it to me. If Pete has won, give it to Sammy."

"But—" began Billy.

"But, nothing!" said Nate, almost sharply. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that it is against the law to give decisions in boxing contests in this state and that you do not want to be put in the pokey for violating the law. Am I asking you to violate the law? I am not. I simply am asking you to give this envelope to its rightful owner at the conclusion of this test of strength and skill. Take this envelope and do as I ask. Don't be a heel all your life."

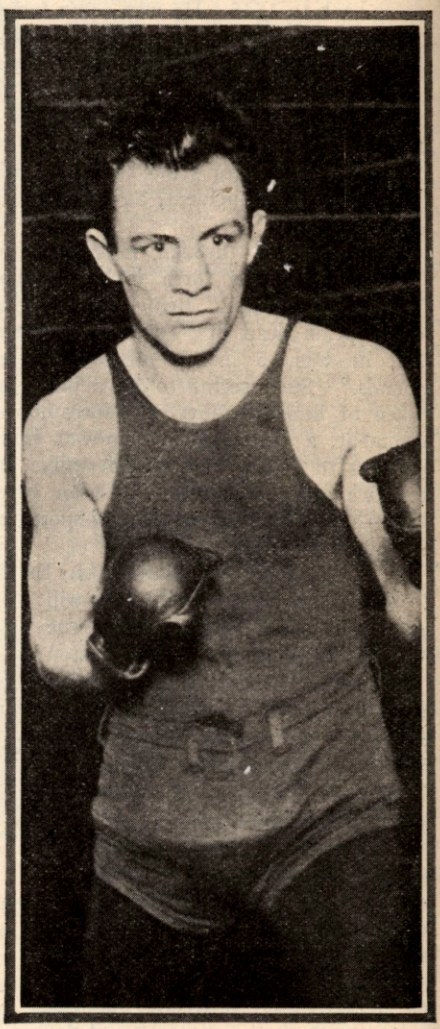
"But—" began Billy.

But he took the envelope.

* * *

WORD of the white envelope got about, as words will. That night when Herman and Moore climbed through the ropes everybody in the crowded house knew that at the finish what virtually would be a decision by the referee would be rendered and many a bet was laid with the stipulation that the pay-off would be on Haack's verdict.

Moore, no puncher, but a remarkably clever boxer whose forte was outpointing champions in no-decision bouts, smothered Herman's famous "shoe shine" punch and was out in front by a mile or so



Pal Moore

when the final bell rang. Haack, walking to Pal's corner, leaned over the ropes and, in plain view of the crowd, handed the white envelope to Nate. All over the house—nay, all over the town—they paid off on the passing of the envelope.

And so, Mr. Believe It or Not—have you learned something?

Speed

WHATSOEVER be the game,
Here's the quality that counts,
Here's the essence of the flame,
Where the winning tally mounts—
Speed of arm or speed of eye,
Speed of foot or speed of hand,
Speed that lets the right hook fly
Where the winning sock should land.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 12)

third, fifth and twelfth rounds, he would have walked off with the honors.

However, though he dropped the verdict, the Englishman did not lose any prestige. In fact, he sold himself to the American public and, like his fellow countryman, Jackie Berg, he can obtain all the fights he is willing to accept here.

It was a great international battle and more of that type would soon bring a knockout to Kid Depression.

* * *

The Uncertainties of Boxing

ONE of the reasons why boxing will never be supplanted by wrestling as the sport of thrills, is because of the uncertainties that the fight game provides.

You may talk about your airplane throws, the pin-wheel spins, the flying mares and the flying tackles of wrestling which have furnished such thrills to thousands of mat fans this winter, but when it comes to a real sensation, there is nothing that compares to the good old-fashioned clean-cut knockout in fisticuffs.

Take for example the scene that attended the knockout of Billy Petrolle by King Tut in Minneapolis a few weeks ago; a K. O. that landed just twenty-four seconds after the gong sent the men on their way. Just picture the scenes in that Minneapolis arena, when the biggest gathering that ever witnessed a show in that city, received this "thrill of a life time!"

A fight that was over before the beaten gladiator even raised his hands in defense! Petrolle, the conqueror of the great Jimmy McLarnin, down and out in twenty-four seconds! There's something to talk about!

Another, the clean cut knockout of Dix, the California boy, by Vincent Serci in Madison Square Garden a few weeks later! Who wouldn't rather see those thrills than the tossing of one giant by another? No, boxing still has its enticement!

* * *

Kid Depression on His Way Out

IS boxing coming back? We'll say so. All along the line, the indication is there. When Minneapolis fans are willing during these hard times to spend $38,600 to see the Tut-Petrolle battle, and the Garden begins to pack 'em in again, Kid Depression seems to be on the way to the hoosgow. The previous Minneapolis receipts record was $20,000, taken in at the Mike Gibbons-Jeff Smith battle many years ago. The Garden, with $5.00 top, has been drawing a gate of $33,000 or more at each of its last four fights.

* * *

California on the Right Path

THE California Boxing Commission is on the right trail. Its members, in their anxiety to place the sport back in the healthy state it once enjoyed, are working along well-developed, constructive lines. One of the rules recently adopted, preventing promoters from buying options on the future services of boxers, should aid the sport considerably.

New York long ago passed such a measure. Every promoter should be free to dicker for a fighter licensed within a State. Breaking the monopoly of a big organization is a fine thing for the sport.

Another excellent measure provides that no champion may compete in a no-decision bout within the State. Every time such title holder gets into action, his crown must be at stake. A champion no longer can protect his crown by coming in overnight.

That is as it should be. If boxing does not come back with a bang on the Coast, it won't be the fault of the three new state commissioners.

* * *

Sport Is Legalized in Delaware

HATS off to the State of Delaware. Boxing has been legalized by act of legislature and Governor C. Douglas Buck has signed the measure. It won't be long now before every State in the Union will have legalized boxing, patented after the famous Walker Law of New York.

A measure has been introduced in Ohio and there is every reason to believe it will be passed shortly.

It's a Long Road to Boxing Peaks

(*Continued from page* 19)

He apparently sees no need of spending much time building Max up. He seems to feel that if the California Catamount is going somewhere, he can just as easily beat the good ones as the tank artists.

Burns would have been willing to put Max into the ring with Jack Sharkey in the New York *American's* Christmas Fund Show, but the Commission would not stand for it. The Commission was absolutely right, too. Then Max was pitted against Ernie Schaaf for his Metropolitan debut.

Frankie Burns has Baer's best interest at heart but Dempsey had a long period of apprenticeship, and so did Fitzsimmons and all the other great fighters with the exception of Jeffries, and that apprenticeship is exactly what Max needs. Natural speed and punch and an instinct for the game is not enough.

Those assets must be sharpened in the fire of combat, and the fire must not be so hot as to shrivel the youngster in its blasting heat. It is undoubtedly true that a boy can be given too long a diet of set-up. He gets so used to them that when stiff opposition is offered he doesn't know what to do. His fibre is softened.

Ruby Goldstein is an excellent example. Against the tank artist and third-raters, Goldstein looked like another Benny Leonard. He had everything. But tough fellows like Ace Hudkins and Jimmy McLarnin just hung him over the ropes.

* * *

EXACTLY that sort of training harmed Young Stribling. Had his schedule been progressively better; that is to say, had he worked up from the stumble-bums of his earlier days, he might have been a champion long ago. But even when he was occasionally filling in with first line fighters, Billy's main diet consisted of those self-same pushovers. It did Stribling no good at all.

It is obvious then that there is a middle path between rushing a young fighter and carrying him too long on easy opposition. The former is ruinous not only to his morale but to his body and mind as well. The latter never gives him a chance to improve.

Bobby Jones, the greatest of all golfers, says that all he learned about the competitive game was due to matches he lost. In a lesser degree this is true of the youthful fighter. He learns best in bouts in which he is extended. Knocking a rival out with a punch teaches him nothing. Nor does a bout in which he is outclassed.

English managers have killed off many prospective stars by permitting half grown boys to engage in fifteen and twenty round fights. The New York Commission sought to curb a similar practice here by forbidding any boxer who has not attained his majority from going more than six rounds. This is a sound rule, but is partly nullified by managers declaring their proteges are two or three years older than they really are when applying for licenses.

So, I suppose promising kids will be ruined just so long as the men who direct their affairs are greedy or over enthusiastic. There isn't anything to do about it, but it is a shame that the Hanlons and the Schmaders and others like them should fall short of success through no real fault of their own, but because of the zealousness or greed of those guiding their careers.

Parade of Pachyderms

(*Continued from page 27*)

was unduly sensitive in the neighborhood of his fat-covered ribs, and the next time he met Pierre, Lurich, after getting the colossus on the mat, and lying on his stomach, proceeded to tickle the big Frenchman's ribs. Pierre shrieked, yelled foul and did other things to express his distaste for the rib-tickling tactics, but eventually he rolled over on his back and was declared beaten.

Ivan Linow, a big, blond-haired chap, was listed as a Kossack. Linow was a powerful chap, and a good wrestler. He also remained in America and is to-day a very competent movie actor. He screens well in parts where physical power and striking appearance are sought.

* * *

AMONG others in the list were Harry Litofsky, Palestine; Hjelmar Lundin, champion of Sweden; Rolando Lupo, the Italian Wolf; George Lurich, claiming the championship of Russia; Jack McGrath, Irish heavyweight king; Al Maskut of Turkey; Charles Olsen, champion of Denmark; Karl Pospisil, champion of Bohemia; Dr. B. F. Roller, champion of America; Herman Schilling, champion of Germany, and Tofalos, champion of Greece. In addition to being a good wrestler, Tofalos was a vocalist of no mean ability, ad frequently interjected a tenor solo to soothe the savage breasts of contestants and spectators.

In addition to the general run of bouts, there were on the programme two tourneys—one to bring forth a Graeco-Roman champion, and one for the catch-as-catch-can title.

Alexander Aberg, a huge Russian of great strength and technical skill, won the former hands down, and the latter was captured by Robert Friedrich, a young Kentuckian, who under the nom de guerre of Strangler Lewis, won five bouts, lost none and drew in two. Gardini won three bouts and Wladek Zbyszko won two.

The entrance of the masked marvel caused quite a sensation in the theater. Everybody tried to guess as to his identity, and for a time he was successful against some of the lesser grapplers. But when he was put against Aberg and some of the real wrestlers, he was easily flattened. Then it became known that his name was Mort Henderson, that he came from Rochester, and that he was a fairly good wrestler but by no means top-notch.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page 31*)

train, the oppressive atmosphere of the compartment, the stirrings and mutterings of the peasants and my own confused thoughts kept me from sleeping and I was worn out when we finally puffed into Cracow.

* * *

THE sight of the city revived me. I leaped from the train into the station.

"What time can I get a train for Vienna?" I demanded.

"At seven o'clock," said a sleepy-eyed clerk, just coming on duty.

Outside the station there stood a decrepit hack with an equally decrepit horse in the shafts, and, high on the box, a dozing driver.

"Wake up!" I yelled to him, mustering my best Polish. "Take me to this address and drive like the devil. I'll give you ten times the regular fare if you hurry!"

The driver was wide awake now. The horse was less obliging. At length, under the lash and the curses of the driver, the old nag got under way and we rattled through the deserted streets to the house where Zbyszko lived.

"Wait for me!" I shouted to the driver, leaping to the sidewalk.

I rang the bell. I pounded on the door. I kicked on the door. I might as well have clamored for admission to a tomb. There wasn't the slightest response.

I looked up and saw an open window on the second floor. Picking up a stone, I hurled it through the window. In an instant the window framed the startled face of Zbyszko.

"Hey!" he cried. "What are you doing down there?"

"Come down and open the door, quick!" I shouted.

His mouth opened in amazement.

"Jack!" he gasped.

"Hurry!" I cried. "Open the door before I kick it open!"

In a moment he was at the door.

"Why—" he began.

"Never mind!" I said, still shouting. I grasped him by the arm. "Upstairs now, quick as you can, and get your clothes on. We've got to catch the seven o'clock train for Vienna."

We dashed up the stairs and, as one in a trance, he began to dress.

"Hurry up!" I roared.

* * *

HIS old mother, holding a dressing gown about her, peered into the room.

"Mother," said Zbyszko, "this is Jack Curley. We are going to Vienna."

I bowed to the old lady.

"I am happy to know you," I said. I turned to Stanislaus.

"Hurry up!" I snapped. "The train goes at seven o'clock."

I saw a small travelling bag in the room and threw some of his clothing into it.

Still buttoning on the last of his clothes, he darted for the door. We almost tumbled down the stairs and threw ourselves into the hack.

"To the station!" I yelled to the driver. "And hurry up!"

We were in the train and passing through Lemberg when, turning to me wide-eyed, Zbyszko asked as a child might ask on waking from a deep sleep:

"How the devil did I get here?"

I threw back my head and roared.

"Never mind!" I said. "It is important only that you are here."

Suddenly I was assailed by a disturbing thought.

"How about your knee?" I asked.

He grinned sheepishly.

"My knee is all right," he said. "That was just an excuse. I wanted to stay in Cracow to attend a reception some of my friends were giving in honor of my home-coming from my travels."

I could have killed him—but I decided not to.

The match, which Zbyszko won, was a great affair. The Prince was there and, in the boxes surrounding his, were brilliantly gowned women and dashingly attired officers, members of his court. Troops lined the streets approaching the Circus. Thousands of persons were inside thousands more outside pressed against the ranks of the soldiers. As might be expected, I was thrilled—and yet it was an anti-climax for me after the mad dash to Cracow and return the night before.

(*To be continued*)

"Take Chances You Managers!"

(*Continued from page 7*)

of those in my game. I also want to point out that the public and the press expect a little too much of boxing. You know, every sport has its off years. Every ten years or so we run into a letdown in boxing.

The Golden Age of the ring passed with Jack Dempsey. It will take time to come back to real prosperity. But we can do it if all those who have the welfare of boxing at heart will put their shoulders to the wheel and work together.

It's a mistake to feel that the glories of the Dempsey era cannot come back. When Corbett knocked out Sullivan the Old Guard wailed that the ring had seen its best days. But Corbett put boxing on a higher plane and the sport soon saw days Sullivan never had dreamed of.

We get them in cycles, the John L.'s, the Corbetts, Ketchels, Dempseys, and what has come before will come again.

But to speed prosperity and improvement, we should have a better foundation.

The fly-by-night promoters are out of the game. The boxer everywhere has full protection. Our commissions are admirable. Our commissioners are honest men. Representative men.

Let us get together and push the grand old sport back to the spot it held when Dempsey climbed through the ropes, in Philadelphia, to tackle Tunney.

The Tiger in Greasepaint

(*Continued from page* 8)

WHAT had happened was plain enough—the "punch-drunk" Californian thought it a sure enough scrap and made up his mind to win. The next few seconds were glorious. With Smith using every bit of strength and skill he possessed, Dempsey, out of fighting condition, had plenty of trouble on his hands.

We were in a frenzy, but Jerry the Greek suffered the most. He was ashy pale but remained calm enough to shout his advice over the yells of the mob each time Jack's wild eyes rolled in his direction. It ended mercifully and suddenly with a haymaking right to Smith's jaw.

They were ten minutes bringing Ralph around and all the while Mr. and Mrs. Audience calmly watched the whole thing as merely part of the play.

"The Big Fight" was not a financial success, thereby becoming a great mystery in theatrical history. The canniest producers in Manhattan had predicted a smash hit for it and every actor on Broadway had tried to find a part in the show.

Dempsey felt the failure keenly. One night in Boston, waiting for the curtain to rise, he said to me quite reasonably and without vanity: "Gee, Mary, you know I'M NOT USED TO BEIN' A FLOP!"

They decided to close the play; Dempsey proposed it. He could have held his producers to the long guarantee they had given him, but Jack is a real sport. He refused to let these men, "nice guys" as he called them, lose any more money. So on a Saturday night in New Haven the curtain fell for the last time on the "Man Eating Tiger" in grease paint.

"Gentleman Jim"

(*Continued from page* 17)

sold himself to the Hoosier public. Next day the Indianapolis *News* said:

"Corbett made a fine impression. There is little of the typical prize fighter in his bearing or speech."

* * *

THIS first theatrical tour of Corbett was almost forty years ago and he is still at it. The years have been kind to the former 'Frisco bank clerk. It was but a few years ago that I saw him last. He came to Indianapolis to deliver a lecture on clean living and healthful habits before the members of a wealthy athletic club. With a form-fitting tuxedo setting off his wonderful shoulders and magnificent chest and showing not the least signs of a worrisome tummy, the ex-champ entered the big auditorium and passed up the aisle to the platform, bowing right and left and acknowledging with gracious smiles the cheers of the audience.

Perfectly at ease, a master of supreme showmanship, Corbett held the big audience spellbound for over an hour. The only interruptions were gales of laughter at his witty sallies and bursts of applause at the telling points of his lecture.

Many times in the interval spanned by the years between these two appearances of Corbett in Indianapolis have I seen him on the stage. Real talent as an actor has always marked his theatrical work, but I like to think that it was something else that endeared James J. to the general public and the sports fans in particular. And that was the fact that Jim knew when to quit fighting. He did not wear the public out by hanging around asking for another chance, talking of a "comeback" or offering alibis.

Forty years in the public eye in a field of activities where idols are kicked from their pedestals overnight, where scandal spares few its poison darts, Jim Corbett still justifies the title hung on him 'way back in 1892, when he was king of the heavyweights—"Gentleman Jim."

Disputed Claims

(*Continued from page* 21)

lightweight championship of the world.

For a time the name of John L. Sullivan was linked to the world's heavyweight title. Up to a few years ago there was little argument on that point, and anyone who dared to question the assertion that Sullivan was the "champion of champions" was assured of a scorching rebuff or a fight. The argument simmered down to a flat assertion that Sullivan won the title of the world when he defeated Paddy Ryan on February 7, 1882. It was rather difficult for any one to explain what title, other than that of American champion, was held by Ryan at the time he entered the ring with Sullivan.

Ryan, who had but four ring battles during his career, three of which were with Sullivan, defeated old Joe Goss for the American title on June 21, 1880, and from that time up to a few years ago, the assertion has often been made that Ryan's bout with Sullivan was for the heavyweight championship of the world.

* * *

HOWEVER, not long ago the writer unearthed a copy of the articles of agreement for the Sullivan-Ryan contest, in which was the definite statement that the battle was "for the American heavyweight championship" and was so agreed upon by Sullivan and Ryan. I've always admired Sullivan and have no reason to take any glory from him, but one cannot break down the barrier erected by the articles of agreement, which were signed by all parties to the contest and which contract is now in my possession.

At the same time there is no question that many a champion of the world in addition to Leonard, retired undefeated. Jimmy Barry, bantam champion of America, knocked out Walter Croot, English titleholder, for the world's championship and retired while still in possession of the title.

George Dixon and Terry McGovern both held the world's bantam title, which they gained by beating the best American contenders, and stopping the English title holders. Both retired while holding their title.

Benny Leonard was the only lightweight champion of the world to retire while in full possession of the honor.

Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy both retired while in possession of the welter championship.

Bob Fitzsimmons retired from the middleweight class while in possession of the world's title of that class.

Jeffries retired as heavyweight world's champion in 1905, and after five years of idleness returned to the ring as challenger of Jack Johnson, who defeated the boilermaker.

Gene Tunney retired from the ring while holding the heavyweight championship of the world.

The Ruinous Right

(*Continued from page* 37)

in the country by saying he wanted to be alone after the excitement of winning his title. He would say—

* * *

A LONG, agonized wail broke the country stillness. Up the track a great yellow eye rushed toward him, making the steel rails flash and crawl like quicksilver. The Destroyer ducked out of it's rays, bent down and ran forward a few steps. When he found a favorable spot he crawled up the embankment. Breathing a prayer, he laid himself down with one arm—the runious right—laid across the gleaming steel. He drew his coat up around his ears with his other hand to protect his face from flying pebbles. Cassidy didn't want to be hurt needlessly.

Old Man Hendricks was complacently reading the sport page eulogies about the recent feat of Destroyer Cassidy, when his telephone rang.

"Hello, hello," he called into the transmitter. "Yep, this is John Hendricks . . . Sure, manager of the middleweight champ . . . Who? . . . What's that? . . . Where? . . . The Baptist Hospital . . . Cassidy's been hurt, you say? . . . Badly? . . . Lost his right arm . . . at the shoulder . . . in a railroad accident? . . . Yes, of course. I'll be right over. Goo'by."

Old Man Hendricks didn't hang up the receiver, but left it dangling. His sister had gone to the pictures. But the manager was thinking, as he fumbled for his hat, that she would have heard more drama if she had stayed at home.

The Man on the Cover

(*Continued from page* 35)

Risko, Tommy Loughran, James J. Braddock, Dick Daniels and other hard punchers, he feels as though his toughest battle as a pro was at the hands of young Max Baer of California. Two months before the Baer fight, the contract of Schaaf had been purchased from his former manager, Phil Schlosberg, by none other than Johnny Buckley of Boston and the American champion, Jack Sharkey, the world's outstanding heavyweight.

Sharkey and Schaaf, both former sailors and shipmates, have always been extremely friendly. When Baer and Schaaf fought in Madison Square Garden, Sharkey acted as one of Ernie's seconds. On the night of the fight it was difficult to figure out which of the two was the more nervous, the fighter or the second.

* * *

IN that battle, one in which left jabs and right crosses, left and right hooks and terrific uppercuts rained like hail on the part of the blond-haired ex-sailor and the Californian; neither gave an inch during the entire battle. In the tenth round both, exhausted, stood toe to toe and milled away to the satisfaction of the fans and when the bell brought the contest to an end, the officials unanimously agreed on Schaaf the winner. Thus the victory brought the first of a series of successes to the new firm of Buckley and Sharkey.

Following that battle, Schaaf took on James J. Braddock in the Garden of New York and again Ernie came through triumphantly. In that mill Ernie showed real class.

Three days after whipping Braddock, Ernie gained an easy victory in Boston over Dick Daniels and now, through the shrewd generalship of Buckley and the tutoring of Sharkey, Schaaf's future looks extremely bright. His latest feat was the knockout of Daniels in a return bout in one round.

It is interesting to note that the blond tar who hopes some day to see the name of his mentor, Jack Sharkey, inscribed on the Tunney-Muldoon trophy, posed for the figure so beautifully modelled in bronze that stands on exhibition in the lobby of Madison Square Garden, New York's home of sports.

Hackenschmidt, Tops Honor Roll

(*Continued from page* 25)

the first five there are at least a dozen standard bearers who are so closely matched in general ability, that to select one and leave the other out would not only be an injustice but would probably bring in hundreds of letters attacking my selections. Yet, as I've been informed that it is necessary to pick a dozen wrestlers to conform to the plans outlined for this story, I shall make the following additional choices:

No 6—Stanislaus Zbyszko; 7—Hans Steinke; 8—Strangler Lewis; 9—Yussif Mahmout; 10—Earl Caddock; 11—Joe Stecher; 12—Alexander Aberg.

While Hackenschmidt possessed tremendous speed and strength, there is no wrestler of the last forty years who showed more ability, power, aggressiveness and gameness, than Londos does. Furthermore, in Londos we have a specialty artist, a wrestler who can and has adapted himself to all kinds of situations and made good. He is a great student of the game and when he sees an opponent perform a feat not usually in evidence in wrestling matches, he immediately maps out a counter attack to offset the advantage and the trick is seldom again successful so far as Londos is concerned.

Londos is a master of the Japanese wrist lock with which he has played havoc with his adversaries. He is a performer who is so keen an observer, that there is nothing lacking in his system. His attack and defense are superb. He spreads his holds so that at no time during a match does an opponent know just what to expect next. That is what makes him so great.

* * *

AS for Jenkins, in my opinion, Tom is the greatest wrestler that America has ever had. He succeeded William Muldoon by a half dozen years and carried on where that master left off. With Jenkins and Gotch in their prime, I should be inclined to select Jenkins over Gotch as America's premier grappler of all time. Jenkins met Gotch several times in losing matches, but the Jenkins who lost those bouts was not the same Jenkins I knew when Tom was at his best—the Jenkins who took the place of Muldoon as America's leading exponent of the art of wrestling.

Jenkins, known as the Cleveland rolling mill man, was a marvelously clever, shrewd mat artist. I saw him when he was at his best and know that he was at the tail-end of his career when he faced Gotch. I first laid my eyes on him in the late nineties when he defeated John Rooney, the giant gripman of Chicago, and I always like to remember Jenkins as he then appeared.

Those of us who saw Gotch often, as I did, for I handled his affairs often and booked him on exhibitions around the country, know that Frank at times showed a lack of quality. This could never be said of Jenkins.

I saw Gotch lose a fluke match to Fred Beel, from Marshfield, Wis., a great wrestler who was built on the Fitzsimmons style, a heavyweight from the midsection up and a lightweight below. The match was held in New Orleans and it is my opinion that Gotch lost because he failed to show the "guts" which was a big part of the make-up of Beel.

But as Gotch became more proficient in the sport and acquired the championship, he became more and more confident, lost that fear which he displayed at times and finally became the master of every situation. It took time, but once he got there, Gotch was invincible.

* * *

GOTCH died in 1917. The season before he had become associated with me as a co-attraction with Jess Willard, trooping with the Sells-Floto circus. He came out of retirement from his home at Humboldt, Iowa, to test himself with a view of trying a comeback.

Joe Stecher, the scissors expert, was the big noise of the day and as he came from Nebraska, there was real, true frontier feeling between them and their followers. Besides, Gotch had handled Charley Cutler against Stecher at Omaha in their memorable match on July 4 of that year and Gotch was itchy to try his skill against Stecher.

Bad weather followed the circus from the time that Gotch joined us at Wichita to Kansas City, St. Louis, the Pennsylvania coal regions and back again to the middle west through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It was at Waukesha, Wis., while wrestling at the matinee with Big Bob Monagoff that Gotch tripped and tore some ligaments in his foot. He was forced to quit the circus and after a short stop in Chicago, he returned to his Iowa home where complications set in. He was advised to go to Hot Springs and it was while trying to make that city that he was carried from a train at Chicago, suffering from a severe attack of indigestion.

Once more he returned to his home where he lay bedridden for several months and then died. Thus passed one of the foremost wrestlers of all time, the man who did almost as much to bring the mat sport to the front in this country as did John L. Sullivan for boxing.

* * *

RICHARD SHIKAT is a great wrestler and deserves a rating up near the top because he is a powerful fellow who possesses all the requirements of a champion. In addition to knowing all the holds, he has many tricks which the leaders fail to exhibit. He possesses everything his rivals have and plenty they have not.

As for Stanislaus Zbyszko, in his prime he was hard to beat. His bulk and size proved great assets. If he couldn't beat his rival, it was most difficult for the other fellow to throw him. I have seen him take the defensive and for three hours or more he would stand off the tugs and gruelling punishment of his adversary without either gaining a fall.

Steinke of the present school, is a fine, strong performer who knows all the tricks of the trade. He is a hard man to beat and belongs up with the best.

Strangler Lewis in his prime, was a performer whose head lock in which he specialized, gave him the upper hand for a number of years. But I cannot place him in a higher position than eighth, because he was what is known as a spe-

cialty artist. No wrestler who is not an accepted master of all holds, can be regarded as a really great gripman.

YUSSIF MAMOUT was a strong, versatile wrestler who was brought here by Antone Pierre, the same manager who ten years previously had brought to America the great Yousouf, who met an untimely death when the French liner, La Bourgogne went down.

Earl Caddock was a man of a thousand holds. He was a wonderful wrestler, who, when he reigned, had the field practically to himself. He was known as the wrestler who could throw an opponent in any of 1,000 ways, so adept was he in every known wrestling hold. He was a real master and champion.

Joe Stecher was great only until his rivals solved his body scissors. He was a master with this attack but once the boys got wise how to wiggle out of it and also how to withstand the shock of his famous toe hold with which he alternated with his body scissors to throw an opponent, his supremacy waned.

No rating of wrestlers would be complete without the mention of Wladek Zbyszko, younger brother of the famous Stanislaus. Wladek is the playboy of the game—great one day and by some gross carelessness, a mere dub on other days. He has held the title of world champion and measured up to every requirement at times, but being an in-and-outer, he failed to rank among the truly great.

Before winding up this article, I want to say that it would be a crime to write about wrestlers of ability and not mention Dan McLeod and Fred Beel. For their weight and inches—each was only five feet seven and weighed 170 pounds—their equal never drew the breath of life. And even the big fellows respected their ability.

But for the final analysis in the selection of the greatest wrestler of all time, my vote for straight, place, and show, goes to George Hackenschmidt.

Long Count and Short Rouse Rancors

(*Continued from page 23*)

always to be in such a position as to see where a punch lands. But Crowley saw no foul. In nine cases out of ten all three officials would have seen it. Yet this time, when it was all-important, when the greatest prize in fistiana hung in the balance, only one official, Barnes, a judge, saw it and it was on his verdict that the championship passed out of the United States.

So, it seems, no matter how many precautions are taken such incidents will crop up and they have a nasty habit of coming at the most inopportune moment.

Refereeing is not as tough a job now as it once was. The game has been cleaned up and regulated to such an extent that a referee who does his job capably and squarely seldom is in danger of more than verbal abuse. In the old days it often was otherwise.

Much of the trouble was caused by the penchant of champions for carrying their own referees, who were expected to "stand up" no matter what happened and see that the champion did not lose.

* * *

IT was through a squabble over a referee's decision, in Columbus, Ga., back in 1923, that Young Stribling, who is to fight Max Schmeling for the heavyweight title in June, became a national figure overnight. By one of those queer turns of the fistic wheel Joe Jacobs, who took Mike McTigue, then light-heavyweight champion, to Columbus for the Stribling fight, will again be in the opposite corner when the Georgian fights Schmeling for the heavyweight crown.

Jacobs was just a young manager then. Had he had the experience he now has acquired, he might never have taken McTigue to Georgia to fight the Macon schoolboy. The lure of a $10,000 fight for McTigue with a little-known youngster, coupled with the fact that Jacobs was permitted to bring with him his own referee, was too strong for Jacobs then. It might be otherwise now.

Anyway, Joe and Mike went to Columbus, taking along Harry Ertle of Jersey City to referee. All of them discovered, when they hit town, that the Georgians took the fight in deadly earnest and were prepared to go the limit to see that their idol took the championship if they thought he deserved it.

There always will be disagreement over just what happened at the end of a close ten-round fight between McTigue and the young man from Macon. Ertle knew there was going to be trouble if he gave the verdict to anyone except Stribling.

When the final gong rang Harry spread his arms quickly in the gesture that means a draw and started for cover. The fans in Columbus did not get the meaning of the gesture and, as Ertle began to get down from the ring, he was shoved back in by the fans, with demands that he give his decision.

"I gave my decision," shouted Ertle.

"Well, what was it?" roared the mob, menacingly.

Ertle was in a tight spot and he knew it. Major White, the promoter, was in the ring by this time. According to the story as it came to me, the major told Ertle he would have to give his decision again. Harry stuck to his story that he had already called it a draw.

"That's my decision," he said. "I'm through. If there is going to be any other decision you'll have to make it yourself."

Whereupon, the story goes, Major White held up Stribling's hand as the winner. After some difficulty, Jacobs, McTigue and Ertle got clear and made for Atlanta in an automobile under escort. Once safe in an Atlanta hotel, Ertle made an affidavit that he had called the fight a draw.

They never accepted that decision down in Georgia, but the rest of the world let it go at that and so McTigue continued to hold forth as champion until Paul Berlenbach dethroned him.

* * *

THERE is on record an instance in which a referee, Sam (Kid) Lewis, gave three decisions on one fight, all different, in the course of a few seconds. Like Ertle, Lewis was far from home when he gave his exhibition of mental acrobatics.

Battling Nelson was boxing Jimmy Fryer of Philadelphia in Havana. At the finish Lewis gave the verdict to Fryer and tried to make a quick exit. There was an angry roar from those who had bet on Nelson.

"Who did you say won that fight?" roared one of the gang at Lewis, with his hand significantly on his hip.

"It was a draw," decided Lewis.

"What's that?" again snarled the hard-looking character, his right hand tightening on something at his hip.

"Nelson wins," shouted Lewis.

That was the open sesame for him. He was permitted to depart.

* * *

JIMMY CROWLEY, who seems to have an unfortunate knack of getting into troublesome situations, figured in a most unusual incident in Syracuse a few years ago.

Jimmy Maloney was boxing Tiny Jim Herman, who weighed around 235 pounds. Maloney hit Tiny a clip on the chin that raised him off his feet and dropped him on his back, on the top rope.

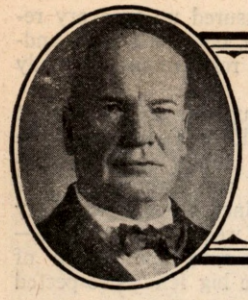
Herman hung on the rope, almost perfectly balanced, swaying back and forth. With both feet off the floor Tiny was technically down and Crowley prepared to count. But, every time, as the referee brought up his arm to start the count, Herman would sway inward just enough to let his feet touch the canvas. So Crowley would stop. Then Tiny would swing outward again and once more the official would prepare to count.

After Herman had swayed back and forth for several seconds he finally dropped back into the ring, on his feet, and Crowley signalled for them to start fighting again.

Just as the bell rang, or possibly a fraction of a second before or after it clanged, Maloney landed a heavy right which flattened Herman. He was dragged to his corner by his handlers who lodged a claim of foul on the grounds that Maloney struck Tiny after the bell.

Crowley refused to agree with this view, holding the punch was fair. At the end of the minute's rest, Herman was still out. While Tiny slumped on his stool and his seconds bellowed their version of what had happened, Crowley counted him out. Syracuse fans still argue the right or wrong of the referee's decision.

There are many instances of unusual happenings in connection with counts over a fallen fighter. In next month's issue of THE RING I will relate some of them.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Constant Reader, Long Branch.

Q.—My age is 19; height, 4 ft. 11 in.; weight 112 pounds. How can I increase my height by a couple of inches?

A.—There is no human method of increasing the height except by stretching, a dangerous procedure. You will have to rely on nature. Considering your age of 19 it is unlikely that you will be able to acquire more than an inch more up to the time you attain full growth. Read "How To Train" by Nat Fleischer.

A Reader, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—I am 14 years of age, 5 ft. 1 in. and weigh 90 pounds. What will be my weight and height at 21.

A.—5 ft. 4 in.; 115 pounds.

Buck Sanders, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I weigh 132 pounds, my height is 5 ft. 5½ in., chest (normal) 32 in. Have I a boxer's build?

A.—Yes.

Q.—I am 18 years old. What will be my height and weight at 21.

A.—5 ft. 6½ in., 142 pounds.

Q.—What is a good boxing course?

A.—The Gus Martel course, Jimmy De Forest, and George Elbows McFadden, the Strongfort, Anthony Barker and Marshall Stillman, each of which is advertised in The Ring.

Q.—How many amateur fights would you suggest me to fight?

A.—About half a dozen.

B. S., Trackville, Pa.

Q.—Who preceded Benny Leonard as lightweight champion? When did Leonard win the crown.

A.—Freddy Welsh, who beat in 20 rounds in London, 1914. Leonard knocked out Welsh in nine rounds in 1917.

John Slusher, Orwell, Ohio.

Q.—Is an average of 75 heart beats per minute anywhere near normal?

A.—The average pulsations of the heart for an adult male is about 70 per minute. In young children and females the pulsations are more frequent. It would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find an action of from 60 to 65 or from 75 to 80 a minute. As a rule, the heart's action is slower and more powerful in muscular persons, and more rapid in feeble persons.

Q.—Can a person train very much in two months?

A.—If one is training for a contest of speed or strength, and settles down to the required work, two months should be sufficient. Necessarily, the person would need to be in good physical condition before beginning the grind. Suggest that you get "Training for Boxers," by Nat Fleischer, from The Ring—Price $1.

Q.—What is the average price of membership in a boxing club?

A.—If you mean gymnasium, the prices differ according to the facilities. Boxing clubs charge a certain amount for admission.

Ring Reader, Canal Zone.

Q.—My age is 16, weight, 90 pounds; height, 5 ft., 2 in.; neck, 12½; arm, flexed, 10½; arm, natural, 8¾; chest, 30; chest, expanded, 37; waist, 23; wrist, 6¼; thigh, 17½. How can I build myself up?

A.—You should scale 110 pounds. Yet if your health and digestive organs are in good condition you should soon take on weight. You are a natural flyweight, 112 pounds. Take as much outdoor exercise as possible, but do not overdo. Get "Training for Boxers," by Nat Fleischer, from The Ring. Price $1.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Steady Ring Reader

Q.—Who would win a Walker-Slattery bout?

A.—Walker would be my choice.

Q.—Is Mickey Walker a left-handed fighter?

A.—No. Right handed.

Q.—Should a left-handed fighter hold his left and lead with his right?

A.—Competent southpaws naturally lead with their right. Lew Tendler, one of the best left-handers in history, feinted and jabbed with his right until he got an opening for his left wallop.

Q.—Is 5 ft. 5 in. too short for a middleweight boxer?

A.—Height cuts little figure in fighting, although a stumpy fellow is less apt to get hurt about the jaw. Joe Walcott, a a 140-pounder, who whipped middleweights and heavyweights, stood but 5 ft. 3 in. A sawed-off man with boxing skill, courage and a good punch is a very dangerous proposition. Mickey Walker stands but 5 ft. 7 in.

M. L. Davis, Bronx, N. Y.

Q.—Is it necessary to be an amateur before becoming a professional?

A.—Not at all. Some of the greatest pugilists of history started as professionals. The advantage of amateur work is that you get the benefit of short bouts, which are not so wearing on the contestants. The main thing is to learn how to box before starting as a professional, for an unskilled boy has a hard time in the professional ranks.

Q.—What is the cost of a manager's license and a boxer's license?

A.—$25, and $5.

Q.—How can I strengthen my stomach muscles?

A.—Get Nat Fleischer's "How to Train" at Ring.

Q.—My measurements are: Weight, 124; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; reach, 65½ in.; neck, 14; chest, 32½; waist, 28; biceps, 10½; thigh, 19; calf, 12; ankle, 7½.

A.—Excellent development.

Domingo Masini, Gilroy, Cal.

Q.—Is it true that boxers die at an early age due to the punishment they receive in body and jaw, and are unable to work when they get old?

A.—Not true as concerns boxers as a class. But there are exceptions to all rules, and some boxers, who have been tossed into the ring before being taught anything of the science of self defense, and therefore take a great deal of punishment, suffer from ill health in later age. Most of the physical defects of a large proportion of boxers are due to bad habits in their youthful period. No sooner has many a young boxer achieved success in the ring and resultant wealth, than he throws discretion to the winds and dissipates his money and stamina in a wild orgy alleged to be "seeing life."

But these examples of indiscretion are by no means general and a large majority of modern boxers are as well behaved and as careful of their vitality and reputations as athletes engaged in any other branch of vigorous sport. I could name hundreds of boxers, past the age of ring contest, who are not only in good health, but also in good circumstances financially.

Take the case of Jim Corbett, doubtless the most scientific boxer in the history of the heavyweight class, now a successful entertainer on stage and screen. Is in excellent physical condition, and his mentality never was clearer.

Benny Leonard, still in condition that would assure a good fight on his part, is active in business and in possession of all his faculties. Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey and Jack Sharkey are other examples of fine-living athletes.

Johnny Dundee, than whom there was never a more persistent fighter, is in good health and circumstances. Jack Britton, who fought 22 years, is vigorous and a teacher of boxing. Don't be deceived by the false statements of fanatics.

York, Pa.

Q.—Who was more popular, John L. Sullivan or Jack Dempsey?

A.—Considering the limited population during Sullivan's time, 1878-1892, and the quite general opposition to boxing, it would seem that Sullivan was the most popular fighter in American ring history. While Dempsey is at present the most popular of all the heavyweights, it is questionable if he is acclaimed by the entire nation as Sullivan was.

Q.—How would you rate Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey?

A.—They are rated in the order as named.

Q.—Who was the first man to stay the limit with Berlenbach after he had knocked out 24 in a row?

A.—Berlenbach did not knock out 24 in a row. In 1924 he stopped seven in a row and then was knocked out in four rounds by Jack Delaney.

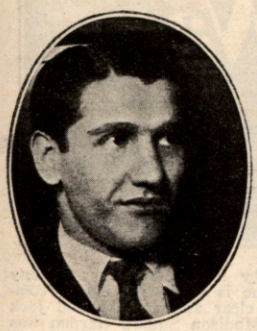
O. N. Woods, Youngstown, Ohio.

Q.—What fighter has scored the most knockouts in ring history?

A.—John L. Sullivan knocked out more men than any other fighter, but a majority of victims were novices trying to earn $50 by staying four rounds.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



BOXING has survived the last few months of unsatisfactory fights, criticism and the challenge of wrestling and once again is back in stride. Kid Depression apparently is receiving the K. O. punch judging by reports from all over the country. Conditions have improved in every way—financially and in fighting cards. With better fighting, less fouls and good attractions, increasing gate receipts have resulted. There were several big upsets last month.

The first real upset of the new year occurred when King Tut kayoed Billy Petrolle in 24 seconds of the first round in their memorable St. Paul battle. Tut scaled 138½ and proved beyond any question that he is a legitimate junior-welterweight and does not have to compete with welterweights unless he cares to.

Tommy Loughran gave a wonderful display of boxing form that brought him into the limelight again and Ernie Shaaf continued his excellent work by stretching Dick Daniels for a one round knockout.

Vince Dundee repeated his victory over Len Harvey and proved his right to a crack at the middleweight crown.

Kid Francis showed his right to clash in two divisions by whipping Eddie Shea in a hectic scrap. Francis scaled at 122 pounds and can easily make the bantamweight limit. He belongs in both classes.

Ray Miller plunged into the limelight again with his sensational one-round knockout over Johnny Jadick. Dave Shade was beaten by a dark horse in Tiger Thomas.

In the heavyweight division Ernie Schaaf did the most prominent work. He defeated Jimmy Braddock, whipped and kayoed Dick Daniels in one round. Tommy Loughran scored over Jack Gross and Max Baer. Charley Retzlaff retained his position among the leaders with a victory over Johnny Risko. Stanley Poreda stopped Walter Cobb in the third round and Cobb kayoed George La Rocco in the second.

Larry Johnson flattened Marty Gallagher in two rounds. King Levinsky scored kayos over Harry Dillon in two rounds and Jack Gagnon three. Paul Swiderski defeated Ralph Ficuello and Babe Hunt. Arthur De Kuh turned in knockouts over Antonio Mata two rounds and Italian Jack Herman five rounds. Frankie Wine was beaten by Walter Pickerd and kayoed by Tony Galento in one round.

Maxey Rosenbloom was quite busy during the month in the light-heavyweight class. He drew with Battling Bozo, stopped Gene McCue in three rounds and defeated Tony Cancela. Bozo defeated Bud Doran and Cancela kayoed Max Pelz in one round. Lew Scozza stopped Tait Littman in the final round of their ten round go in Milwaukee. Billy Jones defeated Harold Scarney, Johnny Roberts and Joe Sekyra.

Pete Latzo was beaten by Johnny Pilc and Joe Banovic. Harry Ebbets is showing some signs of improvement fighting in the heavier division. He kayoed Andy Turco in one round and defeated Leo Williams and Willie Oster. Oster turned in one round knockouts over Buck Easterling and K. O. Brown. George Manley drew with Leo Lomski. K. O. Phil Kaplan scored over Billy Alger. Abie Bain kayoed Roy Bailey and Del Fontaine whipped George Pavlick.

Mickey Walker, middleweight leader, is still clashing with heavyweights. During the month he kayoed Joe Lohman in six rounds. Vince Dundee repeated his victory over Len Harvey. Tiger Thomas turned in a surprise victory over Dave Shade. Vittorio Livan stopped Nick Testo in three rounds. Gorilla Jones drew with Chuck Devlin, whipped Herman Retzlaff, Mike Hector and kayoed Frank Rowsey in eight rounds.

The welterweight division is beginning to liven up with the appearance of Tommy Freeman in the ring. Tommy defeated Eddie Murdock and scored kayoes over Kid Kober in five rounds, Duke Trammel two rounds and Roy Stevens the fifth. Young Corbett defeated Paulie Walker. Sam Bruce drew with Madison Dix and whipped Bucky Lawless and Billy Hoon. Dix was kayoed by Vincent Sereci in six rounds and Lawless stopped Pinky Kaufman in the fourth.

Sammy Jackson scored over Bobby Vincent. Joey Goodman stopped Gaby Bagdad in the sixth round, Bagdad drew with Young Ketchell who was beaten by Bat Haley. Sammy Baker turned in two victories over Grover Mallini. Lou Brouillard kayoed Al Ros in six rounds, Al Palladino in seven rounds and defeated Canada Lee. Johnny Hayes kayoed Ray Bowen in four rounds and won over Billy Purnell but was beaten by Eddie Ran.

Billy Townsend defeated Tod Morgan. Art Feeser whipped Freddy Kelly. Harry Wallach disposed of Jimmy Wilke in three rounds. Jimmy Evans kayoed Frankie Petrolle in the seventh. Joe Trippe won over Jackie Horner but was beaten by K. O. Kelley. George Daggett bested Eddie Shapiro. Jackie Shupack whipped Harry Gorin but was beaten by Al Diamond.

Jackie Berg defended his junior welterweight title on two occasions in beating Goldie Hess and Herman Perlick at the 140 pound limit. Following the King Tut defeat, Billy Petrolle came on to Kayo Jackie Moor in the first round. Manuel Quintero kayoed Tom Rizzo in three rounds. Tommy Grogan defeated Harry Dublinsky and Herman Perlick was beaten by Mickey Cohen.

Tony Herrera and Steve Haliako, two bright prospects, appear to have grown out of the lightweight class and moved in the junior-welterweights. Herrera drew with Sammy Dirfman, whipped Solly Schwartz and kayoed Phil McGraw in four rounds. Haliako stopped Henry Perlick in two rounds. Ralph Lenny scored over Marty Stone, Gaston Le Cadre and Harry Carlton. Le Cadre scored over Lope Tenorio. Carlton whipped Max Leiner.

Eddie Kid Wolfe kayoed Eddie Goldberg in two rounds and whipped Joe Glick. Glick drew with Johnny Lamar. Young Firpo bested Frankie Hayes and Emory Cabano. Benny Levine kayoed Willie Reilly and Johnny Nelson in two-round each.

Tony Canzoneri defended his lightweight title against Johnny Farr and came through without any trouble. Justo Suarez kayoed Bruno Petrarca in the first round in Argentina. Louis Kid Kaplan beat Jack Portney. Wesley Ramey defeated Harry Dublinsky and drew with Maxie Strub. Ray Miller kayoed Johnny Jadick in one round. Andy Callahan whipped Steve Smith. Sammy Fuller stopped Bruce Flowers in six rounds and won over Young Montreal.

Billy Wallace won over Mickey Diamond. Marty Goldman won decisions over Tony Lambert and two over Emil Rossi. Barney Ross defeated Young Terry. Eddie Anderson stopped Augie Pisano in three rounds and whipped Billy Vaughn, Eddie Brannon and drew with Danny Delmont. Herman Folins scored over Eddie Elkins twice. Jimmy McNamara whipped Sammy Cherin and drew with Eddie Shapiro. Zakey Zeramby bested Frankie Britt.

Tommy Cello outpointed Lew Bloom. Benny Duke drew with Ray Collins. Al Gordon kayoed Al Bryant in the fourth round. Tony Falco whipped Arthur De Beve and Al Rowe scored over Babe Herman.

Benny Bass was credited with a two round kayo over Bud Taylor, although they went five extra rounds to satisfy the fans for exhibition purposes. Al Foreman turned in two knockout victories abroad. He kayoed Aine Gyde and Guiseppe Bianca in four rounds each. Freddy Miller kayoed Phil Zwick in three rounds and Zwick did likewise to Marty Fields in two rounds. Harry Blitman whipped Pete Nebo and Eddie Reed. Nebo stopped Al Rube Goldberg in one round.

Davey Abad scored over Chico Cisneros. Eddie Cerda won over Frankie Carlton and Pete Herman. Joey Costa kayoed Herman Wallace in one round and whipped Joe Comforti. Bobby Brady kayoed Jimmy Lorenzo in one round. Sid Lampe bested Oscar Bernard. Ignacio Fernandez kayoed Battling Siki in four rounds and lost to Bobby Pacho. Tracey Cox kayoed Babe Kellar in the first. Leo Dazzo bested Billy Shaw and Ray Meyers drew with Koli Kolo.

Battling Battalino was beaten by Eddie Shea in an overweight match, although Shea is a legitimate featherweight. Shea also kayoed Soldier Dombrowski in four rounds but was beaten by Kid Francis who ranks as leader in the bantam and feather class. Francis also scored over Pete De Grasse and George Nate. De Grasse bested Jimmy Slavin while Slavin kayoed Chico Gonzales in four rounds and defeated Frankie Marino.

Fidel La Barba drew with Claude Varner. Johnny Datto kayoed Harry Fierro in seven rounds and whipped Jackie Rodgers. Sammy Hackett was beaten by Jackie Johnston and kayoed by Bud Taylor in the third. Lew Feldman scored over Sammy Gelber. Hymie Wiseman kayoed Johnny Gardina in three. Pete Sarron outpointed Emil Paluso. Johnny Helstein whipped Jackie Britton and Stanley Winneryk bested Vernon Cormier.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

The following are my ratings for the month ending February 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Tommy Freeman	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	King Tut
2—Young Stribling	Lew Scozza	Len Harvey	Jackie Fields	Manuel Quintero
3—Tuffy Griffiths	Billy Jones	Tiger Thomas	Jimmy McLarnin	Tony Herrera
4—Primo Carnera	Tait Littman	Dave Shade	Young Jack Thompson	Steve Haliako
5—Ernie Schaaf	Bob Olin	Harry Smith	Johnny Indrisano	Mickey Cohen
6—Tommy Loughran	Joe Banovic	Vittorio Livan	Babby Joe Gans	Tommy Grogan
7—George Godfrey	Leo Lomski	Gorilla Jones	Paulie Walker	Eddie Kid Wolfe
8—Paulino Uzcudun	Fred Lenhart	Angel Cliville	Jackie Brady	Ralph Lenny
9—Charley Retzlaff	Rosy Rosales	Jack McVey	Billy Townsend	Stanislaus Loayza
10—Stanley Poreda	Harry Ebbets	Ben Jeby	Sam Bruce	Herman Perlick

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Al Foreman	Kid Francis	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Freddy Miller	Eddie Shea	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Justo Suarez	Roger Bernard	Fidel La Barba	Joe Scalfaro	Speedy Dado
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Johnny Farr	Kid Chocolate	Pete Sanstol	Art Giroux
5—Ray Miller	Harry Blitman	Earl Mastro	Vidal Gregario	Steve Rocco
6—Sammy Dorfman	Lew Massey	Claude Varner	Archie Bell	Phil Tobias
7—Andy Callahan	Maurice Holtzer	Tommy Paul	Willie Davies	Marty Gold
8—Sammy Fuller	Mike Dundee	Bushy Graham	Domencio Bernasconi	Johnny Sili
9—Maxie Strub	Davey Abad	Johnny Datto	Newsboy Brown	Ruby Bradley
10—Wesley Ramey	Pete Nebo	Bud Taylor	Harry Fierro	Jackie Harmon

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Murphy Cohen, Denver, Colo.
Bantamweight—Dick Welsh, Philadelphia, Pa.
Featherweight—Louis Di Santis, Cleveland, O.
Junior-lightweight—Frankie Carlton, Jersey City, N. J.
Lightweight—Marty Goldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Junior-welterweight-Patsy Pasculli, New York City.
Welterweight—Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.
Middleweight—Gary Leach, Chicago, Ill.
Light-heavyweight-Martin Levandowski, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Heavyweight—Norman Tomasulo, Argentine.

Al Brown still remains leading the bantam class. He whipped Nick Bensa in Paris during the month. Archie Bell scored over Red Hooks. Willie Davies bested Britt Gorman. Johnny Peters, English bantam, stopped Ernie Peters in eight rounds and defeated Ollie Bartlett. Vidal Gregario whipped Happy Atherton. Mickey Cohen scored over Phil Tobias and Frisco Grande.

Midget Wolgast, ruler of the flyweight class, disposed of Al Beauregard in three rounds. Speedy Dado came back to the leaders with victory over Newsboy Brown. Art Giroux scored over Ruby Bradley. Steve Rocco bested Louis Carpentero and Marty Good drew with Johnny Sili.

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

IN the month's feature bout in this country, an international match, the return mill between Len Harvey and Vince Dundee, Len Harvey was beaten for the second time in Madison Square Garden. The only reason for his downfall was lack of aggressiveness and his inability to cope with the accepted American method of fighting.

Dundee, by waging a persistent, determined attack, took the fight out of Harvey by assimilating the latter's hardest punches without a whimper and retaliated with a plucky, courageous display of sheer fighting grit, thus discounting the effect of Harvey's cleaner and harder blows.

Harvey must learn to fight three minutes out of every round or at least assert his superiority in a more decided fashion in each of the three minutes of action if he wants to come through in this country. At times, Harvey looked brilliant but they were only spurts and he was unable to maintain that form the entire round. Dundee kept boring in, accepting punches but punching back all the time and when Harvey retreated in the face of Dundee's persistency, he was only losing points while Dundee looked good with his aggressiveness.

There is no question but that Dundee was entitled to the verdict and the only one responsible was Harvey himself. When he discovers that one cannot win a fight by winning thirty seconds of the round, he will have aided his cause much more than all the blare of publicity that has been behind his quest for a crack at Mickey Walker's crown.

Tony Herrera, Mexican lightweight, looked good in giving Solly Schwartz a sound whipping in the ten-round semi-final. Herrera has everything to make a good fighter and is certain to be topping the Garden fights in very short order.

Vincent Sereci plunged to the front rank by scoring a clean-cut knockout over Madison Dix in the sixth round of a desperately fought bout which was even until the knockout. If anything, Dix enjoyed the edge but it was anybody's fight until the sudden ending.

Sereci is only a youngster and is too heavy for the welterweights and too light for the middles. His best weight is around 150 pounds.

Tom McArdle managed to make a few more cards for himself with Harvey, Dundee, Herrera and Sereci showing such good form.

Joey Goodman came into town for a few days following a technical kayo that he scored over Gaby Bagdad in Philadelphia. Joey fought around New York as a featherweight but around 142 pounds appears to have gained his full strength and will be a mighty hard proposition in the future.

Hymie Cantor is once again busily engaged in boosting his latest phenom, Benny Goldstein. Every now and then Cantor looms to the front with a protege of extraordinary fighting qualities and you can't very well ignore his wares because of previous experiences. Cantor brought out Ruby Goldstein in recent years and should have made a fortune if Goldstein had seriously stuck to his profession.

Goldstein, originally from the Pacific Coast, went to Australia and captured the lightweight championship of that country. In his first start in this vicinity he administered a severe trouncing to Sammy White.

Michele Bonaglia, European light-heavyweight champion, now fighting in this country, had two unsuccessful starts by losing on a foul to Con O'Kelly in the second round and losing to Joe Sekyra, but the decisions were far from popular in both instances. Bonaglia made both starts in Providence and was far from disgraced as he is going back there again.

Murray Waxman, splendid press agent, has returned as a manager. Murray is boosting Sedgewick Harvey, crack Negro featherweight, just out of the amateurs. Murray feels that he has had sufficient tutoring and is ready to send him out against the best of the preliminary crop of youngsters. Murray is an excellent judge of boxing and should do well with Harvey.

Tony Polozolo, of Boston, who has remained on the sidelines since the retirement of Paul Doyle, is once again in action. Tony prefers top-notch to mediocre talent and waited until the right man came along. Tony is now handling Eddie Guida, Harlem lightweight, and if the signs are pointed right, Tony is destined to make his mark with Guida, who has the class and ability to make the grade. Guida has remained out of the ring for several months but feels that he will make up for lost ground with his new mentor.

Tom Timlin sends words along that Tony Sciolino, his fast-rising Buffalo featherweight, added another victim to his string when he defeated Johnny Helstein in Buffalo. Sciolino remains undefeated in the pro ranks and Tom has the feeling that Tony will be fighting on top in six more months.

Billy East has taken over the management of Artie De Luca, rugged Brooklyn welterweight. De Luca came into fame when he gave Jack Kid Berg one of the toughest fights that the Englishman ever engaged in and Artie would like nothing better than another crack at the Whitechapel Windmill.

Jack Dempsey, who is refereeing around the East, reports a kid of promise in Art Feeser who whipped Freddy Kelly in Reading some weeks ago. Feeser is a strong, rugged youngster who punches well and has what it takes to reach greatness in this game—courage.

Frank Dane sends along clippings to show that Johnny Datto was illegally credited with a knockout over Harry Fierro when they fought in Pittsburgh a short time ago. Fierro was counted out with what the papers claimed was a low punch. The latest ruling adopted by various commissions shows that there is no such thing as a foul. If a fouled boxer refuses to get up, he is counted out.

Bud Taylor, Nick Testo and Fierro are the only instances on record of boys who were fouled and refused to arise. Invariably, when a boxer is fouled he will get up before ten is completed but Taylor preferred to be counted out. Taylor fought Benny Bass and his claim of foul was unheeded.

Bass was credited with a two-round knockout at the Philadelphia Arena and a half hour later agreed to box Bud Taylor an exhibition only for five rounds to give the customers a run for their money. The exhibition was more than that—it was one of the greatest scraps witnessed in the Quaker City and it will probably result in a return match.

Testo claimed foul against Vittorio Livan in the Garden but his pleas were ignored and he was counted out. The cries of foul have been few and far between since the new ruling and somehow there is more action for the fans with the absence of a foul. It has been proven that a dead-game fighter will arise before he will allow himself to be counted out—no matter how badly hurt.

No one who saw the scrap will ever forget the display of gameness exhibited by Nel Tarleton, English featherweight, in his bout with Jimmy Slavin at the Polo Grounds this past summer. Tarleton was cruelly hurt with several vicious, prohibited blows, yet he grasped the ropes to get up and beat the count. He was badly hurt and showed it in his fighting but recovered sufficiently in the last two rounds to get a draw.

Tommy Loughran gave a masterly display of boxing skill when he showed that Max Baer was far from championship caliber. Loughran even surprised the Philadelphia skeptics who claimed that Tommy was all through and Tommy showed enough to entitle him to another match with Sharkey. Loughran was the last thing in boxing skill and finesse and Baer was the veriest novice at his hands.

Paul Swiderski surprised by winning over Ralph Ficucello and Stanley Poreda gave further strength to his claim for greatness when he stopped Walter Cobb in the third round. There doesn't seem to be anything stopping Poreda. He is destined to reach the heights if he is handled properly as he is at present.

Charley Retzlaff, by his victory over Johnny Risko, showed that he is ready for bigger company. His win was clear and decisive and Jack Hurley's entry into Madison Square Garden was made much easier through that victory. Retzlaff and Poreda is a match for the Garden that should be made.

The age of chivalry is far from extinct, judging by Dick Welsh's behaviour in his bout with Sailor Everham at Norfolk, Va. Everham was sadly outclassed and his eye was closed coming up for the final rounds of their bout. Welsh took pity on his opponent and for the entire three rounds, was content with pounding away at the body and keeping away from the injured optic. Needless to say, the fans appreciated his motive with a wonderful ovation at the finish.

When the late Leo Flynn was matchmaker in the Garden he arranged a match which furnished quite a few laughs in the office for many days afterwards. He was anxious to close for a bout that would bring together two boys from the East Side. One manager closed for terms on a percentage basis. The other manager didn't care what the other fellow was getting and agreed to accept $500 less than opponent and posted a forfeit of $250 for weight.

Bad luck pursued the second manager. His charge came in overweight and lost his $250 forfeit. It rained pitchforks that night and the first fighter's percentage amounted to $650. The second one received $150, lost $250 forfeit money and owed the Garden money for fighting ten tough rounds.

Tommy Freeman is getting back into active competition by taking on all comers. It won't be long before he begins to take on tougher competition. His last victim was Roy Stevens who lasted eight rounds at El Paso, Texas.

Eddie Flank, a leading flyweight of several years back, is developing Augie Ruggiere, local flyweight. In his fifth pro start, Ruggiere stopped Antol Kocsis, rugged Austrian, in one round. Flank is being assisted by Bert Lippe and they are taking the youngster along in good style.

The T. S. Andrews Sporting Record Book for 1931 has just made its appearance, the thirtieth year of publication, and it is just as full of live sporting information as ever. There are 320 pages with world's records in all forms of athletics, swimming, the turf, bowling, airplane, motor boating and automobile, with 225 records of the foremost boxers in the country and the best of foreign fighters. The book may be had from The Ring Book Shop. It's the best on the market and should be in the hands of every fighter, manager, and promoter. Get on the bandwagon. Send for your copy before the supply is exhausted.

Joe Kennedy is handling Johnny Roberts, of Huntington, W. Va., who is now fighting in the light-heavyweight class. Roberts started his career as a welterweight but has gotten stronger and heavier with the passing of time and is expected to cut quite a figure in the future,

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Gary Leach, now fighting out of Chicago, has turned in seven kayo victories in eleven starts in the Middle West. Leach was under the management of Billy Ames in the East about two years ago but is now being handled by Joe Glaser.

Gus Wilson is wearing a smile—the reason being his latest charge, Joe Ghnouly is coming along with startling rapidity. Ghnouly left St. Louis a prominent amateur but has already turned in twelve victories in the pro ranks.

Although Tut and Petrolle furnished one of the big thrills of the New Year, a larger thrill for those connected with the boxing game was the tremendous gate receipts that they attracted, $39,600. The biggest house ever seen in St. Paul before that was Mike Gibbons and Jeff Smith, which drew $22,780, a record that stood for seventeen years. It was a stimulating tonic for those who harped on the fact that boxing was in a slump. Give them something to rave about and they will turn out.

Another inspring thought for boxing was the wonderful comeback of Harry Blitman, formerly of Philadelphia but now making New York his home. Sold by Boo Boo Hoff to Robert North and considered all through, he has startled the fistic denizens with his display of fighting fists. He stepped into Philly after a long absence with a one-round knockout over Al Gordon and followed up by giving Pete Nebo the most unmerciful whipping that anyone was ever subjected.

Blitman is in line for some good money shots—one, particularly, with Benny Bass for the junior lightweight title this summer.

Herman Perlick fought Jack Kid Berg in the Garden and for the third consecutive time gave Berg more trouble than Berg encounters in several fights. It seems that Herman has the style to give Berg trouble—probably not good to whip him—but nevertheless sufficiently troublesome to extend Berg to the limit.

Sammy Dorfman and Tony Herrera fought ten bristling rounds to a draw. Kid Francis plastered Pete De Grasse around for ten rounds and Lew Feldman outpointed Sammy Gelber.

Chief Wilbur, a full-blooded Indian from Laurel, Miss., is in town seeking competition in the middleweight ranks. Wilbur fought Mickey Walker in Little Rock and is alive to tell the tale. He has scored twenty-nine knockouts in fifty-nine starts.

Kid Francis outpunched Eddie Shea in one of the greatest battles ever witnessed in the Garden and in which both boys excelled. The loser was entitled to just as much credit as the winner and the fight clearly proved that Francis ranks as leading contender in both bantamweight and featherweight divisions. It was a regular, slambang, gruelling, smashing fight and Shea, in losing, will always be welcomed back again.

Tommy Grogan whipped Herman Perlick in the semi-final. Grogan floored Herman in the first round and Perlick fought in a daze the balance of the fight. Grogan was guilty of striking several low blows during the fracas and only fighting instinct enabled Perlick to go the distance. Ralph Lenny outboxed Harry Carlton in the opening ten. Red Affinito whipped Jack Rosenberg in six and Joe Ghnouly scored over Johnny De Boa in the four-rounder.

Ray Miller, with his devastating left hook, stepped right into the picture again through his one-round knockout over Johnny Jadick, clever Philadelphian. It was the only punch struck in the fight and clearly showed the power of that mighty hook when it is delivered properly.

Freddy Brown is handling Tommy Sparrow, Armory featherweight battler—Eddie Devine left Boston to spend several days in New York—Bobby Ruttenberg, flyweight from Reading of several years back, is yearning to comeback—Al Mello, New England middleweight star, has started on his comeback campaign—Ernie Schaaf left plenty of headaches in Minneapolis when he flattened Dick Daniels, their heavyweight star—Jack Dempsey overcame the New York jinx by refereeing the Loughran-Baer fight in masterful style—He pleaded for the assignment and only received the ordinary fee of a referee instead of his customary guarantee—

Jackie Berg and Sol Gold enjoyed the winds of March in Miami sands—Babe Barron of Chicago is also reclining there—Earl Mastro is expected in action very shortly—Roger Bernard and Mike McNulty are aching to break into New York—Cecil Payne and Jimmy Fox are in from the Coast as are Lee Moore with Hector McDonald and Maurice Holtzer—Harold Scadron is seeking opponents for his Bob Olin but finds it rather difficult—Lew Raymond got off to a good start in the East with the show that featured Tony Canzoneri and Joey Kaufman in Jersey City.

Frankie Bauman, who gave Midget Wolgast a great battle in Paterson some time ago is being looked after by Marty Finke—Duke Barry helped to arrange the western schedule of the Max Schmeling—Jimmy De Forest is busily engaged in tuning up Mickey Donato for more serious bouts—

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

AFTER several postponements on the part of both boxers the Crescent club will probably have the Bud Taylor-Tommy Paul match sewed up for April 17 at the Broadway auditorium. The big amphitheater was unavailable during the months of February and March and part of April which made 1931 an unprofitable season here for the boxing clubs. The American Bowling Congress had the hall leased for a period of ten weeks at a time when boxing should be in full swing.

But Taylor made a fine impression here when he stopped Sam Hackett, Toronto featherweight, in three rounds.

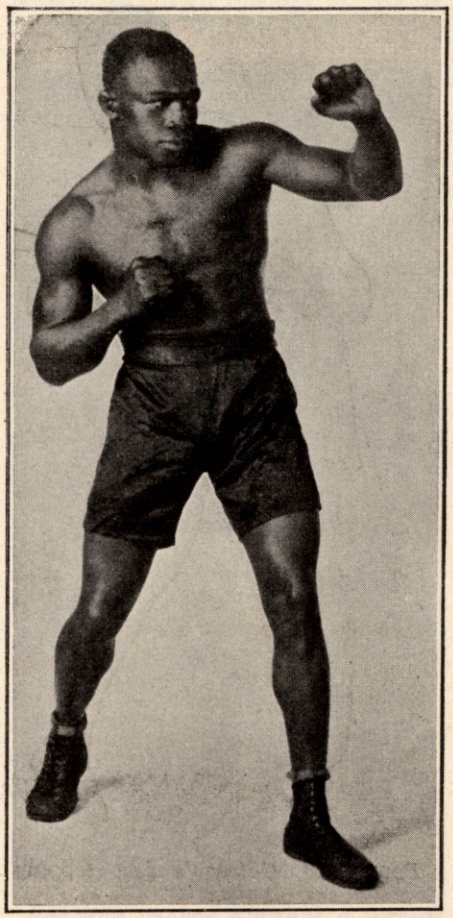
Anse Carroll, popular local figure, is the new matchmaker of the Crescent Sporting club, succeeding Hugh Shannon, who resigned his post together with that of General Manager of the Syracuse and Rochester clubs.

Carroll is a smart matchmaker and has learned a lot about the boxing game during the time he has been in it. With a fair break he is sure to make good.

Grant W. Quale will continue to operate the three up-state boxing clubs, i.e., the Crescent in Buffalo; the Rochester Sporting Club in Rochester and the Coliseum A. C. in Syracuse.

In ordinary times Buffalo is one of the best fight towns in the country. The $69,800 gate of the Jimmy Slattery-Lou Scozza match shows what this city can do. Then there was the $27,000 gate for a six-round battle between Young Stribling and Jimmy Slattery when the twain were in their swaddling clothes. Buffalo can hold its own any time if given good fights.

Wrestling took a big boom here when Ed George, North Java, N. Y. lad, won from Dynamite Gus Sonnenberg at Los Angeles. North Java is only a short distance from Buffalo and George spent much time here during his school-days when he was a student at Canisius College. George played to two bumper houses in matches with Sanley Stasiac. Whether out of town wrestlers can draw here remains to be seen. They haven't done it as yet.



Jack McVey, rugged New York middleweight, still going strong

No other referee could duplicate what colorful Jack Dempsey is doing as third man in the ring. Jack is drawing the fans in, just to see him officiate. Most fighters can't get the fans to pay to see 'em fight. Jack attracted a $7500 gate in Buffalo; $4000 in Rochester and $3000 in Erie, all in a period of three days. The same week he drew $5000 in Youngstown, O. and $4000 in Lorain, O.

Joe Doctor, youthful Buffalo heavyweight, was praised by Jack Dempsey when Jack saw him work here.

"There's a young fellow of great promise," commented the former world's champion.

Doctor is under the guidance of Bert Finch, the rolly-polly of the local fight brigade.

All letters for Hugh Shannon should be addressed to 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, in the future.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

PROFESSIONAL boxing came to an abrupt standstill at the close of the month after a spirited start. Matchmaker Sam Price got two shows in at the Providence Auditorium. In the first, Michele Bonaglia of Italy, light-heavyweight champion of Europe, lost to Con O'Kelly, of Ireland, on a foul in the third, after showing signs of winning with ease.

On the same card Eddie Holmes and Billy Lynch, rival Providence lightweights, fought a torrid ten-rounder with honors all-even. Paris Apice, Providence feather crack, took the duke over Whitey Hurwitz, of Boston, in the feature prelim of six frames.

The next card was featured by a ten-rounder between Michele Bonaglia of Italy and Joe Sekyra of Dayton. The latter won a disputable verdict. Paris Apice won hands down over hard-hitting Al Gillette of New Bedford.

Where pro broxing was down, the amateurs held the major spotlight in Providence. The Providence A. C., under the direction of Jack Farley, staged two championship meets at the Auditorium and both were successes, financially and entertaining.

The Rhode Island State titles were decided first and the winners were as follows: Teddy Mack, Coventry, 112 lbs.; Frankie Murray, Providence, 118 lbs.; Arthur Soucy, Pawtuxet Valley, 126 lbs.; Joey Jones, Providence, 195 lbs.; Joe McConaghy, Pawtucket, 147 lbs.; George Caisse, Warren, 160 lbs.; and Joe Paders, Brown University, heavyweight.

Ernie Mandell, Providence star junior-lightweight, is in serious training for a return to ring wars. Ernie has been absent from action for several months, but his mentor, Frankie Travis, says that his jabber will show them that he didn't get rusty. Ernie holds victories over Johnny Farr, Frankie Garcia, Milton Cohen, and many others.

Matchmaker Sam Price of the Providence Auditorium handed in his resignation so he could become a partner with Phil Buccola of Boston, in handling one of the best fistic stables in the country.

Paris Apice, of Providence, participated in five bouts in 18 days. He won four and got a draw in the odd one. His draw was with Whitey Hurwitz, and then he licked in this order, Jackie Norton, Whitey Hurwitz, Frankie Messina (K. O.) and Al Gillette. Paris has put on a little weight and at present does his fighting around the 128-lb. mark.

Manuel Almeida, Providence fight manager, is ready to send his Eddie Holmes against any of the best 138-pounders. Since enlisting his forces with Almeida, Eddie's work has been fine.

Johnny Lyons, who is doing much fighting around New York, is the former Johnny Murphy of Providence, a hard-hitting lightweight.

Young Montreal, veteran Providence battler, who licked champions before most of the current crop of top-notchers started out, has hung up his mittens following an unsuccessful comeback against Sammy Fuller of Boston recently. Monty is pretty well satisfied to know that youth must be served.

Jose Santa, Portugal's heavyweight pride, is scheduled for a local ring appearance during this month. He has many followers in this section and they come to see him in droves.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

FOUR Westerly boys made their 1931 debuts during the past month, and only one was forced to taste the bitter pill. Jimmy Rossi, local middleweight, started the ball a-rolling when he knocked out Mickey Polo, of New York, in the sixth round at Stanford. The Westerly boxer plastered the New Yorker for five frames, the referee calling a halt in the sixth, with Polo hopelessly outclassed. By winning this bout Jimmy is now in line for a return battle with Rudy Marshall, of Stanford, sensational colored middleweight. In a previous tilt Marshall won on a knockout.

Young Comforte, local bantamweight, repeated a win over Al Lacy, of Norwich, in four rounds at Taftville. Joe Sposato, fighting on the same card, won easily from Johnny Dosh, of Norwich, in four frames. Sposato, weighing in at the lightweight limit, was in fine shape and won the bout as he pleased.

Big Boy Burlap was the only one of the local boys to lose during the past month. He was defeated in an eight-round clash by Teddy Jackson, of Waterbury. The Westerly heavy was hog fat and out of shape, and tired badly after the first few rounds of battling.

Westerly did little in the Rhode Island amateur tournament this year. Both local entries, Joe Wucik and Ken Powers, lost in the semi-finals of the tourney on knockouts.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

JAMES C. MULLEN is back at the old stand. Promoter Jim again has taken charge of the gymnasium at 180 W. Randolph Street, the same gym he established just before boxing was legalized in Illinois and which has been conducted of late under the name of the Chicago Loop Gym.

The gym when established was rated the best of its kind in the country for professional boxers and was headquarters for all prominent fighters who appeared here and who went through town on the way to other glove centers.

Mullen is having it all fixed up again in high class style and does not anticipate that it will take him over a few weeks to re-establish its popularity. It will be known as Mullen's Gym. He will have some announcements to make on the leading fighters and stables of boxers that will make the Randolph street school of arms their training quarters and their offices.

The gym has everything necessary for elaborate and fancy training the way it stands but some new wrinkles in the way of recent inventions in apparatus will be added to make it still more attractive.

Mullen will not only conduct the affairs of the gymnasium but he will be active in the boxing promotion line the rest of the indoor season and all during the outdoor season.

Jim will run at the Coliseum while the nights still are cool and winterish.

Mullen has leased Mills stadium for his summer shows.

Jackie Fields got a raw deal when the New York Commission refused to allow him to go through with the bout that was scheduled for Madison Square Garden with Len Harvey. They claim that Fields is managed by Jack Kearns and that Kearns is under suspension in their state. Why didn't they discover that fact when Fields fought twice in three weeks in Buffalo and Rochester, which happen to be in New York State?

Barney Ross, Sam Pian's classy lightweight, added another victim to his rapidly growing list when he trimmed Young Terry of Davenport. This Ross is one of the best prospects in the country and is bound to make his mark by this year.

King Levinsky is getting some valuable tutoring at the hands of Ray Alvis. The King needs plenty of proper fights under his system and Alvis is guiding him along shrewdly. Two recent knockout victims were Jack Gagnon and Harry Dillon. If Levinsky is taken along at this pace, the indications are that he will win back his former popularity. The world loves a puncher and as long as that puncher can be given opponents who can be hit that individual should retain his drawing attraction.

Eddie Shea stepped into New York after several years absence and thrilled them with a sensational ten-round battle against Kid Francis and just fell short of winning. It was a sensational, punch for punch scrap but Francis managed to outfinish Eddie and win the decision. Shea's showing was good enough for a return engagement.

Jack Kid Berg and Manager Sol Gold went to Miami to enjoy a short vacation after which they will come back to Chicago against the best possible opponent. Berg's showing against Goldie Hess was enough to provide a future home for him in Chicago and the chances are that Nate Lewis will use him at every possible opportunity.

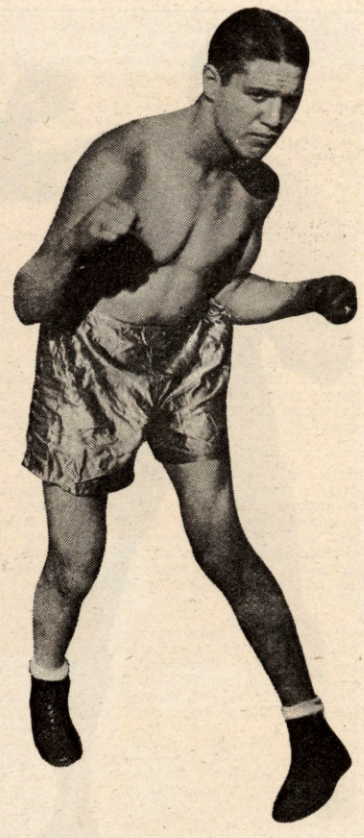
Frank Battaglia dimmed the aspirations of Ray Tramblie, local middleweight, temporarily at least, with that one-round knockout at Milwaukee, but Ray expects to get going again and will seek a return match with his conquerer. Ed Willard, who manages Tramblie, is also handling Bobby O'Hara, southpaw welterweight.

Teddy Bodkin, who is handling Sammy Mandell at the moment, has picked up a promising lightweight in Wesley Ramey, of Grand Rapids, who just came through with a victory over Harry Dublinsky. Ramey is expected to fill the spot once occupied by Dapper Sammy.

Mickey (Soldier Boy) Farr has been appointed Nate Lewis' chief assistant and has taken up his duties in keeping track of Nate's engagements and also a line on his matches. Soldier received his schooling under the able guidance of Jim Mullen.

Babe Barron is still reclining on the beaches of Miami and will remain there until the early spring. Babe is corresponding with Sam Pian, one of his Chicago pals, and has nothing but praise for the southern resort. Dingee, Barney Smith, Soldier, Sambo, Lew Camp and a flock of the others are patiently awaiting his return.

RING FLASHES—"Society" Kid Hogan is still the Beau Brummell of the Michigan Boulevards . . . Nate Lewis can never close a match unless that cigar reposes in his mouth . . . Sam Pian and Art Winch have the best of the younger crop of prospects around, Solly Schuman, Barney Ross, Dan Gasparo and Pep Justo . . . Eddie Anderson continues his career by giving the fans those great, sensational fights . . . Bud Taylor was given a raw deal in Philly with Benny Bass and as a consequence will return in action in the Quaker City very shortly . . . Taylor made a great fight with Bass after being seriously injured by a low punch . . . Charley Retzlaff, following that Risko win in Detroit, is bound to get a Madison Square Garden booking . . . Retzlaff is about the best of the younger heavyweights . . . Tony Herrera went over great in New York by beating Solly Schwartz, and Tom McArdle is trying to get Jackie Berg for him . . . Billy Stevens



Pep Justo, Chicago's fast-stepping youngster

was supposed to represent Izzy Grove in the Middle West but Grove went to Porto Rico and Billy was forced to cancel bouts that he had booked for him . . . The Morrison Hotel is the headquarters for the fistic fraternity and very often you see serious discussions between 'Silent" Jack Tierney, Frank Dane, Leo Fornaciari and Dick Curley . . . Leonard Sacks finally took the fatal plunge and is honeymooning around the country with Mrs. Sacks and Jack Dempsey acting as chaperone . . . Johnny Peters, English bantam, who went over big here against Ernie Peters, scored a hit in Detroit with Ollie Bartlett . . . Ray Miller stepped into the limelight again with that flashy twenty-four-second knockout over Johnny Jadick . . . One thing about Miller is that vicious left hook which can end a fight any minute . . . Joe Feldman and Joey Boyle are partners . . . Boyle is an old protege of Dick Curley's . . . Sol Katz has started promoting shows in Moline and has Jackie Fields lined up and the two Perlicks for immediate showings . . . Katz is another of the Jim Mullen school.

The girl Jack Dempsey's manager, Leonard Sachs married recently, was the Gladys Bagwell who appears in Fred Pasley's "Al Capone."

Joey Sangor, former Milwaukee pugilist and now owner of a drug store at West Allis, received his assistant pharmacist's certificate, it was announced by Oscar Rennebohm, member of the State Board of Pharmacy examinations.

Al Miller, the man who took King Levinsky from the preliminary ranks to a spot in the limelight, has been in the ring game 25 years.

Les Slagle, Chicago trainer and second, is a milkman when he isn't working in the corners of various ringsters. Georgie Stolkes, Joey Freeman, Mickey Joey and Hershie Wilson as well as Walter Madey are some of the boxers Slagle seconds.

The three greatest books on boxing ever published are now on sale and can be purchased at "The Ring" book shops. The books are "How to Second a Boxer," "How to Box" and "Training for Boxers." All three are written by Nat S. Fleischer, Editor of The Ring.

A few fistic chips—Harry Dublinsky is the fourteenth child in a family of eighteen . . . The ring must have still been cold from the hockey ice the night before the show at the stadium because Shea and Battalino couldn't get warmed up . . . Eddie Anderson got married in the ring and then went on to win a fight . . . that fight, however, was just a preliminary.

Young Terry, "Red" Henaghen's Davenport, Iowa lightweight won a popular foul from Danny Delmont here. The crowd was for Terry, who was taking an artistic from Delmont and when one of the Chicagoan's blows landed low the spectators applauded Referee Harry Mueller's final verdict in favor of Terry.

Some of this and a little of that . . . Jock Malone had his hands uplifted . . . Garry Leach blesses himself before the gong . . . Amateur referees don't need licenses.

Promoter Mark Conboy's regular Monday night amateur boxing shows at the Knights of Columbus Clubhouse, 4711 W. Madison St., are a rendezvous for the professional ringsters as well as the amateur boys. Such stars as Tuffy Griffiths, Larry Johnson, Eddie Shea and Jackie Fields as well as Tony Hajdich, Johnny Meyers and Earl Mastro are regular visitors at the West Side K. of C. Arena.

Edgar Norman, the Norwegian light-heavyweight, is back from a sojourn in Florida with a pronounced coat of Florida tan and has resumed training at Professor Howard's Arcade parlors. Norman blames his one-round kayo by Willie Oster to the fact that he was boxing too often earlier this season and expects to make a fresh start shortly.

Willus Britt's new heavyweight sensation, Emil Johnson won three fights in one night to win heavy Beef Trust title at Detroit Olympia Club. The Big Swede is a new sensation of the middlewest. Britt predicts a great future for him.

Joe Roth, fight manager, is due here any day with what is left of his stable. He is expected in the loop with George Manley, Bobby Pacho and Teddy Palacios. Eddie Mack, star of the outfit, is reported out of a Denver hospital and well on the road to recovery after a dangerous operation.

Earl Mastro, local 126-pound crack, who is sojourning in California, is recuperating nicely from the effects of the emergency hernia operation performed nigh onto six weeks ago. He will be ready for the best of them before the Fall season comes along.

The second annual edition of Frank G. Menke's all-sports record book is being received with universal acclaim by newspaper writers and sports fans who find it invaluable as a handy encyclopedia on sports. Menke, a famous sports scribe for nearly twenty years, has included many new-found facts in this year's 450-page volume. This book can be obtained from The Ring Book Shop for $1.00.

Howard (Kid) Carr, Arcade gymnasium proprietor, is making good as a health builder. Howard's new bath system, which, according to his physicians not only reduces weight but cures ailments, does not bring on fatigue. Another strong feature is that it does not bring on high blood pressure, but leaves one with his or her strength after leaving the cabinet.

The Cicero Stadium is a credit to the Town of Cicero. This sports arena, the largest in the $200,000 class, was built with Cicero Park Board funds.

Billy Cepak is matchmaker of the Cicero Stadium.

Sammy Wolf is planning another special train to the Kentucky Derby in May. It is a well-known habit of Sammy's to make $800 on the trip and spend $1,000.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE outstanding boxing note of the current month was the proposed Senate bill presented by Senator Joseph N. Ackerman, Cleveland Republican of the 25th District, on January 28th, for the establishment of a State Athletic Commission to control and license all boxing, sparring and wrestling exhibitions in Ohio.

The proposed bill came up for hearing on February 12th at Columbus, at which time Senator Ackerman issued invitations to leading sports writers throughout the state to attend. Boxing and sparring matches would be limited to 15 rounds of three minutes each and the Commission would have the authority to limit the time of the wrestling exhibitions. Annual license fees tally close with other states in which boxing is legalized.

Receipt of the above Athletic bill received by the scribe from Senator Joseph N. Ackerman and after careful study of the contents I find, according to my humble opinion, the bill to be one that would help the mat and boxing game here. The writer has offered his full co-operation to Senator Ackerman.

In the outstanding fight of the month, Maxie Koshover, Cincinnati's great little lightweight, making his sixth appearance in a professional bout, held the veteran Howard Mitchell to a draw in their eight-round feature of the Parkway Club at Music Hall. With a few more bouts under his belt, Maxie should be able to defeat or even kayo Mitchell.

Paul Eviston ran into the fast-coming Chris Fenton and won via a close decision. Fenton gave the local middleweight star the toughest fight of his short career as yet and we hope to see them rematched. Jimmy Konnerman outpointed Buddy Bezehan in a six; Windy Meyers made it two straight over Earl Baker in a four; Danny O'Keefe trimmed Frankie Mieners in four, while Joe Lupo shaded Charlie Palmer in the eye-opener of the same distance.

All of the bouts were under the supervision of Herman S. Katz, the Queen City's premier promoter. Katz has several good shots in sight and before the indoor season comes to a finish we hope to see that return Miller-Bernard scrap, provided the local boxing fathers and the N.B.A. suspension to little Bernard and his manager, Mike McNulty, is lifted.

Vince Hambright, Queen City Filipino, made two appearances in local rings during the past month. In one, Hambright trimmed his old rival, Elmer Bezenah and in the other knocked out Jack Herman of Wheeling, W. Va., in the sixth round. Both bouts were staged at Music Hall under the Parkway Club. The Filipino, since going under the management of Joe Anderson and Mickie Kelcher of the Blue Grass club, has made rapid strides in the welter class and is issuing a sound challenge at Tommy Freeman for the title.

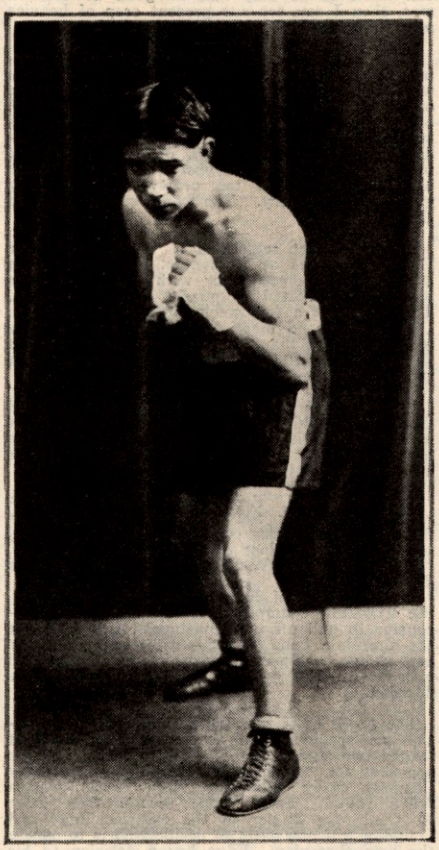
The preliminaries to the above bouts and results are as follows: Jimmy Neal easily beat Jimmy Perry in six; Joe Marciente won a close six-round decision over Eddy Meyers; Windy Meyers trimmed Earl Baker in four; Red Harding punched out a victory over Jack Roberts in four; Joe Marciente had a nice advantage over Jackie Stewart on the Hambright-Herman card till he received a nasty cut over his left eye and the Chicago boy tatooed a few jabs on the wounded spot to earn a draw in the six-round semi-final; Paul Eviston kayoed Jim Burgess in round two; Ray Resineger defeated Jerry Kerrigan in four; Cricket Helson shaded Young Heebe in a four and Johnny Joiner and Billy Baker fought four rounds with the nod going to Joiner.

Around Fountain Square With the Fighters and Their Mentors—Galbrath Post of the Queen City American Legion to operate boxing and wrestling bouts alternately with Millard Rauh matchmaking the mat bouts, and boxing maker still undecided . . . The Blue Grass Club playing to capacity houses on Sunday afternoons . . . Lou Smith's 'Sport Sparks' in the Enquirer drawing favorable mention despite the anti-wrestling contests . . . Al Willig, former Commercial Tribune writer, now doing the press work for the 147th Infantry club and making great work of same . . . Joe Choynski, old-time heavy in attendance at all boxing programs . . . Izzy Schneiderman shouting the praises of his little flyweight, Young Heebe . . . Word to the effect that Sammy Smiley is back on the Coast and doing well . . . Here's to you, Sammy . . . Johnny McPherson staging a comeback, still rated as Cinci's leading 118-pounder . . . Chris Fenton taking the game seriously . . . Reminding us when Chris started to pick up Paul Eviston when he floored him at the Hall . . . The amateur rush in local rings . . . Reisinger, Eviston, Konerman, Koshover, Fenton, Kerrigan, Murphy and Joiner . . . Tex Blankenship being appointed as the latest 147th matchmaker with some wonderful prospects . . . Izzy Grove, New York middleweight, under Cinci management as well as Joe Lohman of Toledo . . . Harry Hartman of WFBE going in for variety announcing—the mythical night training-quarters—the Greystone ballroom . . . seen in same, Koshover, Liddy, Leno, Murphy, Fenton, Palmo, Stevens . . . Neat diamond in Ivan Joering, young heavyweight . . . and finis of this paragraph with more to produce next issue.

Freddie Miller has developed a punch. Cincinnati's little junior lightie made short work of Phil Zwick of Cleveland in their bout in Wheeling, by scoring a knockout in the third heat. A left hook to the solar plexus paved the way for Miller's second straight kayo. Two weeks previous, Miller stopped Babe Ruth in two rounds in Louisville.

Newark, O.—Nordi Smith, Newark middleweight, knocked out Harley Washburn of Cincinnati in the fifth round of the Newark A. C. show. Kid Walker kayoed Joe Walcott in one heat; Ray Ganshaw defeated Young Lane in six; Mutt Shotts beat Fred Nosser in four, and Young Grinnel knocked out Buck McNeal in round one.

Joe Walters, rugged Springfield middleweight, won two bouts during the past month via the knockout. At Piqua, O., Walters stopped Young Toughy Griffiths of Louisville in three rounds and then the Reaper City Negro knocked out Al Becker in one round at Pittsburgh, Pa. Walters lays claim to the middleweight crown of southern Ohio.



"Bad Boy" Bobby Ammons, a corking bantamweight, who lives up to his name in the ring

Elmer Bezenah, Cincinnati welter, won on a technical knockout over Louis Admaski of Toledo in the second round of the 147th Infantry show at the Freeman Avenue Armory. In the semi-windup, Buddy Bezenah and Artie Knopp fought a torrid six-round draw. Ivan Joering kayoed Jeff Smith in three; Charlie Lightfoot outpointed Johnny McPherson in four. 'Tex' Blankenship made his debut as a matchmaker and handled the show in great fashion. The following week Tex had Joe Lohman battling Johnny Mack in the feature event.

Some of the writers in this section and vicinity that are drawing quite a bit of mention are: Joe Nolan, of the Cincinnati Enquirer; Lou Smith, of the Enquirer; Nix Denton, of the Times Star; Cliff Millward and Max Sien of the Post; Uncle Joe B. Schade of the Lawrenceburg (Tenn.) Democrat-Union. The latter is making one of the gamest attempts into bringing the game back on its feet in this southern state.

Boxing notes should be at the desk of the scribe not later than the 15th. News of the game can be had by addressing the scribbler at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Please enclose self-stamped envelope for prompt and rush reply. See you next month.

WRESTLING NEWS

FOR his feature wrestling attraction this month, Millard Rauh, Quality Club matchmaker, had Jim Londos, St. Louis Greek, and one of the many claimants of the world's heavyweight title, in a two-of-three fall match with Fred Grubmier, Lincoln, Neb., at Music Hall. Londos twirled the much taller Grubmier about the ring like a football and won the match in two straight falls.

Buck Weaver, Terre Haute, Ind., 157, pinned Bob Freed, Cincinnati, 160, in 20:30 with a lift and slam; George Andre Pertulla, Eugene, Ore., 156, defeated Eddy Shaboo, Philadelphia, 153, in a thirty-minute limit; Scott Williams, Nashville, 145, threw Martin Zybsko, New York, 147, with a lift and slam in nine minutes and 17 seconds.

Tom Alley, rough and aggressive New Zealand light heavyweight, remains the sensation in local mat rings. Alley, after trimming Hugh Nichols, the champion, in an overweight match, went on to defeat both George Sauer, Los Angeles, and Juan Humberto, Spain, two leading contenders for the title.

Alley and Sauer staged a brilliant struggle in their bout, which lasted one hour, two minutes and 45 seconds before the foreigner tossed the American out of the ring and won the fall. Sauer returned for the second round, suffering from a badly wrenched arm, and Alley made quick work of him. Humberto pinned King Elliot, South African contender, with a stopper in 16 minutes and 41 seconds; Walter Achiu and Al Thom drew in a thirty-minute limit bout and Eddy Shaboo head-locked Bulldog Runner of Georgia into defeat in eight minutes and 25 seconds.

In the Humberto match, Alley again won the match via two straight falls. The first bout ended in 27 minutes and 43 seconds with a front leg cradle and the second in six minutes and 50 seconds with a back slam. George Gable and Buck Weaver wrestled to a torrid draw in 30 minutes; Bob Freed pinned Silent Olsen in 20 minutes with an arm whirl and grapevine, while Scott Williams won with a cradle hold over the veteran Johnny Hurley.

Following the Humberto-Alley match, Promoter Rauh staged a return Gable-Weaver go with Gable winning the match, two-of-three falls. Both weighed in at the middleweight limit.

King Elliot of South Africa won from Silent Olsen of Cincinnati when the latter conceded the match in 14 minutes and 25 seconds with a crab hold; Scotty Williams of Nashville won the thirty-minute decision over Tetsura Higami of Japan, and Bob Freed defeated Bull Smith of St. Louis in 21 minutes and 45 seconds with a grapevine.

Wrestling news in this section can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Please enclose self-stamped envelope for prompt reply.

Canton, O.—Frankie Simms, Cleveland heavyweight, scored a one-round knockout at the expense of Umberto Arce, giant Porto Rican, while K.O. Husk of Akron defeated Gato Calabada of Cleveland in an eight. Mike McKinney promoted the show and has several other good programs lined up. McKinney recently returned to the boxing game after a long layoff.

The ten leaders in this section are: Heavy—Joe Sekyra, Dayton; Light-heavy—Joe Anderson, Cincinnati; Middleweight—Joe Walters, Springfield; Welterweight—Vince Hambright, Cincinnati; Junior Welterweight—Billy Rose, Cincinnati; Lightweight—Max Koshover, Avondale; Junior Lightweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Featherweight—Mike O'Dowd, Columbus; Bantamweight—Johnny McPherson, Cincinnati; Flyweight—Young Heebe, Cincinnati.

Prospects—Eddy Bennet, 160; Paul Eviston, 160; Chris Fenton, 165; Fred Murphy, 135; Johnny Quirk, 140; Vic Ostroske, 170; Ray Reisinger, 160; Freddy Edwards, 147; Pee Wee Sams, 118.

A bout that would be a great attraction in this city at this writing is a Joe Anderson-Izzy Grove. The bout would be a natural either in Cinci, Dayton, Cleveland, or Wheeling, W. Va.

Matchmaker Jimmy Cutler of the Milford Legion staged the Howard Mitchell-Rustic Russell six-rounder at his arena recently with the lanky Mitchell copping the verdict after one of the wildest battles seen in many moons. Both boys weighed in under the 134 pounds limit. In the semi-windup, Frankie Palmo easily trimmed Jackie Raymond of Cuba in six rounds. The Cuban was sent to the canvas at three different intervals. Lee Cox shaded Pete Leno in four; Young Schwanke drew with Young Duffy in three; Kid Jike kayoed Johnny Tracey in three.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

SEVERAL of our titles badly need 'ironing out' and the most urgent of these are the bantam and heavyweights. Whilst fulfilling an exhibition engagement recently, Phil Scott informed his audience that despite the newspaper critics, he was still the champion of Great Britain, The British Empire, Europe and South America and that these titles were not given to him—he had to fight for them. This being so according to Scott, what right has he to think that he can lock these 'honours' up in a safe deposit and hand them down to his heirs in the years to come?

Jim McHarg, the young flyweight champion of Auld Reekie, is coming on apace and will bear watching. Many of our Scottish brethren have predicted that he will reach greater heights than did Elky Clark or the late Johnny Hill. This young Scot can be kept busy because we have a plethora of tip-top flyweights in England and we may expect to see some hectic Anglo-Scottish battles within the hempen square in the near future.

Boxing, particularly in the North of England, has suffered a severe loss owing to the death of Harry Dorsey, the well-known Leeds Commission Agent. He held a Control Board referee's license, and had been in turn, a backer and manager of boxers and in conjunction with George Barrett, he promoted many good fights in Leeds. Harry was a rare good judge of boxer and he was quick to see the possibilities of Joe Fox whom he chaperoned through to win a Lonsdale Belt.

Johnny Best, the Liverpool promoter, has been actively engaged for some time in seeking temporary accommodations to stage his weekly shows, until such time as his new Stadium will be ready. He has at last decided to stage his weekly programs at New Brighton which is just across the River Mersey from Liverpool, and he is arranging for cheap rates of travel for his patrons. This temporary home is not so conveniently situated as the famous Stadium is, but then Johnny's fights are always worth travelling miles to witness.

Gordon Cook, the lightweight champion of Wales, recently got the surprise of his life at Ammanford where he opposed Patsy Sullivan in the top-liner of the evening. Sully is an ex-featherweight champion of Wales and has been on the "shelf" for some tome. Consequently Cook had expected something of a joy-ride. Instead he was lucky to get a draw.

Much disappointment was felt here when it became known that Len Harvey for the second time lost a close verdict to Vince Dundee in New York. However, it is safe to say that with so many New York scribes declaring the latest decision a poor one, Len convinced the spectators that he was a real tradesman.

Compensation for Len's narrow defeat was not long coming for when it was learned that Kid Berg and Johnny Peters had registered a dual success at Chicago, our middleweight champion's second reverse was quickly forgotten. Berg's might be recognized throughout the boxing world, but Peters is a new-comer and in the apprentice stage as yet. Some months ago I mentioned in these columns that Peters would be visiting America and I warned my readers then that Johnny would show good work when he opened his "tool-bag". Well, he has finished on the winning side upon his two outings and this will endow the boy with confidence and I am certain that he will look 100 per cent. better when he appears before a New York audience. It is worth while noting that Harvey, Berg, Peters, Tarleton and Dom Volante are of English birth, none of them are Scot(t)s.

A short while ago our B. B. B. C. announced that they had deposed Bert Kirby, the British flyweight champion, because he had failed to send his five shilling along for the renewal of his license, yet a few days later they humorously announce that his fight with Jackie Brown is for the British championship. Joe Bowker and Wally Pickard had better look to their laurels now that the Control Board has broken out as fun providers.

According to reports, Phil Scott has commenced training operations again, the object being a contest with Campolo during the Exhibition week at Buenos Aires. If such a happening is really contemplated, it looks as though the promoters have never heard of such a place as Wimbledon, nor a boxer answering to the name of Stribling.

Jack Hood put in an appearance at Manchester recently to oppose Jack Casey over 15 rounds. Casey is a tough customer but a long way removed from Hood's class, and during the bout he livened things up by reaching Hood with one or two vicious swings for which the welter champion repaid him with interest.

Bob Eudeline, who managed Eugene Criqui when he won a world's title, is contemplating an invasion of England with a small string of Continental boxers and as Robert is not in the habit of hitching up with "duds", it appears as though some of our fellows are in for a hot time. The popular French manager has not enjoyed the best of health for some time, but a lengthy rest has apparently put things right for him.

Ere these notes appear in print, Teddy Baldock will be under new "management" for he has signed the biggest contract of his young life on February 12th. The wedding bells supplanted the timekeeper's "carillon". To put it like the Irishman: May all his "throubles be little wans".

The heavyweight competition which was staged at the Crystal Palace showed us nothing out of the ordinary. Tommy Toner (Newcastle) won the event fairly comfortably but requires a lot of tuition yet. He goes to scale at 196 pounds and appears to possess grit. He is reported to be related to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. If he can learn to be only half as good as O'Brien was, then I can see our present crop of heavies seeking other occupations.

Alf Mancini has had a couple of outings during the month, the first at Shepherd's Bush, where he speedily "hammered" all the resistance out of his local rival, Joe Batten, in two rounds, and the second a much tougher proposition, was staged at Fred Austin's Arena of Action at Paddington Baths, where Alf's opponent was that very able Belgian scrapper, Camille Desmet. Mancini was much too crafty and gradually gained the mastery. The bout was stopped in the ninth.

Harry Corbett registered a "bull's eye" over Haydn Williams at Edmonton. Williams is a strong and resolute boxer with a difficult style which is calculated to puzzle many opponents. The pair met a few weeks before and a draw. Upon the second meeting, Corbett was an easy winner. As Williams is rated in many quarters as our best welter, Corbett's performance is a remarkable one.

Reggie Meen, the young heavy who opposed Carnera upon his last visit here, came a cropper in his fight with Maurice Griselle, the French heavyweight champion, at Leicester. Meen was knocked out in the tenth.

Don Shortland, the young Sheffield heavyweight, and Jack Stanley, who was Carnera's first opponent in this country, met in a 15-round bout and at the close of the scheduled distance, the referee, Matt Wells, gave his decision of a draw.

Jackie Brown of Manchester and Bert Kirby, the flyweight champion, met at Belle-Vue Manchester to pull off their postponed title bout for the Lonsdale belt. The contest was one of the best championship events seen for some time and ended with Kirby losing his title on a points decision.

The N. S. C. is busy with the flyweight situation as previously to the above title fight it staged two elimination contests to find a suitable opponent for the champion. In the first, Harry Connolly easily outpointed Billy James over a dozen rounds, and in the second, Boy Edge K. O'ed Moe Mizler in the eighth. Edge and Connolly will now meet to decide who is to oppose the new champion. Edge has a decision to his credit over Kirby and Connolly is a fast improving boxer.

Whilst Kid Berg's victory over Herman Perlick gave immense satisfaction here, it was confidently expected on all hands. We have read that he went into action with a damaged shoulder and if this be a fact, it smacks something of the reckless and he should have a care for if and when a reverse should come, it would be looked upon as a National calamity over here.

Gipsy Daniels met with a reverse at the hands of Theo Sas, the Belgian light-heavy champion, when they met at Hull. The contest was over the 15-round journey and went the distance with the Belgian an easy winner.

Alf Howard, the Liverpool Thunderbolt, added one more link to Johnny Best's chain of sensational match-makings. Howard had as his opponent, Jack Haynes, the middleweight champion of the Midlands. A packed house saw action galore.

It is puzzling to account for Al Foreman's silence since he failed to put Johnny Cuthbert "away". One wonders now whether he fancies his chance so much with Kid Berg as he professed to do? If he happened to witness Harry Corbett's mesmeric display against Haydn Williams, I think he would realize that Harry could provide him with all the trouble any champion could wish for.

The Ring—Packy McFarland narrowly beat Joe Bull at The Ring and Pat Cassidy outpointed Charlie Jordan. Les Ward stopped Eddie Parker. Moe Moss drew with Alec Brooman and Fred Webster outpointed Vic Carter.

National Sporting Club—Joe Blake outpointed Fred Saunders, and Harry Johnson and Billy Reynolds boxed a draw.

The London Sports Club—Jack Mansfield beat Red Pullen and in a return bout Red Pullen stopped Mansfield. Dave Crowley easily beat Harry Paulding and Billy Kelly outpointed Seaman Reed.

At Edmonton—Tommy Hyams, a rapidly rising featherweight, stopped Jimmy Taylor in the 4th round. Haydn Williams and Harry Corbett boxed a busy 15-round draw. George Rose beat Billy Bird. Fred Webster, the ex-lightweight champion, K. O'ed Billy Jones.

At Paddington Baths—Pat Daly narrowly beat Tom Handley. Jack Hood, the welter champion, K. O'ed Andre Dhainaut, the clever Continental middleweight, in the second.

At Kilburn—Charlie Mack beat Aine Gyde (France), on points. Seaman Watson, a near feather champion, easily outpointed Douglas Parker. Phil Fellows got a points decision over Harry Vaughan (Wales). Wally White K. O.'ed Con Tansey in the second round. Bill Webster narrowly beat Less Ward in 15 rounds. Alf Mancini stopped Bill Haynes in the tenth for his third victory in four weeks.

At Manchester—Jackie Brown easily beat Bert Kirby for the flyweight title and the Lonsdale belt. Ginger Rennie got a points decision over Nipper McFarland in a brilliant 15-round bout, and Charlie McDonald stopped Joe Lowther in the eighth.

At Birmingham—Harold Ratchford outpointed Boyo Rees. Albert Barker beat Jim Rowbotham. Roy Berrisford outpointed Nobby Baker (Wales).

At West Bromwich—Cal Barton beat Jack Coney easily, and Peter Nolan and Josh Laxton shared honours.

At Plymouth—Jack Sheppard beat Billy Granelly and George Rose easily beat Bill Hood. Dick Burt stopped Billy Green in the 6th.

SCOTTISH BOXING RESULTS

At Glasgow—Wonderland—Jim Boyle clearly defeated Jock McFarlane in a thrilling 15-round contest.

At Glasgow—Premierland—Freddie Hughes, a very promising boy, very cleverly secured the verdict over Frank Markey, the Scottish bantam champion, in a bout which was a few pounds over the bantam limit. Hughes will make up into a good feather in quick time. Jim McHarg, the Scottish flyweight champion, put up a classy performance when beating Young Siki of Liverpool.

Regular boxing tournaments are to be staged in Aberdeen in the near future.

IRELAND

At Belfast—St. Mary's Hall—Jack O'Brien defeated Phil Green on points in 12 rounds, and Billy Gilmore easily outpointed Jack Desmond, and in doing so he gave evidence that he is "coming back".

At Londonderry—Ireland—The fight for the Irish flyweight championship which was due for decision here between Jackie Quinn (the holder), and Spider Kelly was declared to be a non-title bout owing to Kelly being overweight. When the boys got to grips it was quickly seen that Kelly was much too good for the champion and it was with no surprise that the towel was thrown in from Quinn's corner at the end of the third round.

At Blackwood—Wales—Billy Hazel, who is a very promising bantam, scored a surprising victory over that tip-topper, Terrence Morgan. Tom Tomas outpointed Dan Dando.

At Bargoed—Wales—Tommy Seymour stopped Nick Cavanagh in the third round. Darkie William lost to Jack Jones on a foul.

At Bridgend—Wales—Bunny Edgington shocked the "knowing ones" by snatching a draw with Jack Morgan. Billy Granelly outpointed Eddie Davies over the 10-round journey.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

NATE DAX, veteran local promoter, is doing well with his weekly all-star cards, and at the same time giving the youngsters a break, and the fans plenty of action.

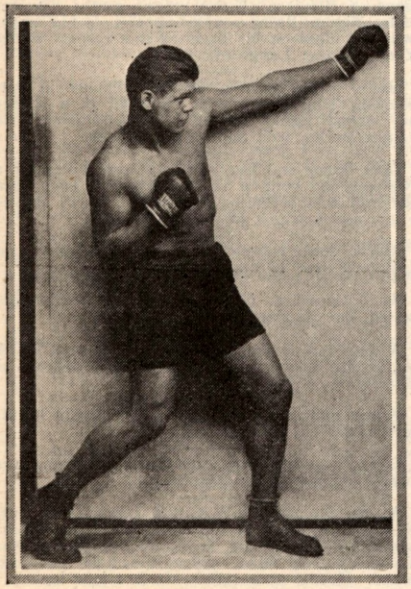
Shenandoah, Ia.—Sailor Burke, veteran Sioux City lightweight, was knocked out in the second round by Nach Mariques of Atlantic, Ia.

Decatur, Neb.—Jimmy Johnson, Sioux City lightweight, whipped his fellow townsman, Bat Slater, in a fast eight-rounder.

Akron, Ia.—Newsboy Joey Rich, clever Sioux City bantam, won from Eddie Moro, Los Angeles, Calif., Filipino, in six rounds at the American Legion. Billy Bishop of Sioux City fought four slam-bang rounds to a draw with K.O. Voss of LeMars, Ia.

Sheldon, Ia.—Jimmy Johnson, classy Sioux Cityan, making his debut at the junior welter limit, scored a technical knockout over Baby Max Schmeling in the fifth round. In the semi-windup. Babe Barnes of Sioux City won a four-rounder over Kid Sweeney.

Babe Barnes, local veteran feather, fell before the onslaught of Jimmy Thomson in a slashing sixer promoted by Nate Dax. Ray Mann and Johnny Moran mixed four rounds to a draw. Jimmy Johnson outpointed Bat Slater in four, and Paul Hamilton defeated Reddy Neal of Akron, Ia., in four. Red Reimer scored a T. K. O. over Frankie Prochella in the first round of their four, and Joey Neal of Akron defeated Pip Wolgast in four.



Johnny Moran rugged Western welterweight

In other bouts during the month we find that—Ray Mann lost to Johnny Moran, six rounds; Bad News Murphy, of Omaha, defeated Babe Barnes in four; Harold Rogers, of Sioux City, stopped Kid Kaplan, of Omaha, in three; Paul Hamilton defeated Clarence Newberg, of Omaha, in four; Jimmy Welch defeated Sammy Mingo, of Omaha, in four.

Hawarden, Ia.—Paul Anthony, former Sioux City welterweight boxer, is going over in a big way as matchmaker for the local American Legion here. In his last show, a packed house was on hand to see Harold Rogers, Sioux City feather, pound out a six-round win over Jimmy Welch, also of Sioux City. In the other sixer, Mickey Walsh, of Sioux City, dropped a close decision to Johnny Moran, of Detroit, Mich.

Nate Dax put down another good show in the books when he picked out a few of the local veterans and matched them with a gang of prospects from out of town. In the six-round main event, Babe Barnes, local feather, was stopped by Young Tiger Flowers, Omaha, Negro. In four, Reddy Adair, local lightweight veteran, knocked out Indian Joie Penn of Omaha in the second. Johnny Lambert, local welter, fought a slam-bang four-round draw with Johnny Moran. Paul Hamilton stopped Young Tuffy Griffiths of Kingsley in the second, and Kid Howard won over Jackie Rausch, Omaha feather.

Aberdeen, So. Dak.—Kid Rippatoe, Sioux City Negro lightweight, stabbed his way to a 10-round draw with Judy Ruddy, of Grand Forks, No. Dak. Rippatoe had Rudy down for a count of seven in the last round.

Johnny Moran, the Detroit Assassin, handed Kid Vandra, Omaha welter, a beating in six rounds. Reddy Adair and Paul Hamilton went four rounds to a draw. Bobby Rogers, local bantam, looked good when he defeated Sammy Mingo in four and Mickey Powers lost to Jimmy Johnson in four.

A large crowd of fight fans turned out for the St. Michael's charity exhibition boxing card, and the following local boys are to be commended for giving their services: Mike McGinnies and Joe Brome, Reddy Adair and Paul Hamilton, Ray Mann and Charlie Wilder, Freeman Pepper, the clown of the ring, and Jim McGowan, Jimmy Johnson and Billy Jackson; Sammy Sacco and Joie Rich. Eddie Morris was referee.

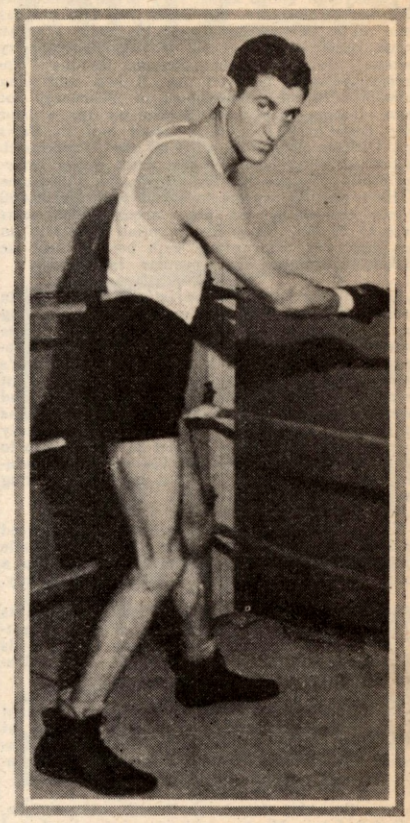
Last Minute Sparks—Tom Brisbane has signed Max Schmeling for an exhibition . . . Bobby Paul has a fine crop of youngsters . . . Freeman Pepper, local light-heavyweight, is working out daily . . . Newsboy Joey Rich may go East . . . Homer Sheridan has left for the West Coast . . . Walt Prichard, our veteran outdoor promoter is on hand for all the boxing shows . . . Walt furnished the equipment for the St. Michael's charity card . . . Ray Carter is the third man for Nate Dax . . . Eddie Morris has taken over the management of Babe Barnes . . . Baby Sacco has started training . . . Wrestling has been on the shelf for the past month, Charlie Loch is doing his best to put the game on its feet, but doesn't receive much encouragement . . . Ross Abramo is matchmaker for Nate Dax . . . Out of town correspondents kindly mail your notes to the scribe by the 16th of each month, and address them to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

DUKE BARRY, veteran promoter and manager of Davenport, was selected by Billy McCarney and Joe Jacobs, managers of Champion Max Schmeling, to represent that firm in arranging and routing Schmeling's second National tour throughout the Middle West. Besides routing the world's champion tour, Barry has opened up Clinton, Ia., as a boxing center, and has appointed Eddie Finn, of Clinton, as the matchmaker of the new venture. The Clinton Coliseum, one of the largest in Eastern Iowa, will be the scene of the shows to be staged twice monthly.

With the completion of the new Municipal Stadium of Davenport, one of the largest outdoor edifices of its kind in the Middle West, Duke Barry will promote all-star cards there this summer. Only fighters of National reputation will be featured.

Johnny Fryrear of Cedar Rapids staged a show featuring Billy Petrolle, Jack Hurley's wonderful Fargo Express, and Jackie Moore of Chicago. Moore was knocked out: On the same card Bobby O'Dowd of Cedar Rapids decisively outpointed Pep Jennings; "Lefty" Martler, the "Belgian Assassin," easily beat Orley Thorrington; and Harvey Carothers of Moline shaded Iowa Joe Rivers of Cedar Rapids.



Mickey McFarland, Iowan product, now fighting in Chicago

At Victor, Ia., "Lefty" Martler knocked out Orley Thorrington of Cedar Rapids in two rounds in a rematch. Bert Viscioni, East Moline, won over Frank Ahrens of Grinnell in six heats.

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Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

BOXING in the small organizations in Europe has been going along very briskly since the first of the year. In Paris, Jeff Dickson has done all of his promotions at his Salle Wagran arena, and he has been playing to capacity houses. He had a bout scheduled for the Velodrome d'Hiver, between Al. Brown and Guy Bonagure for the latter part of February, but Dave Lumiansky signed Brown up for a bout nine days previously at a small hall in Paris and Dickson promptly called off the above match and filled in the date with a much better drawing card. Dickson has taken over the Velodrome d'Hiver and he expects to spend over 20,000,000 francs remodeling the huge arena which seats close to 20,000. It is his intention to put in an ice plant and cater along with boxing, and ice hockey, which is very popular in Europe.

Several new boxing organizations started up in Paris this season, but they are gradually dropping out of the game from want of patronage. The managers' combination which started in the promoting line, and put a boycott on Jeff Dickson's promotions has fallen by the wayside. They went deep in the red after a few entertainments and threw in the sponge, sadder and wiser men. The Paris Ring is another organization which recently opened up in the Clichy district of Paris. Up to the present writing the club has not had a winning night financially. Still it has good backing and may last out the season.

Eugene Huat, the French bantamweight, forced Parigi of Italy to quit in the fifth at the Salle Bullier arena in Paris. The Italian put up a good brand of fighting for three rounds only.

At the same entertainment, light-heavyweights Deckmyn stopped Renaud in the seventh. Lightweights Leroy and Harryman went four rounds to a draw. Defer, a featherweight, caused Dubois to quit in the second.

Jack Hood of England stopped Andre Dhainaut of Marseilles, France, in the second round at Paddington Baths, London. Dhainaut claims seasickness weakened him on crossing the channel the night before the mill.

Jean Gavalda, the clever French welterweight, defeated Louis Munoz on points in a hard and cleverly fought contest which took place at the Salle Bullier, Paris. The decision was a very close one. At the same entertainment, bantamweights Francis Biron beat Verdier in ten rounds. Flyweight Young Perez, who has been going well, was knocked out in the first session of a scheduled six by Tiger Mendiola.

At the Moulin De La Galette, a new Paris organization, Vuillamy, the French lightweight champion, knocked out Bert Freeman of England in the third. In the first round the Englishman was down for four seconds, and in the second he had a seven count when the bell came to his assistance. Shortly after the start of the third round, Freeman received a stiff right hand wallop which made him forget about boxing for a full minute.

At the same entertainment the Spanish featherweight, Riambau, defeated the French boy, Mignard, in ten rounds. Spain is turning out some good boxers. In another bout, Bergwall of Switzerland was knocked out by the Austrian heavyweight champion, Poluga, in the fifth session. Lightweight Vicente kayoed Noel in the second and welterweights Lang and Callonne went six rounds to an even break, as did flyweights Siauve and Bretfont.

Hans Hesser of Germany defeated Pierre Gandon of France in a ten-round bout in Paris.

Benny Valger received some beating from Louis Kessler, the French welterweight crack. Valger gave a beautiful exhibition of boxing but he gave away too much weight.

There are some very good welterweights coming to the front in Europe, and within another year there will be a crop which will stand out.

There is a welterweight, Signor Locatelli of Italy, former lightweight champion of his country, who will bear watching. In a bout against Jules Alverel, one of the best French battlers at his weight, he gave a magnificent exhibition of boxing and ring generalship. Locatelli has one extremely useful left hand. The Italian appears to be one of the best at the weight in Europe.

Probably the best of the complete lot of European welterweights is Nekolny of Prague. He is the fastest fighting machine ever seen in France. He never lets up his lightning work from start to finish of a bout. In his last fight in Paris, Jules Alverel received a decision over Nekolny, but it was a one-man verdict and a bad one at that.

The French light-heavyweight, Felix Sportiello, fought what the judges called a draw, against Kal Axel, a noted Danish boxer. The bout was a thriller from start to finish. It was held in Copenhagen.

Alex Sandy of Hungary defeated Ledger in a bout held at the Salle Wagram, Paris. It was a preliminary to the Spider Pladner and the Cuthbert Taylor fight. Pladner, the old French champion flyweight, after twelve hard-fought rounds, was given the decision by Referee Henri Bernstein.

The French flyweight title, which was open for some time, was decided at the Central Club of France when Engelmann defeated Chalange on points after a very interesting exhibition. Englemann is just twenty years of age and he gives promise of becoming another Pladner and perhaps better.

Lightweight Pruvot knocked out Rosenberg in the fourth session; flyweights Barataud and Canesi went eight threes to a draw. Manhes, a welterweight, stopped Frechet in the seventh; lightweight Mercier defeated Stiman on points over ten sessions; welterweight Frank Wery defeated Rogers in nine rounds, and lightweight Gourlin stopped Vanrompu in three sessions in the supporting bouts at the Central Club.

Roth of Belgium received a decision over Alf. Berry in a ten-round bout at the Salle Wagram. Roth, who is the champion welterweight of Europe, is one beautiful boxer.

The Belgian welterweight, Desmet, drew with the French welterweight, Louis Kessler, in a ten-round bout at the Paris Ring. The verdict was a bad one as the Belgian clearly outpointed the Frenchman. Desmet is a very clever and fair battler.

At Stockholm, Sweden, welterweight Anderson of Sweden defeated the former European champion welterweight, Pete Hobin, on points after ten rounds of good fighting.

I received a long letter from Gene Tunney shortly after his arrival in Italy. After a trip to Egypt and the Holy Land, Gene wrote that he would probably see me in Paris during the spring months.

French boxing titles change like the moon. The French Boxing Federation is without any doubt the best-run fistic organization in the world. It is not run by boxers and managers. President Paul Rousseau of the Federation is one very fair man, but he will not stand any nonsense from the boxers or managers.

At the present writing, two new champions have been named this year. Before the end of last year the flyweight class, which is known as "Mouche" in France, was declared vacant when the holder failed to defend as ordered by the Federation. In a competition a youngster named Engelmann was crowned. The French champions named are:

Featherweight—Roger Simende.
Lightweight—Henri Vuillamy.
Welterweight—Aime Raphael.
Middleweight—Marcel Thil.
Light-Heavy—Vacant.
Heavyweight—Maurice Griselle.
The European champions at the present time are:
Flyweight—Lucian Popesco (Reumanie).
Bantamweight—Carlos Flix (Spain).
Featherweight—Vacant.
Lightweight—Francois Sybille (Belgium).
Welterweight—Gustave Roth (Belgium).
Middleweight—Mario Bosisio (Italy).
Light-heavyweight—vacant.
Heavyweight—Pierre Charles (Belgium).

Belgium is making fine progress in boxing. All of the seven classes are filled up with champions at the present time. The Belgian boxers, like the French, most of them, keep in condition so as to be ready to take on challengers at short notice. In England, France and Germany the Belgian boxers get considerable work.

Jeff Dickson's gross turnover for the past twelve months with promotions in France, England and Spain amounted to about 29,000,000 francs. He had three losing entertainments, one of which had Al Brown against Eugene Huat at the Velodrome d'Hiver, Paris. He gave Brown altogether too much of a guarantee and was left about 70,000 francs to the bad. Later on, however, in Spain, he recovered this with Brown against the Spanish champion, Jose Girones.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

PATSY BURKE used his judgment in bringing Tommy Fielding to Australia. In his first bout in the Commonwealth, Fielding stopped Jimmy Kelso in ten rounds at Leichhardt Stadium.

Many overseas boxers visited this country during the past 12 months, but few lived up to expectations. Johnny Peters, Young Gildo, and Tony Tuzzolino were the right sort, and Fielding looks as though he will give the fans what they want. Herman Bundren came here unheralded from U. S. A., but is fighting his way to the top.

Pete Herman came in from a long spell and K.O.'d Percy Simson in nine rounds.

Not so long ago Frank Van was knocked out by Clem Johns in the ninth. In a return bout at Brisbane Van did the trick in round five with a perfectly timed left to the chin.

Jack Carroll, Australia's welterweight champion is thinking of going to Europe. At 23, Carroll is in his prime, and should have little trouble in doing "business" in plenty on the other side. There is not much remuneration coming his way in this country just at present, and a boxer of Jack's class deserves a better financial return for his work than is offering here now.

The New Year did not have a very auspicious beginning so far as Rushoutter's Bay Stadium patrons were concerned. Following his disappointing display against Jack Haines, Emilio Bernasconi of Italy acted as a punch bag for Herman Bundrer (U.S.A.) for exactly 100 seconds. Signor Bernasconi is certainly a big washout, and close on his heels in this respect comes Young (Sam) Langford.

Hicky Joyce gave a pleasing display in outpointing Tom Maloney at Fitzroy. It was only his second fight, but he looks promising. He fought twelve wild and woolly rounds.

Jack Darcy and Les Anthony were billed for a twelve-round bout at the same place. Just when the mill was becoming interesting Darcy landed a low punch which cost him the fight.

Rus Critcher completely outclassed Young Sam Langford over 15 uninteresting rounds.

At Launceston, (Tasmania), Leo Bandias defeated Pat Aggleton.

A crowded house saw Douglas Lisson knock out Dave Jackson in the first of a 15-rounder at Barramatta (N.S.W.).

Frank Shearer drew with Billy Woods in fifteen rounds at Newcastle.

Jack Fitzgerald outpointed Togo Robinson, over twelve rounds at Leichhardt.

At Bourke (N. S. W.), Syd Headowman outclassed "Diocie" Rice for the heavyweight championship of Far West, N. S. W. A packed stadium saw the fight, which ended in the first round. Headowman stands six feet four inches.

Cliff Parker drew with Clem Reynolds in twelve rounds.

Billy Woods outpointed Jack Weston over fifteen rounds at Newcastle.

Alby Roberts K. O.'d Joe Corday in the fourth round at Alexandria (N. S. W.).

Uneasy lies the head that wears the Australian middleweight crown!" Ambrose Palmer, the new champion, is worried over the condition of Jack Haines, former holder of the title. He has definitely stated that he will not fight again until Jack is out of danger.

Walter (Kid) Lee (U.S.A.), made his first Australian appearance and was unfortunate enough to lose on a foul. His opponent was L. Vorm Gillespie, and the bout lasted seven rounds. Lee is a hard puncher and may do well in future battles.

Bullant Sims and Les Ferris met again at Fitzroy over fifteen rounds and Sims outboxed his man.

Sydney fans were provided with a meal of fourteen ten-rounders at the latest Rushoutter's Bay show. In the first, Young Heeney and Billy Cooper fought a draw, though Heeney appeared to have the advantage.

Ron Leonard and Teddy Lawler went the full ten rounds. Leonard won on points.

Billy McEnally, a pupil of Jim Barron, was knocked out in round eight by Harry Mack and the programme ended with Bob Thornton stopping Doug Lisson.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

AT Stamford: Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight, won in eight rounds over Johnny Kerr of Bayonne, N. J. Kayo Morgan, Stamford, Conn., bantam champion, won a fast eight-round bout from Frankie Beezie, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Jules Sombathy, Bridgeport feather, won over Freddie Haverlock of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Bill Dube of Norwalk flattened Phil Baker of South Norwalk. Silent Barrett, Stamford lightweight, fought a hectic four-rounds with Battling Nelson of Norwalk.

At New Haven Arena, Willie Lewis, Stamford lightweight, won on a technical kayo from Mel Aragon of Cuba in the third round. Eddie Carda of Mexico outpointed Pete Herman of Boston in eight rounds. Sid Lampe of Baltimore outpointed Oscar Bernard of Panama in eight rounds.

At Danbury, Promoter Joe Gillotti put on a real fight card in which Kayo Morgan, Connecticut bantam champ, and Buster Moore of New York featured. Morgan won the decision with ease.

Willie Angelo, New Canaan middleweight, whipped the Blond Tiger of Bridgeport, Mike Toronto, in eight rounds. Freddie Haverlock of Wilkesbarre, Pa., won over Jules Sombathy of Bridgeport in six. Eddie Conley of Danbury beat Ritchie DeMonde in a six. Gene Bryant, Norwalk heavy, outpointed Carl Schneider of Danbury in the opening four.

Eddie Moore, Bridgeport welter, has chalked up twenty-three consecutive victories, nineteen of them kayos, which makes him a real contender for Tommy Freeman's crown. Moore numbers among his kayo victims Irish Tommy Jordan, Harry Gorin, Willie Lewis, Steve Black, Tommy Lown and Harry Ferry. Pete August, veteran boxer, claims Moore is the most sensational welter in New England.

Jimmy Scott, Bridgeport lightweight, is winning steadily. He beat such boys as Billy Bridges, Johnny Kochansky and Nick Zenna.

At New Haven Arena, Marty Fox, New York heavy, was stopped in the first by Herman Heller, German heavyweight. Gerry Enard, Holyoke lightweight, won from Jackie Pilkington of Meriden in eight rounds.

Matchmaker Dave Rose is a little man who loves to do things in a great big way. Instead of an Austin, Dave drives a big Auburn, and how he can handle it.

Jim Downing, wrestling promoter of the New Haven Arena, was named as boxing promoter for the balance of the season. Al Caroly is in charge of amateur boxing, and Lew Brown takes a chair on the board of directors.

Promoter Joe Chimbole of Stamford is putting on some of the best shows in the state. Billy Prince, Bridgeport promoter, is staging good weekly boxing cards, using world's champions against Connecticut boxers and packing 'em in.

Al Gauthier, Holyoke lightweight, won from Charlie Bedi of New York. Artie Weinberg New York bantam, won from Joe Baternostro of Newington. Pete Haynes, New York, won over Rocco Muolo of New Haven in a four.

At Middletown. Sol Carta beat Johnny Mack of New Haven in the star bout. Vincent La Bella, Middletown, whipped Long Sing Que, Oriental bantam. Johnny De Stephano, heavy, kayoed Pete Supino in two rounds. Tony De Palma, New Haven, won from Joe Monte of New York. Johnny Thomas kayoed Stanley Ketchell in two rounds.

Midget Wolgast, world's flyweight champion, split Al Beauregard's nose and the bout was awarded to Wolgast on a technical kayo in the third round.

Jimmy Scott, Bridgeport, won in eight rounds over Nick Zenna of New York. Georgie Russo beat Johnny Andrews. Jimmy Kiernan outpointed Steve Fusti. Young Siki outpointed Battling Bennett. Referee Billy Taylor turned in a good card and used good judgment in calling the Nick Fargo-Young Spitz bout a no-contest bout in the third.

At Stamford, Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight, won from Leo Kuberski, Pittsburgh coal miner, in eight rounds. Willie Angelo won from Johnny Kerr. Mike Toronto, Bridgeport middle, stopped Mickey Polo of New York in the sixth. Teddy Hayes, junior welter, beat Billy Coe of New Haven in six.

Billy Husted, welter, took a technical kayo over Charlie Moga of Norwalk. Kayo Morgan, Connecticut bantam champion and claimant to the New England bantam title, who is being handled by the writer, won a place in the hearts of the Jersey fans when he whipped Al Tedesco, Jersey City idol, at the Oakland A. A. Morgan has many fights lined up in Jersey.

The outstanding fighters in these parts for the month are: Buddy Howard, New Haven, heavyweight. Al Gainor, New Haven, light-heavy, Rudy Marshall, Stamford, middleweight; Eddie Moore, Bridgeport, welterweight. Willie Lewis, Stamford, junior welter. Jimmy Scott, Bridgeport, lightweight. Mike Esposito, Stamford, featherweight. Kayo Morgan, Stamford, bantam. Jimmy Paternostio, Hartford, flyweight.

Of this list Eddie Moore rates first as whipping the best opponents they can secure for him, and Kayo Morgan, who has championship class gets second place. Al Gainor, who has been inactive for a couple of weeks, due to an injured hand, comes in third.

Shoot in your news, managers, send along good photos. Would like photos from Bridgeport, New Haven, Toftville, Norwich, New London, Hartford, Norwalk, Danbury, Waterbury and Middletown. The writer's address is 42 Cedar St., Stamford, Conn.

Homer Robinson, colored middleweight, is invading Connecticut rings and will meet any man in the state.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

JACK DEMPSEY, the Manassa Mauler, proved himself a capable and agile ring arbiter before a capacity house here in Trenton. Dempsey was referee in the return bout between Willie Smith, dusky lightweight, and Georgie Sacco. In their first set-to Smith won by a farmer's mile, but Referee Harry Lewis called it a draw. In the second bout Smith again proved he was Sacco's master and without a moment's hesitation, Dempsey raised Smith's hand.

Benny Nabors, subbing for Ray Rivera, lost the decision to Joey Hadfield after eight rounds of wild swinging.

Six Cylinder took a boxing lesson from Billy Passanto in a feature six. Passanto, packing a kick in either hand, took the play in the opening heat and held it in all but the fifth round.

Making his first appearance since being signed to Max Boo Boo Hoff's stable, Jimmy Flynn boxed a draw with the clever Mooch Murphy in a fast six-round bout.

In the boxing show sponsored by the American Legion, Young Terry and Charlie Carter, Trenton middleweights, boxed the main event. Boxing experts here had a perfect average in predicting the result. Terry won in the third when Referee Maurice Schwartz stopped the slaughter. Terry punched Carter all over the ring. Carter landed but one punch in the bout, but that was the one that gave the fans the thrill, a deadly right in the first that sent Terry down and almost out.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton featherweight, won over Oscar Bernard in eight rounds. Brennan was far too clever for his heavier opponent.

Jesse Goss, dusky lightweight, of Trenton, won over Les Bourse of Canada in an eight-round bout.

Lew Miller of Trenton scored a knockout over Nick Triganani of Camden in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

Johnny Ganno of Burlington won over Johnny Isso of Trenton in the opener of four rounds.

Al (Rube) Goldberg of New York came to Trenton to box Pete Nebo and Referee Schwartz called it no contest after a sad one-round playlet in which Goldberg proved he has no right to be in a ring. As for Nebo, he did well, but was a victim of circumstances.

The Ray Rivera-Joey Hadfield bout was declared a draw, thus giving Hadfield the better of the verdict. It was a slugging contest.

Jesse Goss of Trenton scored a knockout over Pete Reviera of New York in five rounds at the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City.

Young Terry scored a knockout over the veteran Jack Kiernan in the seventh round at Asbury Park. Three other Trenton boys won on the same card. Chick Emmons won over Tommy Judge in six rounds. Jimmy Rivers won over Joe DeCarlos in six rounds, and Lew Miiler stopped Bucky Bendette in two rounds.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy lost a hair-line decision to Young Jack Ketchell of Chester in an eight-rounder at the Cambria in Philadelphia.

George Levy continues to win. His latest victims were Joe Salvodi, whom he knocked out in three rounds; and Jimmy Donato, from whom he won a six-round decision. Both bouts were held at Lakewood.

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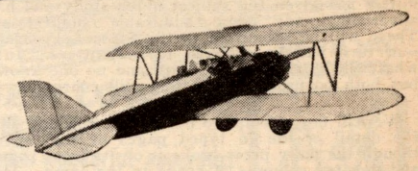

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TIMELY GOSSIP AND NEWS FROM GREATER BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THE big news is out at last—the special legislative committee on boxing and wrestling has concluded its investigations and hearings concerning these sports in Massachusetts and has issued its report on the same—an exhaustive and detailed treatise of 76 typed pages. The committee has given the subject much study and has advanced many very admirable suggestions. These will be submitted to the State Legislature—in turn will be referred to committees. Just what will be the eventual outcome no one knows but both boxing and wrestling will continue.

We will not attempt to burden the readers with the detail of the 76 typed pages of the report though the daily press broke it on its front pages and devoted columns of space to the same. The outstanding salient points suggested by the committee, many of which are based on suggestions made by the writer in the Boston paper with which he has long been connected, are as follows:

Abolition of the present three-man Boxing Commission and the appointment by the Governor of a Director of Boxing whose authority shall be supreme though subject to the final ruling of a Board of Appeal; encouragement of champions and ringsters of renown to show their wares in Boston rings; small fight clubs to be encouraged through a lowering of license fee, the same to be based on seating capacity rather than population; draw decisions to become a fact; Direction of Boxing to hold good-for-the-game conferences from time to time with promoters and others actively interested; decisions of referees and judges to be made public by announcer immediately following a contest; license fee of all but main bout performers to be lowered; but one set of articles to exist between promoters and boxers and copy of same to be placed in hands of Director: paying off to be in accordance with such articles and in the presence of a deputy; 25 percent of the gross from "charity" shows to go to the object named in publicity; all championship bouts shall be of 15 rounds; but two boxers from one stable shall participate in any tourney; amateur boxers shall not be allowed to box after 12:30 a. m. or before 2 p. m.; no wrestling commission shall be established; all professional wrestling matches shall be advertised as "exhibitions" with penalty of $500 attached for violations.

As a whole the report has been well received by the public, also the various promoters. The wrestling men are pleased over the fact they are not to be burdened with a commission but have raised a holler over the "exhibition" idea. They contend that their matches are contests—that to call such exhibitions, as an injustice to the performers. This may or may not be so.

What with the interest being taken by the cash customers in wrestling and amateur boxing, the "pro" glove game is finding itself forced to wear a sad, wan smile—and like it. Here in Boston wrestling shows staged by the rival promoters, Paul Bowser and Ray Fabiani, on succeeding nights drew a total of 12,000 fans. In the feature of the Bowser tourney, Nick Lutze of California, who has levelled Pat McGill and Jack Sherry, planted Lee Wykoff of St. Louis on the mat. In the main event of the Fabiani tourney, held at the Boston Garden, Feb. 13, Jimmy Londos, one of the title claimants, settled Dudy Dusek of Nebraska. The fray lasted 49 min. 52 sec., but one fall being required.

But the amateur boxers—Oh, boy! how they are sticking to it. A week without one or more tourneys is a rare exception. It is always something doing. The fans are following this branch of the sport in droves—are gluttons for staying out nights, also up nights that they may not miss anything. The State championships, which each year mark the ushering in of the New England and National championships, were staged at the Boston Arena. The contestants entered from all parts of the state numbered 132 and there was boxing in eight classes. Sixty-one fights were put in the ring, the tourney lasting from p. m. until 1:50 a. m. There were 16 knockouts. At the conclusion these boys were crowned as Bay State champions for 1931: 112 pounds class—Louis Silva, Taunton; 118, Joe Ferranti, Boston; 126, Joe Pacino, Boston; 135 Steve Salek, Lowell; 147, Joe Delmont, Boston; 160, Jimmy Canney, Cambridge; 175, Paul McNamara, Boston; heavyweight, Henry Surette, Leominster.

The foregoing tourney drew its mob of fans but the attendance was surpassed when the annual "International" was staged by William H. Muddy, at the Boston Garden. Fully 15,000 "kicked in" to see battling among the Irish, Belgian, Norwegian and American teams. Twenty contests were boxed out with the Irish and Americans splitting the honors 50-50. The winners in the four classes were as follows: 135, Tony Madeiros, Taunton; 147, Joe Delmont, Boston (new State champion); 160, John J. Chase, Ireland; heavyweight, Matt Flanagan, Ireland. Flanagan, though he later met a quick defeat in New York, was easily the best heavy in the tourney, while the Irish team as a unit was the best to go into the ring. The Belgians, much to the general surprise, failed to make much of a showing, while Ole Roisland, 135, and Olaf Lund, 160, both of the Norse combination, though finally defeated, won plenty of admirers.

As a whole the boxing was better than last year when the Italian and German teams mingled with the Americans. Concerning this particular tournament, also the others which have gone before, all of which we have seen—the Europeans are beating us to our own game. Our sluggers bother them but when it comes to the science of boxing, the Europeans are going right out ahead.

In connection with the "International," also the State tourney, but more particularly the latter, not one foul was called, claimed or allowed. In the State affair 61 actual fights between amateurs, the majority of whom were unskilled performers of very limited experience, of all the blows tossed around we noted but one going below the line. In this case a foul was not claimed. Seemingly, if such performers can battle from 6 p. m. to 1:50 a. m. without fouling, two professional, seasoned, experienced ringsters should be able to get through one contest without whacking each other below the belt. It is worth thinking over.

Boston has at last seen Harry Levinsky, the Chicago "King Fish." He paid this city his initial visit, meeting Jack Gagnon, one of Phil Cuccola's heavies, in the main event of the first show staged at the Boston Garden since December—some silence period in fisticuffs. It attracted about 4500 customers and didn't last long. Though giving away weight, height and reach, Levinsky sailed into Gagnon from the first bell—threw punches like a Santa Claus giving away presents—swarmed all over him. In the first minute of the third round Levinsky jabbed left to face—then swung the right to the jaw and down and out went Gagnon. And, he was out. That was that.

There were other bouts but one which attracted particular interest was the clash between Lou Brouillard, the Worcester welter, and Alf Ros, the French-Algerian. It was a toe-to-toe swap with both throwing plenty of punches and throwing 'em hard. In the sixth when Ros looked like a wreck, the Worcester boy refused to do any more hitting and asked the referee to stop the mill which he did, the award going to Brouillard. A few days later Brouillard took on Canada Lee at Worcester and whipped him in a 10-rounder. This up-state youth, to whom we have called attention on several occasions, may blow up some day but he is showing no signs of such now and has "New England welter champion" written all over him.

Back in January—the 26th—at the Boston Arena, Dick Daniels of Minneapolis, Minn., who had made several very good showings here, tackled Ernie Schaaf, the Boston ex-sailor, now being nursed along by Johnny Buckley and Jack Sharkey. Daniels stuck out the entire 10 rounds but got a wicked slamming—the award very properly going to Schaaf. The latter, judging by his showing, has taken on a new lease of fighting life. He put up one good fight with more snap, life and viciousness in his work than in half a dozen of his previous bouts here. Schaaf's recent quick win over Daniels in one round at Minneapolis came as no surprise to Bostonians—the game Western boy was ruined for the time being, perhaps all time—the night of January 26.

In other bouts the same night, Paris Apice of Providence, a lightweight who has lately broken in here and is doing very well, defeated Jackie Norton of Roxbury, while Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, Johnny Buckley's new 175-pounder, stopped Jack Perry of Worcester in four rounds. A few nights later McCarthy tucked a low one into Gus Brown of Canton in the second round and was disqualified. At the Garden, later, Jack whipped Pat O'Flaherty, a tough, game slugger from South Boston. McCarthy is a hard hitter and has considerable boxing skill. Of course it was Jack Sharkey's usual luck to be in McCarthy's corner when he fouled Brown.

Sammy Fuller, the North End Italian lightweight, chalked up a rather easy victory over Bruce Flowers of New Rochelle, N. Y., at the Boston Arena. It was stopped in the sixth round when the colored boy was on the verge of being knocked out.

In bouts under the main event, Jose Diaz, a colored boy from New York, won in a rapid-fire six-rounder over Vincent Trescott, a very good Cambridge performer,

The month has not been particularly kind to the Buccola stable. In addition to the kayo of Gagnon, defeat of Piazza and hollow victory of Fuller, Phil's new Italian heavyweight, Michel Bonaglia, former light-heavyweight champion of Europe, played in exceedingly hard luck. He has fought twice and his percentage to date is zero. His debut in America was with Con O'Kelley of Ireland at Providence, and in the third round he was disqualified for hitting low. Two weeks later, Bonaglia made another start at Providence, this time losing to Joe Sekra, the Ohio heavy.

Sam Price of Boston, who staged the Bonaglia fights at Providence, also put on tournaments in Fall River, Mass., and at Tiverton, R. I., for several years, has joined forces with Buccold and together they are now managing a stable of about 20 ringsters. They have further consolidated by moving their office from Canal Street to 107 Cambridge Street where Arthur Bloom has his large gym, a $25,000 investment.

Then Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A. has been having his troubles. He has staged 11 tourneys since he started in the early fall and every one of them has been a beauty—full of fighting. But, on nine of the show nights it has either rained or snowed like sixty—tough weather for the fans, the majority of whom reside in the Boston suburbs and travel by auto—so attendances have been poor. Atop of adverse weather conditions, Mack tackled a return bout proposition between Andy Callahan, the New England lightweight champion, and Sammy Fuller, but a few days before the bout Callahan got injured in winning over Steve Smith at Brockton and the whole match was ditched.

After issuing through his press department several manifestos aimed at Jack Dempsey, also to the effect that he intended to remain in the ring for four more years in hopes of attaining a gate drawing record of but $10,000,000, Jack Sharkey packed his bag and, with Johnny Buckley, went West with their new protege. Ernie Schaaf. The latter's recent one-round win over Daniels is history. The ex-sailor has several other fights on hand. The Boston sport writers have been urging that Sharkey do some fighting and dispel his present eclipse and the chances favor this is what he will do. Prior to leaving Boston he was in the gym every day and, though weighing about 205 pounds, is not much out of trim. There is a chance that he and Jose Santa, the Portuguese giant, may be an early fixture at the Boston Garden. Such a contest would fill the place.

Except during the World War when tops were $5, also on one or two occasions since, Boston for many years was known far and wide as a "$3 town", that is, its seat prices for all fistic entertainments were $1, $2 and $3. Two years ago for outdoor shows at the ball parks 50 cent seatings came into favor, though the old $1, $2 and $3 were retained. The next year, the top gallery seats for indoor shows went to 50 cents though the old $3 for the close-ups remained. Now Eddie Mack of the Argonne has come to the front with the announcement that his top will be $2 and bottom 40 cents and that all his shows will be limited to 40 rounds. This will give the gallery folks the chance to see tourneys at one cent per round.

With the death of his widow, Mrs. Hattie F. Weir nee McAvoy, on Feb. 9, at Winthrop, Mass., the name of Isaac Neil Weir, the famous old-time "Belfast Spider", was back in the public prints for a day. Weir, in his prime a wonderfully fast, clever and versatile featherweight of the old school, passed on to his fathers about 10 years ago and now sleeps at Holy Cross Cemetery, Malden, Mass. But a few steps away is the grave of Johnny Havlin, Weir's foe in their famous 61 rounds mill in the woods at Warwick, R. I., in 1887 when, as the lore goes, locomotive headlights were used to light the ring.

After a game struggle against adversity, Mrs. Ada V. Tuohey, widow of George V. Tuohey, known in his day as the "Father of Wrestling" in Boston, finds herself in need of charitable assistance. Late in January she was the victim of a paralytic shock—the second to come her way—and has since been helpless. Al Delmont, the former bantam star, who had given her employment at his cafe, "The Napoli" in Friend Street, came to her aid, as did also Paul Bowser, the wrestling promoter and his troupe. They raised about $1100 for Mrs. Tuohey's medical care and sustenance. However, this can be but merely a tiding-over.

Midget Kid Lavigne of Burlington, Vt., bantam champion of that state, keeps on his winning way. He added to his long string the name of Buster Nadeau of Hartford, Conn., whom he defeated in 10 rounds. As concerns Lavigne appearing in Boston, seemingly he is a bit too good to interest the bantams in this section.

Baby Jack Renault of Cambridge, a consistent club fighter in the lightweight division, continues his successful march under the management of Joe Ahern. His most recent win was a victory over Eddie Sullivan of Walpole, the former amateur star, in a 10-rounder staged by the Highland A. A. of Brockton on Feb. 6. Renault now is seeking a fray with Jake Zeramby, the Lynn boy now doing a comeback.

Johnny Harko of Manchester, N. H., who after fighting many bouts in various New England rings, retired for a business career, is back in the game. His first start was against Louis Prince of Bridgeport at the Olympic A. A., Manchester, Feb. 10, he winning a hot 10-rounder. Both boys are feathers.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CAPRI

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Battling Bozo, local heavyweight, gained another draw with Maxie Rosenbloom, the light-heavyweight champ, in a great ten-round bout which packed the auditorium. Several months ago in Birmingham, Bozo got his first draw decision from the local papers, and now he repeated, with Lou Magnolia refereeing. The three local papers and your scribe voted for another draw.

Pete Sarron, former southern bantam champ, is back home again after a two years' stay in Australia. In his first return bout here, Sarron trounced Emil Paluso, a good eastern scrapper.

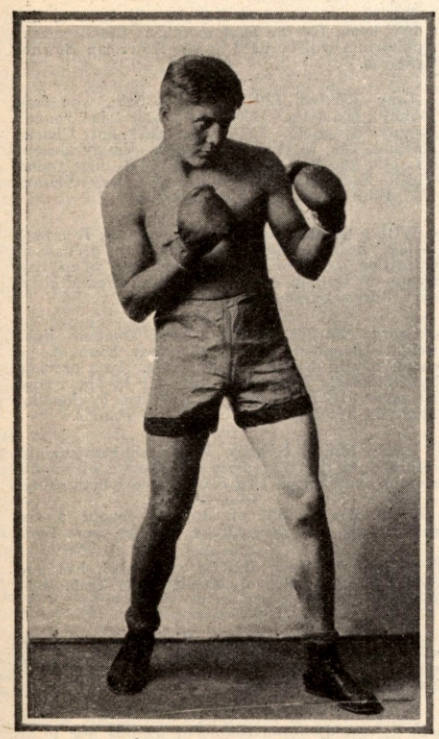
Curtis Sanford, who is the newly appointed matchmaker for the American Legion Post No. 1, is the man who got the big stars here—Rosenbloom, Bozo and Magnolia, a great eastern referee, on one card. A. B. Powell, the former matchmaker for Post No. 1, got the job as commander of the Post.

Dothan, Ala.—C. D. (Doc) Baldauf is the matchmaker here for the American Legion. Killer Curtiss, of Michigan, and Joe Kilrain, of Florida, middleweights, recently fought a good bout here of ten rounds.

The Ensley Athletic Club has increased its membership. Several out-of-town scrappers train here. The club is about seven miles from the municipal auditorium in Birmingham. The Boys' Club is another good place for youngsters to learn to box. Pete Sarron and Claude Wilson train here.

Birmingham Gorgas Post No. 115 is trying to revive boxing interest here. Red Kelly will do the matchmaking.

Thompson, the chairman of the Alabama Athletic Commission, has resigned.



Battling Wop, Alabama boy, who is coming along fast

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club's weekly boxing shows are getting bigger and better each week. Joe Knight gave Billy Olliff a good beating and the referee stopped the fight. One of the greatest battles staged in Savannah in years was between Carl Knowles and Buddy McDonald, a fighting Marine. Knowles won by a K.O. in the sixth.

This boy Carl Knowles is one of the best crowd-pleasers this writer has seen in many years. He is tough and is willing to take a beating to get his man in line for a knockout. With his style of fighting he is sure to reach the top. They all look alike to him. He is only 18.

Buddy McDonald, a credit to the boxing game and to the U. S. Marine Corps, is going on sea duty.

Douglas Fairbanks, another Marine from Paris Island, is also a good little sport and a good fighter. He gives everything he has and never quits. If he keeps in training he will go far among the featherweights.

Joe Knight continues to win. Joe always pleases.

Savannah has a number of local boys that are going great and are open for offers from promoters. Bulldog Downs, Pat Flaherty, Ted Moody, Chick Hill and Al Morris, welterweights. Jimmie Tuten, middleweight; Reddy Pitts, lightweight; Kid Webster, featherweight. They can be reached c/o Chatham Athletic Club.

Pinky May, well-known southern bantamweight, is now a referee and doing a good job of it. I understand that he wants to get back in action.

Pat McGrath, another Savannah boy, is going great in the East. Billy Edwards is still out of the game.

Ed Alexander has another great prospect in Young Patsy Haley. Patsy is a school boy. His weight is 122 lbs. Watch this boy.

Jimmy Tuten continues to please the fans whenever he gets in the ring. Against Buddy McDonald, Jimmie looked better than ever before.

Joe Knight knocked out Bobby Marriott in two rounds and the following week won the decision from Red Thaler, Arizona cowboy. V. Duckworth is his manager, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Carl Knowles, Rome middleweight, after a spell of sickness, has started back again and has three straight knockouts to his credit. Soldier Branner, one round; Buddy McDonald, six rounds; Jack O'Brien, five rounds. He also won a decision from Jack Taylor in eight rounds, and then pushed over Jimmy Nealy in two rounds.

Jackie Wilson continues to improve.

The Chatham Athletic Club has certainly given its members some real good shows and everyone here is well pleased.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

IN the first show of the year here, Eddie Kid Wolfe demonstrated that he is still to be reckoned with when he decisively defeated Joe Glick, veteran New Yorker, in eight rounds. Luther Orr scored his sixteenth straight victory by whipping Sailor Coleman in eight rounds but was on the canvas twice in the opening session. Earl "Young Column" defeated Herman Wolf and Billy Williams won over Jack Lewis in four rounders.

Eddie Kid Wolfe came right back in the second show to flatten Eddie Goldberg of St. Louis in the second frame. Earl Column defeated the veteran Tommy Fowlks in six rounds. Don Burton won from Ray Shook, and Oliver Hamilton scored over Mickey O'Reilly in six rounders.

Tommy Freeman, welterweight champion, kayoed Duke Trammel in the fifth round. Referee Billy Haack stopped the bout to save Trammel from further punishment. Luther Orr kayoed Piggie Williams in the fourth round. Don Burton whipped Earl Column.

Joe Saia scored a kayo and drew with Wesley Senns in their last two battles.

Billy Williams won over Gene Demontraville at Boliver, Tenn., in eight heats.

Fighters and promoters wishing to get their results printed will please send along clippings to the writer not later than the 13th of the month. Address Al Hayes, 303 Lyceum Bldg., Memphis, Tenn.

IN CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE North Carolina Association of Boxing Commissions, at a special meeting, elected the following officers:

C. W. Stockard, Greensboro, North Carolina, president; J. Y. Jordan, Asheville, N. C., vice-president; J. M. Huggins, Charlotte, N. C., secretary-treasurer. The secretary's office is located at 225 Altondale, North Carolina. The commission is doing all within its power to revive boxing interest in their locality.

In a fight staged under their jurisdiction recently, Dewey Kimrey beat Add Warren, and Rufus Miles defeated Bob Allison.

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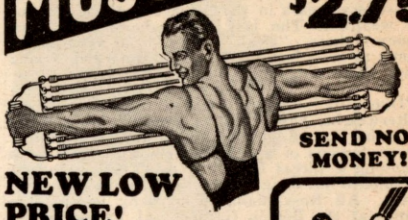

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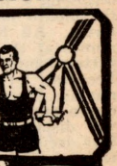

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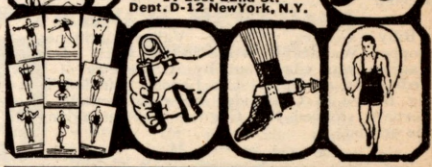

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

BOXING is enjoying its greatest success in several years in the "Heart of the Commonwealth". The last seven shows have been money-makers. "Deak" Dodge, local fistic baron, claims to have had the biggest January in a long time. Wrestling always has gone big.

"Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, aspiring local welterweight, has proven to be one of the best cards in New England. He is rapidly fulfilling the predictions of Sports Writers with regards to becoming a threat for the World's title. During the month he banged out three impressive victories. Alf Ross managed to hang on for five rounds at the Boston Garden. Al Palladino was battered into oblivion in five heats while Canada Lee was fortunate in staying through the ten rounds. Brouillard is headed for the 147-pound crown and it seems that there are very few who will dispute his supremacy. He has only lost four decisions, and has won 47 of his 70 odd contests via the knockout route.

Vernon Cormier, featherweight stablemate of Brouillard, is also a dangerous prospect. Stanley Winneryk, who was beaten by Cormier, returned to Worcester two weeks after dropping the decision to square matters and succeeded. This was the first defeat suffered by Cormier since early summer.

The undercard found Vic Bernard, lumbering Millbury middleweight, losing on a foul to Wallace DeWolfe of Newton in the third. Johnny Dube, Lawrence featherweight, won in six from Tony Caprio of Providence. Frankie Costello of Clinton stopped Romeo LeFebre of Lynn in the second.

Billy Gonyea, Cherry Valley light-heavy, stopped Wallace DeWolfe in the sixth. Johnny Yagjian was edged out by Al Gellette of New Bedford in an eight. Leo Ledoux pounded Tommy Brown of Cambridge for eight rounds. Vic Bernard stopped Kid Goguen of Framingham in the second.

Jow Dow, ranked as the third best bantamweight in New England by Boston scribes, was treated to a beautiful pasting by Art Bergeron of Worcester. This was Bergeron's fourth pro fight. Frankie Costello went along undefeated with "Scoops" Roullier falling a victim in six rounds. They are flyweights. Eddie Briscoe of Malden hung one on Charlie White's chin in the third of a six.

Tony Mandell, Worcester featherweight firecracker, participated in a no-decision bout with Paul Junior of Lewiston, Me. Harry Alexanian stopped Al Gauthier of Ludlow in the fifth at Holyoke. They are lightweights. Aldo Nocchi stopped Joe Preston in the early part of the first round. Harry Devine won from Jackie Davis in six at Chicago. Devine is one of the best southpaws in New England and lack of opponents forced him to go West.

Two hundred and thirty-five pounds of Joe "Bull" Komar invaded Mechanics Hall to do battle with Count Zarynoff in a two out of three-fall match and was turned back after the Count took the first and third falls. The first fall came after 28 minutes and 22 seconds with a reverse leg lift which the Count turned into a position to apply a body hold. Komar took the second in 13 minutes 2 seconds after a series of headlocks. The final fall was gained in 11 minutes 48 seconds with a body hold after the Count had lifted Komar with a front crotch and head chancery.

The undercard found Oscar Nygren holding Pat McGill to a fast 30-minute draw. Jack Wagner scored over Henry Mammus with a body scissors and a wrist lock in 30 minutes and 57 seconds of a one-fall match.

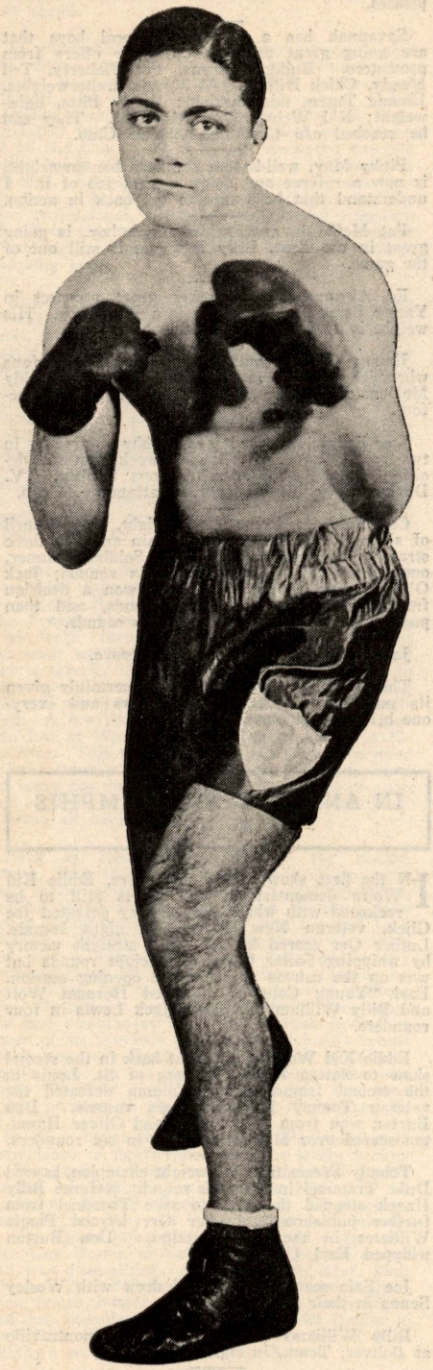
In a return match, Count Zarynoff balanced his status with Cowboy Jack Wagner in a two out of three fall match. The Russian nobleman took the first in 34 minutes and 46 seconds with a flying head scissors. The second fall went to the cowboy in 9 minutes 33 seconds with front crotch and a head chancery which was secured as the Count failed to succeed in obtaining a flying head scissors. The last went to Zarynoff in 10 minutes 45 seconds with a flying man.

The undercard saw the return of a masked marvel who pinned Tony Rocco in 16 minutes and 4 seconds. Louis Loew of Alsace-Lorraine triumphed over Boris Demitroff in 23 minutes 22 seconds with a leg bar and a toe hold.

Otto, in his first Worcester invasion, disposed of Ivan Vakturoff in straight falls. The first was scored with a crotch and headlock. The second came after 6 minutes and 13 seconds with a series of headlocks. Otto is 6 feet 4 inches in stocking feet and weighs about 235.

The undercard found the red headed Louis Loew pinning Jack Wagner in 18 minutes 4 seconds with a body scissors and a double wrist lock. Lee Wykoff, University of St. Louis, wrestled to a 30-minute draw with Dr. Frank Judson of Harvard.

Owing to an eye infection, Gus Sonnenberg was forced to cancel a scheduled appearance in Worcester and Jack McGrath, not wishing to disappoint his customers, called off the show. The following week McGrath showed us Otto Huhtanen, giant Finn. Scribes predict he will prove a greater drawing card than Ed George, Gus Sonnenberg, Count Zarynoff, Ed Lewis and the other major attracting pachyderms.



Joe Trippe, Rochester's rugged welterweight

Every reader of this column will welcome the following bit of news from Jackie O'Connell of Clinton, who is now in the Marines, stationed at Honolulu and is fighting under the name of Pat O'Connell. Jackie, when in Worcester, fought as a featherweight about four years ago. To-day he is flattening middleweights with the careless abandon of old. He is known at Pat O'Connell, "The WILD IRISH ROSE". At this writing he scored a three-round kayo over a chap by the name of O'Neil and a one-round win over a boy called Mefford. His brother Steve is known in Worcester as Frankie Costello. Frankie is a flyweight of real class who is undefeated. Plenty luck Old Shamus!

Wrestlers who have been writing this scribe for a manager, get in touch with Almont "Chub" Leno, instructor of wrestling at the Worcester Sporting Club at 20 Madison Street.

The boys who have shown the most improvement during the month are Frankie Costello in the flyweight division. Rene Fontaine among the bantams. Art Bergeron and Harvey Peete in the feather class. Billy Brown, although located a little south of this territory, hailing from New Bedford, looks real good. His smashing victory over Albion Holden has sent his stock soaring. He is a junior lightweight. Vic Lotti is a lightweight prospect. Leo Ledoux is a great junior welter and Aldo Nocchi holds undisputed claims as a prospect among the legitimate welters. Vic Bernard is a tough middleweight and his stablemate, Billy Gonyea, may get some place in the light-heavy's. After a good vacation Jack Perry may prove a dangerous heavy. The most improved amateurs are Louis Mageira, 126; Tony Benito, 147; Pete Savageau, 135; Herbert Cormier, 112; Tony Thompson, heavyweight.

All those desiring information regarding affairs in New England may address the writer at 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass. Enclose a stapmed self addressed envelope.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK

By TERRY J. BATTLES

A CAPACITY crowd of 9,000 turned out to see Ed Don George, claimant to the world's wrestling championship, defend his title against Stanley Stasiak of Poland. It took George 50 minutes and 19 seconds to pin Stasiak's shoulders.

Floyd Hybert, Dan Rogers' welterweight, won a 10-round decision over Tommy Red Bragan of Toronto, at Toronto.

Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute Terror, made a hit with Buffalo fans in his bout with Sam Hackett of Toronto. Taylor was booked to box Tommy Paul, but an injured thumb forced Paul from boxing, so Hackett was substituted and was stopped in three rounds.

Boxing promoters of Buffalo will have to find a new home for the next month as the Broadway Auditorium will be used by the American Bowling Congress.

Tony Sciolino, 129 pounds, Buffalo, won from Johnny Helstein, 129½, Buffalo, six rounds. Johnny Spagnolo, 147½, knocked out Charley Harling, 146, in the sixth round. Jimmy Guarnieri, 149, knocked out Al Toth, 140½, first round. Virgil Kinkade, 160, drew with Dory Shimar, 152, Williamsport, in six rounds.

With a packed house looking on, Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion, gave a flawless exhibition as third man in the ring when Sam Bruce of Buffalo earned a well-deserved decision over Bucky Lawless of Syracuse.

George Parker, former State amateur lightweight champion, fought the best bout of his career to win over Matty Michaels. In a previous bout Michaels knocked Parker out in one round. However, Parker made up for that by handing Michaels a terrible beating in six rounds.

Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls light-heavyweight, returned to the ring after an absence of several months and stopped Lou Sabo in the fourth round.

Tony Tozzo, 154, of Buffalo, fought a six-round draw with Izzy Grove, 165, of New York.

Bobby Rosenberg, Buffalo sportsman, has purchased the contract of Yamie Katz from Bert Finch.

Matty Matheson, Tommy Ryan's bantamweight star, outpointed Johnny Perrine of Buffalo, six rounds. Johnny Dulin, Buffalo, won from Leroy Smith, Buffalo, in four.

George Nichols, Jack Singer's southpaw battler, will be laid up for a couple of months due to an operation on his left arm.

The best looking amateur boxer here at present is Mike Selch of Buffalo.

The writer's ratings on boxers in various classes in the Western New York district follow. Flyweight—Frisco Grande, Eddie Williams, Buffalo. Bantamweight—Matty Matheson, Buffalo; Mike Marcells, Rochester. Featherweight—Tommy Paul, Buffalo; Tony Shiolino, Buffalo. Lightweight—Steve Hailako, Auburn; Yamie Katz, Buffalo. Welterweight—Sam Bruce, Buffalo; Abe Lichenstein, Rochester. Middleweight—George Nichols, Buffalo; Tony Tozzo, Buffalo. Light-heavyweight—Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo; Lou Scozza, Buffalo. Heavyweight—Joe Docter, Buffalo; Joe Lillich, Rochester.

The writer seeks the cooperation of promoters, boxers and managers in making this column a worthy one. Also, boxers seeking work in this vicinity will do well to get in touch with the writer at 432 Connecticut Street, Buffalo.

FROM DETROIT AND VICINITY

By RAY BOUSLOG

AFTER a slow winter boxing is picking up around Detroit and with the announcement that Olympia would go with weekly programs, the gyms again became crowded with fighters.

The highlight of the past month in Michigan was the defeat of the veteran Cleveland baker-boy, Johnny Risko, by Jack Hurley's Duluth sensation, Charlie Retzlaff. In their bout Retzlaff was an easy victor, winning seven of the ten rounds and having Risko hurt several times. Johnny took one of his worst beatings from his youthful opponent but remained upright throughout the battle.

Scotty Montieth pepped up the game by the introduction of two beef trust tournaments. Featuring only heavies, the two shows went over big and returned Olympia a nice profit.

In the finals, Angus McDonald won over Kayo Kitts and then defeated Jack Cunningham of Cleveland for the first prize. In the finals, Division A. Texas Moore, Chicago, 180, won from Jimmy Matthews, Detroit, 195½; and in Division B, Emil Johnson, Whiting, Ill., 190, knocked out Billy Rhodes, Indianapolis, 187, in the second round.

Tommy Grogan came back to Detroit and finally won a bout, defeating Harry Dublinsky by a nice margin. The Chicago youth looked slow and failed to keep Grogan off. A few weeks later Dublinsky, still in his slump, lost to Wesley Ramey at Grand Rapids.

Mickey Walker kocked out Joe Lohman at Grand Rapids in six rounds in a fight that wasn't bad. Floyd Fitzsimmons promoted it for E. W. Dickerson, wintering in Florida.

Franklin Young, the best of the Michigan flyweights, defended his title in Jackson by winning a ten-round decision over Jackie Light of Detroit.

Jack December, after winning 19 straight bouts and including among his victims, Billy Bulley and Billy Stob, finally was held to a draw at Mt. Clemens by Walter Majeske, hard hitting Saginaw youth.

Johnny Riley, a fighting atom, has won 18 straight fights in Michigan rings and soon will be given some good opponents. Tony Tassi, another youngster, is coming along fast. He met Carlo Mazzola in his last bout.

Phil McGraw tried a comeback at Lansing, the place where he fought his first professional bout, and had to quit after four rounds against Tony Herrera. McGraw, just a shadow of the fighter that thrilled New York in his battles against Hudkins, was cut to pieces. Immediately after the bout the boxing commission placed him on the retired list.

Ray Collins, of Erie, Pa., made his debut in Detroit and fought a fast draw with Benny Dukes of Grand Rapids. They went 10 rounds.

Pee Wee Wilson, who broke his arm last fall, appears to be as strong as ever. He has fought twice since resuming the gloves and has won by quick knockouts. He is expected to show in New York soon.

Nick Melski, a veteran, drew with Ray Van Hook in a hot fight at Mt. Clemens.

Leon Nichols, middleweight sensation, handed Jimmy Dorsey, former state light heavyweight champion, a beautiful beating in a Mt. Clemens bout.

Sam Slotsky, manager of Ollie Bartlett, has transferred his base of operations from Detroit to St. Louis.

Andy Shanks, Ludington heavy, had the tough luck to be knocked out twice in less than a week in Detroit. He was kayoed by Jack Cunningham of Cleveland in three rounds, and then lost to Gene Stanton in the second round.

The small clubs are still having a hard hitting, and running only spasmodically. Those operating around Detroit are Dearborn, Hazel Park and Pontiac.

Jack Dempsey made a tour of a week through Michigan in the last week of February, working five shows.

Wrestling hit a snag when a contemplated show at Olympia on February 17th, with Jim Londos, opposing Renato Gardini, was called off at the last minute due to a conflict in dates with Danceland. Adam Weismuller, promoter at the latter place, has been running weekly and the receipts have been climbing with each show. He uses only little boys. In the only heavyweight show of the past month, Gardini easily tossed Bauer in straight falls.

Ace Martin, coming light heavyweight, handed Len Darcey a beautiful shellacking in 10 rounds. Darcey is light heavyweight champion of the state but Martin came in overweight.

The local amateur tournaments have practically all been completed and not one good prospect for the professional ranks was discovered.

Scotty Montieth, after making matches for 20 years, missed the first one of the shows he arranged when he was taken to a hospital for a minor operation on the eve of the Johnny Jadick-Ray Miller fight, Feb. 20.

Louis J. Giffells, for the past three years director of publicity at Olympia, was named as the successor to Dick Dunn, now general manager of the Boston Garden.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

TOMMY FREEMAN is coming around to proper fighting condition and before long will defend his title against Jackie Fields, Jimmy McLarnin, Young Corbett or Young Jack Thompson. Tommy was laid up for several months after winning the title but seems to have regained his old time pep.

Since winning the title, he has beaten Pete August, Eddie Murdock and scored kayos over Duke Trammel in five rounds and Kid Kober in four. Tommy has a few more overweight matches in view and will then defend his welterweight crown against the best man that they can select for him.

The Golden Gloves tournament will hold sway during March and the professionals will try their luck at the close of the month. Joe Lewis, Paul Hamilton, Tommy McGinty and the American Legion are the most likely candidates to receive permits.

Arthur Clulee, one of the members of the local boxing commission, has been selected to take Edward Barry's place as the chairman of the commission. Earl Painter, former one man commission of Cuyahoga County, will take Clulee's place and join Happy Hughes, Thomas Dwyer and Jack Harris as members and Charley Murphy will remain as secretary.

Harry Cohen is going great at the North Wing of the Public Auditorium and staged five sell-out shows featuring local talent. In his last show, his brother Mickey won the decision over Phil Tobias of New York.

Phil Zwick started his knockout wallop in working order when he kayoed Marty Fields of Chicago in the second round at Indianapolis. Zwick's right cross finished the job.

Joe Gunn, local flyweight, is suffering with the flu and was forced to cancel several bouts.

Joey Goodman, following his return from Miami, went to Philadelphia where he scored a kayo over Gaby Bagdad in five rounds. This Goodman is a sure comer and Jimmy Dunn is taking him along in grand style.

Joe Tuma, who is in charge of Paul Hamilton's Gymnasium, has entered over forty candidates for the Golden Glove Tournament. In twenty-one bouts in the novice class, Joe was behind fourteen winners by the knockout route.

Cleveland has more amateur boxing shows than any city in the country. The Cleveland Athletic Club, under the guidance of Jimmy Lee, is the leading center for amateurism.

The Cleveland papers are using plenty of space in regards to the coming Schmeling-Stribling bout going to Cleveland. The new stadium seats 100,000 and controlled by the city under Director George H. Bender's charge. Damon Runyon is expected here to look the sight over and judge for himself the value of the big bout coming to Cleveland.

Eddie Mead booked several shows for Jack Dempsey in this vicinity and made some money for his efforts. He was responsible for Jack refereeing in Lorain and Youngstown.

Ollie and Johnny Downs are promoting amateur shows around Broadway and also have several boys entered in the Golden Gloves. Their big star is Babe Triscaro, who scored two kayos in one week.

Manny Robins has entered fifteen southpaw boys in the tournament. Manny used to be a crackerjack southpaw himself and has developed the knack of imparting his knowledge to his various proteges. Johnny Papke ranks second to Robins in the list of entries. He has a corking boy in Johnny Bonus, a young Pole.

Tommy Mulgrey, ex-featherweight, is doing good work as referee locally and it won't be long before he is officiating in feature bouts.

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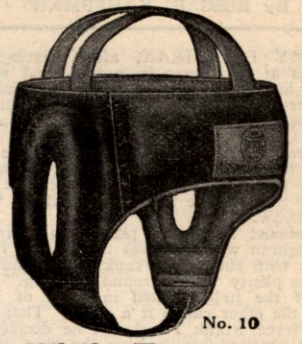

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Read Page 3

The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, after beating Jack Gross at the Arena in a ten-round windup, was handed a draw decision and only two days later suspended for "aiding in almost inciting a riot," according to the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission.

Loughran won without any trouble, the count being at least seven or eight rounds to two, but when the bout was all over announcer Joe Griffo broke the news to the 9,000 fans that the verdict was a "Draw."

That almost threw the place into a free-for-all. Loughran walked across the ring to register a protest with chairman Frank Wiener and soon there was plenty "gab" around the ring.

One of the judges voted in favor of Loughran and the other called it a draw. That left it up to referee Frank Floyd and he decided it a draw but changed his decision the next day and the Commission also switched the official verdict to Loughran. Gross outweighed Tommy by about thirteen pounds.

The near-riotious spectacle was almost an exact replica of what took place in the Arena last April 28 when Ernie Schaaf of Boston was awarded a decision over Loughran.

Paul Panteleo, Chicago light-heavyweight, who was making his Philadelphia debut, got nothing more than a draw with Frankie Cawley of Pittston on the same card at the Arena. The westerner forced the fighting and deserved a victory in the ten rounds.

Al Ettore, former amateur middleweight, looks like a find. The boy, who is now handled by Max Hoff, stopped Yonder McLoughlin in the fifth round, the latter putting up a game but losing bout all the way.

Leo Duncan, Chester colored fighter, went in as a substitute against Tiger Thomas of Leiperville at the Arena and was stopped in the fourth round.

Benny Bass, world junior-lightweight champion, was credited with a two-round technical knockout over Bud Taylor of Terre Haute, Ind., in the ten-round windup at the Arena. Taylor claimed a foul but this was overruled by Referee Leo Houck who raised Bass' right hand and immediately the house was in an uproar.

When it looked as though there might be a near riot, Chairman Frank Weiner jumped into the ring and took things in his own hands. He asked Taylor and Bass to proceed for five more rounds, merely to please the disappointed crowd of 8,000, although Referee Houck's original decision of a knockout went into the record books. It was claimed Taylor was not wearing a foul-proof cup as requested of all main bout fighters in Pennsylvania but Eddie Long, his manager, claimed he was using "something exactly like it."

Al Ettore, West Philadelphia youngster, continued on his merry winning way by stopping Red Delp of Reading in the fifth round. Ettore had the veteran Delp down in four of the five rounds.

Phil Kaplan, veteran New York middleweight, had to put on plenty of steam to win a six-round decision over Billy Algers, of Phoeniz, Ariz.; at the Arena. Kaplan at 165 pounds, outweighed Algers by ten pounds.

Gaby Bagdad was outclassed by Joey Goodman of Cleveland and Referee Houck stopped it at the end of the fifth to save the Armenian from further punishment.

In his comeback trial, Harry Blitman, former Philadelphia featherweight, defeated Eddie Reed of Phillie at Atlantic City. Blitman almost scored a knockout in the sixth round. Calvin Reed, brother of Eddie, won a decision over Ernie Caesar of Philadelphia, in eight rounds.

Gene Buffalo, West Philadelphia colored fighter, who has come along with a rush in the last year, scored a two-round knockout over Vincent Forgione, South Philadelphia middleweight, in the eight-round feature bout at the Broadway A. C. A right hook that landed flush on the point of the jaw put Forgione away.

Nick Venore, South Philadelphia welterweight, stowed away Larry Wagner in the third round of the semi-windup at the Broadway. In the other bouts Dick Welsh won from Tommy Maroon in six rounds; Harry (Kid) Ross stopped Dusty Miller in four rounds and Joe Terry halted Armando Di Chiara with a right to the body in the third round.

Jimmy Smith, Kensington welterweight star, was awarded a technical knockout over Danny Devlin of Allentown, in the fourth round of their scheduled ten-round windup at the Cambria A. C. An accidental butt opened a deep gash over Devlin's right eye. The club physician advised Referee "Spud" Murphy to stop the bout. Up until the time of the butting, Devlin appeared to have a slight edge.

Bob Shilling of Germany conquered Andy Mellon, stablemate of Devlin's, in the eight-round semi-windup at the Gambria while Lou Kaplan, 13th Ward battler, turned in a surprise victory over Frank Little, colored fighter from North Philadelphia, in the main preliminary of six rounds.

Pete Moran of Phillie helped Herman Taylor in some of the detail work for the Carnero-Maloney bout at Miami.

Lew Hardcastle, of Atlantic City, who was recently taken in charge by Phil Glassman, scored a technical knockout over Tommy Maroon, of Kansas City, in the sixth round at the Atlantic City Coal Fund bouts. Hardcastle is assured of a number of bigger bouts in Philadelphia rings before the close of the indoor season.

Al Gordon and Frankie Hayes, both of Philadelphia, fought a stirring eight-round draw at the shore; Tony Falco of Philadelphia slugged his way to an eight-round decision over Joey Hadfield of Manayunk; Johnny Hayes, Philadelphia, knocked out Battling Griffin, Phillie, in the fifth round and Joey Williams, Atlantic City, won the referee's decision over Emory Cabana, Philadelphia lightweight, in eight rounds.

Sandor Szabo of Hungary sustained his first wrestling defeat in an American ring, when Karl Pojello of Ukraine, pinned him to the mat in 51 minutes, 44 seconds at the Arena. Szabo had more than forty consecutive victories before meeting Pojello. The defeat knocked Szabo out of a promised bout with the world champion, Jim Londos.

After beating Joe Sekyra of Dayton, in the ten-round windup at the Broadway A. C., Billy Jones, Philadelphia colored light-heavyweight, says he would like to get a shot at the champion, Maxey Rosenbloom. Jones scaled 171 pounds to Sekyra's 182.

Willard Dix, 175-pound Californian, who is now in Phillie boxing circles, knocked out Ricardo Romano, of the Quaker City, in the second round at the Broadway. On the same bill Ray Victor was credited with a technical knockout over Tom Gannon in the main preliminary when Gannon injured his left hand and failed to come out for the fourth round.

Harry Blitman continued his comeback quest by pounding out a victory over Lew Massey after ten of the fierest imaginable rounds of fighting. Blitman won seven rounds, two for Massey and one even. Blitman is now on a par with Bass when it comes to drawing the people and Bass and Blitman this summer is something to look forward to.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH
By RAY FOUTTS

JACK DEMPSEY onee again proved his tremendous box office appeal by acting as "guest referee" at Youngstown, O., on the first fight card held in that city in months, and hundreds of fans were actually turned away. Eddie Shea knocked out Soldier Dombrowski in the fourth round of the main event, and Johnny Kusic stopped Al Sheik in the first round of the semi-final. The veteran Dick Evans knocked out Nick Martin of Cleveland in one of the supporting bouts. Russell Clark, Youngstown's new promoter, certainly got away to a fine start in his maiden effort as a boxing impresario.

Freddy Edwards, West Virginia's best welter, added two more to his list of victims, by outpunching Jimmie Moinette at Alliance, Ohio, and one week later giving Jimmie McGraw, of Martins Ferry, O., a bad beating in a main bout at East Liverpool, Ohio. This boy Edwards is one of the sweetest punchers the writer has seen in many moons, and has won over half his bouts by knockouts.

Teddy Yarosz, of Monaca, Pa., ran his string of professional victories to thirty-seven during the month, by easily beating the veteran Mickey Fedor at East Liverpool, Ohio, and handing the hard-hitting Larry Madge, of Cleveland, a pasting in a big benefit show at Franklin, Pa., that sold out the house. Matchmaker Jules Beck, of Motor Square Garden, is angling for a match between Yarosz and Paul Pirrone.

Motor Square Garden continues to pack them in at their weeekly Monday night shows. The return bout between Jackie Rogers and Johnny Datto set a new high mark for the season of $7,130. What a fight it was!

Jim McGirr, McKeesport, Pa. promoter, who has been giving the amateurs a whirl, went back to his first love, the pros, long enough to stage two shows in which Billy Jones easily beat Harold Scarney, and Mickey Duras won over Benny McArthur.

Apples Meyers is giving the fans some real cards at his Moose Temple shows each Friday night, and as a result is packing them in and showing a profit now after getting away to a bad start early in the season. Buck McTiernan boxed there twice during the month, knocking out Frankie Palmo and winning over the tough Billy Brent. Palmo dropped Buck for nine in the second round, but McTiernan showed he has plenty of heart by knocking the Cincinnati cave man dead in the next heat. Jimmie Kelly won over Young Rudy and lost to Billy Rose, and Rose also defeated Billy Holt in other main bouts at the same club.

Boxers wishing to locate in this section, and managers desiring information about conditions here should get in touch with the writer at Foutts Brothers Gym., East Liverpool, Ohio.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

JACKIE RODGERS and Johnny Datto did a repeat number at the Motor Square club. Datto won again but found the Pittsburgh negro an an improved mixer since their previous meeting. Jackie floored the Filipino twice for nine-counts.

Billy Jones, Negro contender, gave Harold Scarney , Youngstown heavy, a beating in a ten-rounder at McKeesport.

Several Donora fighters including Bruno Sala, Mickey Fedor, Battling Gizzy and Lee Sala are getting back into fighting condition.

Johnny Datto, of Cleveland, came through with a knockout over Harry Fierro, Chicago's bantamweight sensation, at Motor Square Garden. Fierro claimed foul several times but was ignored by the referee.

A benefit boxing show staged by Rev. James R. Cox in association with Buck Crouse, former middleweight boxer, netted $1,000 for Rev. Cox's relief fund to aid the needy. A fine and lengthy programme was presented, featuring exhibition bouts between Chalky Wimler and Patsy Brannigan, and George Chip, former middleweight champion, exhibited with his rival of two decades ago, Buck Crouse.

Joe Boychan, Ohio featherweight is directing a challenge at Jackie Rodgers, Johnny Dunn, Datto or any other featherweight. Boychan holds decisions over such boys as Tracey Cox, Homer Ronan, Eddie O'Dowd, Lou Bloom, Howard Mitchell, Frankie Rio, Tony Leone, Geo. Annarino, Jimmy Reed, among others and had close bouts with Andy Andrucci and Bat Gizzy. At present he is under no contract and would like to hear from some manager. He may be reached by writing 161 E. Canal Street, Newark, Ohio.

Eddie Brannon, colored lightweight sensation of Pittsburgh, dropped a close decision to Cowboy Eddie Anderson, of Wyoming in ten rounds at Motor Square. In the semi-final Indian Tiger West trimmed Chip Freeman. The boxing commissioner stepped in and halted the bout in the first round to save Freeman from a bad beating. On the same card Jimmy Belmont, of Braddock, won by a technical kayo from Sylvan Bass, Baltimore, in two heats.

Willie Davies of Charleroi whipped Britt Gorman at Cleveland.

Teddy Yarosz, undefeated Monaca, Pa., welterweight, won a ten-round decision bout from Mickey Fedor at East Liverpool, Ohio.

If wins over Mickey Cohen and Ollie Bartlett mean anything, Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh Negro, ought to get some place in the roped arena.

Tiger Joe Randall, Pittsburgh Negro welterweight, outpunched and outfought Teddy Yarosz before a full house at the Moose Temple arena and yet lost the decision. In the semi-final Freddy Hill, of Detroit, was kayoed by Mose Butch in 1 minute and 35 seconds of the first round. They are featherweights.

During the month Mickey Doris of Johnstown defeated Andy Andrucci, Paris Cangey and Jimmy McArthurs.

Attention Fighters! Send photographs for RING publication to Bill Pikor, Donora, Penna.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

INDEPENDENCE, KANS.—Winners of the three-day Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas A. A. U. Tournament, under the auspices of American Legion, directed by Les Showers, follow:

H. Casey Bauman of Salina beat Jack Robinson of Miami, Okla., in 4; L-H. Lewis Hefley of Cherryvale knocked out Ben Benefiel of Coffeyville in one; M. Floyd Herrington of Bartlesville, Okla., knocked out Eddie Dupey, Neodesha in one; J-M. Harry Thompson of Liberty knocked out Freddie Colwell, Independence, 2; W. Ken Page of Neodesha won from John Hemphill of Chanute, 3; J-W. Earl Chancey of Neodesha knocked out Glen Blue of Cherryvale, in one; L. Andy Pear of Bartlesville, Okla., beat Charles Roberts of Sedan, 3; J-L. Carl Hackworth of Independence beat Tippy Moore of Independence, 3; F. Tolly Lugenbeal of Fredonia beat Rip Regan of Cherryvale, in 3; J. F. Julius Sas of Bartlesville, Okla., beat George Pope of Cherryvale, in 3; B. Louis Laverty of Neodesha beat Orville Allison of Chanute, 3; Fly—Bobby Briesback of Independence beat Don Wainscott of Independence, 3; Cootie, Roy Newberry of Neodesha won from Clarence Bartholomew of Chanute, 3.

Wichita, Kans.—Arthur DeKuh knocked out Emmett Rocco in the third round. Baby Stribling won from Pat Corbett in 8; Harold Murphy defeated Orville Harden in 6; Kenny Hill beat Joe Guerrero in 6, and Arthur Harzman knocked out K. O. Brown in 2 rounds.

Springfield, Mo.—Harold Murphy, heavyweight, knocked out Chuck Elberts in 3 rounds. Roy Stevens and Chief Terrapin drew in 10. Lloyd Martin beat Rex Mitchell in 10. Sherrill James and Hugh Gray fought 6 hard rounds to a draw.

Ponca City, Okla.—Babe Hunt defeated George Trenkle in a hard fought 10-round bout.

Springfield, Mo.—Baby Stribling defeated Roy Stevens in 10 rounds. Harold Murphy gave Rough House Houser a severe beating in 6. Hugh Gray beat Cleo Taylor in 6. Lloyd Martin and Frankie Smirl drew in 6. Sherrill James knocked out Art Bennett in 2. Baby Boyd and Spider Lewis fought 4 rounds to a draw.

Hugoton, Kans.—Chick Rains knocked out Red Matlock in 3 rounds. Frank Bond knocked out Charles Maupin in 3. Kid Clapper knocked out Kid Adams in 3 rounds.

H. E. Ripple of Dodge City has secured a lease on the Beeson Theater here and has spent a large sum enlarging the stage for boxing. He opened in December with an A. A. U. tournament directed by Les Showers with the S. R. O. sign hung out every night.

Sabetha, Kans.—The National Guard is sponsoring and staging two amateur shows each month, and some good talent is being developed. It is likely they will stage a professional show in the near future.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mickey Cohen defeated Tommy Grogan in 10 interesting rounds. Larry Cappo beat Jack Gibbs in 10. Hymie Wiseman knocked out Johnny Gardina in 4. Charley Patrick knocked out Mickey Weston in 3 rounds.

Picher, Okla.—Harold Murphy knocked out Leo Taylor in the fifth round. Roy Stevens and Mickey Dunivan fought 10 fast rounds to a draw. Lloyd Martin beat Pat Moran in 4. Sherill James and George Windham fought 4 rounds with honors even.

Okla City, Okla.—Tommy Freeman, welterweight champion, defeated Eddie Murdock in a fast 10-round bout.

The Kansas Athletic Commission has recently received numerous inquiries relative to organizing Boxing Clubs and many have already completed their organization and will announce their first card in the immediate future. A large percentage of these inquiries are coming from the western part of the state, which indicates a general revival of boxing interest in Kansas. Les Showers, Amateur Tournament King, took time out after his Dodge City show to rest up in Denver a couple of weeks but is now back in the harness. Just completed a successful tourney at Independence and has moved to Dodge City for another. Showers is booked solid for the entire spring season.

Joplin, Mo.—Walter Dunham decisively beat Jack Gibbs in 10 rounds. Hooker Boyer beat Chuck Elberts in 6. Frankie Smirl beat Joe Adams in 6. Frisco Linda knocked out Bobby Arnold in 3. Vincent Young knocked out Glen Qualls in one round.

Wichita, Kans.—The Cudahy Athletic Club is sponsoring a four-day amateur tournament next month, directed by S. W. Cooper. Mike Curran is publicity man and Jack Slattery, the congenial Irishman, will have charge of training and entries.

Abilene, Kans.—Von Price, boxing promoter, recently staged a classy fight card, competing with a basket ball game, a dance, and several other attractions, and took one on the chin for a loss.

Frank Gilleece, popular executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, receives a very enthusiastic welcome from the fans when his presence is made known at a boxing bout. Mr. Gilleece is very optimistic as to the 1931 boxing season in Kansas. Clubs renewing their license, and many inquiries from Clubs that have never staged boxing, leads him to believe this will be the banner year for boxing in Kansas.

Loose and Drifting—Max Schmeling will appear in several exhibitions in this vicinity next month. Jack Slattery, of Wichita, manager of many amateur and professional boxers, has a mighty sweet Spanish bantam, Fredrico Raigoza, whom he will turn pro right after the big 4-day A. A. U. tournament. Harold Murphy, heavyweight of Springfield, Mo., has been mowing down all opposition. He beat his last seven opponents by decision or knockout. Alec Ross, Tulsa promoter, will reopen his club. Johnny Husong, promoter of big bouts in Wichita, is expected to resume activities soon. It is rumored Sutro Pearl, of Wichita, has sold his contract with Baxter Calmes to a Chicago fight manager.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY

By BOB RILEY

THE Missouri legislature has a bill now before it sponsored by George Hook, City Boxing Commissioner, which, if it passes, will change the present rules as follows: decisions will be given at the end of all bouts; a maximum of 15 rounds will be fixed for all championship matches; a fixed salary for all State Commissioners and an attorney on a fixed salary basis for the Commission's legal tangles.

Seneca C. Taylor, *THE* Boxing Commissioner, is opposed to the bill for the reasons that a salaried Commissioner would be a political Commissioner, and in as much as he took office agreeing to serve without pay, he certainly will not turn around and accept a salary, also Mr. Taylor feels that now is no time to be revising the present law as to decisions and number of rounds. "Let well enough alone," says this wise dictator of Missouri's boxing.

No boxing shows here since January second, despite the fact that the January show drew $15,000. Several dates have been allotted to promoters by the Commission but as they drew near, the promoters voluntarily relinquished them. It is tough on the public and tough on the fighters.

Curly Fishman and Ben Reuben promoted the John Pesek-Al Baffert wrestling show. Tax was paid on $6,500 but rumor has it that the receipts were padded. Pesek is a wonderful athlete. No bound up muscles on him. He is as light as a cat on his feet.

Tom Packs promoted the Roy Steele-Jim Londos show. Packs has drawn better than $8,000 for eight straight wrestling shows, with one show drawing $16,000.

The Mississippi Valley Athletic Association, which supervises amateur boxing here, reports good attendance at all their shows. The national junior champion, Les Schulte, heavyweight, boxes regularly and draws the fans. Schulte is coached by Dan O'Keefe.

Dave Knost, local heavyweight, won from George Neron at Springfield, Ill., in 10 rounds.

Al Stillman, local middleweight, stopped Eddie Bassett in two rounds at Springfield, Ill.

Lou Terry is after a bout with Sammy Offerman. These local lightweights staged a hectic tussle on Lew Raymond's card of eight-rounders with Offerman gaining the newspaper award at the end, and a return bout would be a hummer.

Sammy Offerman is wanted in Memphis with Eddie Wolfe. Wolfe is a good card here and this match would draw a dandy house locally.

Pee Wee Terry is home again. Pee Wee knocked out Frankie Garcia in two rounds at St. Joe, Missouri. Terry would be a good opponent for Joe Ghnouly.

Edgar Terry, brother of Pee Wee, is a corking good lightweight prospect. Pee Wee is a bantam and neither one of them is related to Lou Terry.

Ray Palmer, local featherweight, is matched with Freddy Perry for a main bout in Illinois. They have met twice, with Palmer winning both times.

Fighters and managers wishing to book in here get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS

By J. GLENN JORDAN

THE boxing controversy in Birmingham will be settled by the state supreme court. After signing Petey Sarron and Tony Leto, leading southern featherweights, for a bout in February, the Gorgos Post of The American Legion (only promoters of boxing in the state) called off its show until after a decision has been returned by the higher court. The controversy developed when the state boxing commission ruled that Birmingham Post, No. 1 and the Gorgos Post must promote jointly, the former to receive 75 per cent of the profits and the latter 25 per cent, but the two to share 50-50 on all losses. Gorgos rebelled and for a time the game waned in the Magic City.

"Battling" Bozo, Birmingham's leading light-heavyweight and "bad boy" of the ring, earned a newspaper draw with Maxie Rosenbloom in a non-title bout in Birmingham recently. It was the second meeting between them, the first also being declared a draw. More than 5,000 fans saw the show, the largest attendance in the history of the state. It was promoted by American Legion Post No. 1.

Chico Cisneras, Mexican scrapper, is the possessor of a diamond-studded belt, representing the southern junior-lightweight championship when Davey Abad of Central America entered the ring at Birmingham recently over-weight. Abad, however, easily won a newspaper decision.

Carl Knowles of Rome, Ga., had a hard time winning a decision from Kid Williams of Savannah at Birmingham.

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

JACK DEMPSEY, "The Idol of Fistania," has done a great deal to stimulate interest in boxing here. As referee in bouts at Wilkes-Barre, Reading, Williamsport and Pottsville, the former heavy king packed them in.

Art Feeser, Lebanon, trounced Freddie Kelly of Richmond, Virginia, at Reading with Dempsey as the referee.

Sailor Matty, Shenandoah, defeated Joe Kuhns, Reading. Jack Green, Manheim, and Johnny Navin, of Philadelphia, drew in six.

Jose Diaz, Cuban junior lightweight, outpointed Matty White, of Philadelphia, in ten at Bethlehem.

Heinie Hart, Allentown, beat Pedro Lorenz of Philadelphia, and Andy Mellon, Bethlehem, surprised by shading Eddie Phiester of New Rochelle, N. Y.

Fight fans were shocked to learn of the untimely death of Al Janetti of Wilkes-Barre. Janetti, shot when he resisted the efforts of holdup men, died shortly after in a hospital.

Al. Swilp, of Tamaqua, knocked out Bobby Evans in two heats at Ashland. Swilp shapes up as a first-rate prospect in the light-heavy ranks.

Sailor Matty, Shenandoah, halted the knockout streak of Douglass Gibson of Wilkes-Barre, by winning in eight.

Georgie Keysock, Frackville, outslugged Mike Lucas of Brachdale in six at Ashland.

Jimmy Slavin of Wilkes-Barre was the victim of poor officiating at Minersville, when in the seventh round the referee, Georgie Weyman, stopped the fight and called it no contest after Slavin broke his knuckle. Evans was paid his money and Slavin was left holding the bag. Jimmy appealed to Harry Farrell, commissioner, and Farrell reversed the decision, making it a technical knockout against Slavin, suspended Weyman, but did not give Slavin his money.

Pat Igo, although boasting a better record, still refuses to fight Art Feeser. Igo has boxed some mighty good boys, but apparently he fears the terrific power in the Lebanon fighter's fists.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

ON the evening of February 14, a bandit's bullet ended the life of Al Janetti, well-known referee, fight promoter and manager. Al encountered the bandit trying to escape through the rear of a hotel here and in the scuffle was shot through the lungs. The victim came here ten years ago from Philadelphia and was extremely popular in this section. He was very charitable and as an official, was one of the leaders of the state. His death removed a man who was a credit to boxing.

Jackie Britton, Pringle featherweight, staged a wonderful battle to win over Willie Cubic, Newark. In the preliminaries, Tiger Thomas kayoed Billy Algers, Arizona, in 8 rounds, Johnny Kelly kayoed Tony Stetz in 5, Doug Gibson knocked out Jack Scales in the first and Jack Riley stopped Jack Reno in two.

Jackie Britton did not do so well against Johnny Vacca, Boston feather, and found himself on the short end after ten rounds of fast milling. In the other half of the double bill, Pete Suskey, Scranton, stopped Mike Kushwara, Pottsville. After taking a beating for nine rounds Kushwara was forced to call off hostilities due to a dislocated shoulder. Jack Dempsey refereed.

In the preliminaries, handled in style by Referee Al Dewey, Gene Baldoni, Hilldale won over Jesse Goss, Newark; Doug Gibson kayoed Johnny Leonard in the second and Harry Liebenson won over Danny Dell.

Pete Latzo, Scranton, lost a ten-round slugging match to Johnny Pilc at Newark.

Freddy Haverlak, Newport lightweight, beat Jackie Sullivan at Birmingham, Ala., recently.

Frankie Cawley, Pittston heavyweight, fought a draw with Paul Pantalo, Chicago, in Philadelphia.

Dave Shade, California, lost a ten-round decision to Tiger Thomas, Williamsport, colored star, here. Tony Stetz stopped Johnny Kelly in two rounds; Roscot Manning, Newark, drew with Weiner Wilch of Rochester; Mack House, California, stopped Frankie Zavetti, Newark, in one round.

Wildcat O'Connor, sensational Forest City featherweight, continued to advance by winning a hard fought bout from Al Jackson of Scranton at the Carbondale armory.

Walter Pluchard, Scranton welter, outpointed Mike Serrain of this city.

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

BOXING in South Jersey is in full swing at the present time with Jimmy Briggs at Millville, Harry Gibson at Vineland, and Frank Consale at Egg Harbor. These small clubs run weekly and are developing a lot of new talent.

Pete Pantaleo, former 130-lb. amateur champ, groomed by Jimmy Coster, is fast becoming the biggest drawing card in this section. He has won seventeen consecutive matches since turning professional. Ted Borman, Frankie Rapp and Puggy Snyder lost to him.

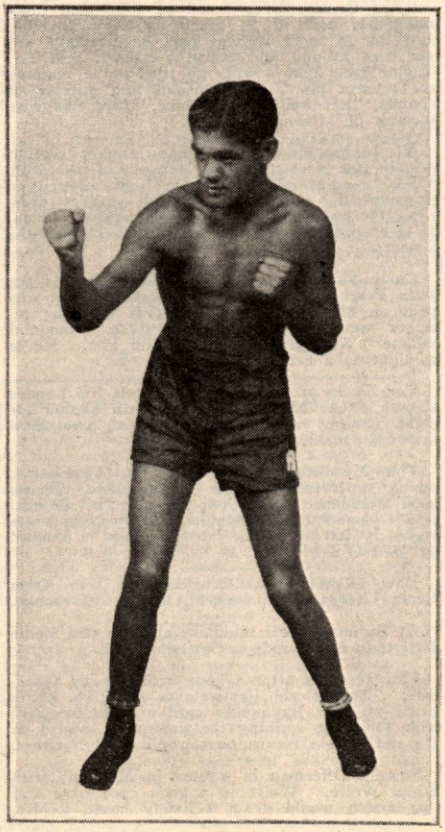
Midget Fox, lightweight, is a good card in Atlantic City and Millville. Fox's only defeat was against Harry Blitman in a great fight, and a return go is in order.

Harry Blitman surprised local fans when he knocked out Joey Williams.

Danny Ordille, south Jersey middleweight, has placed himself under the care of Jimmy Coster. He scored eleven knockouts in twelve starts.

Jack Gross, Salem baker-boy heavyweight, lost to Tommy Loughran at the Arena in Philly in ten. Phil Glassman, who is managing Gross, has some big bouts in line for him.

The Hayes boys, Johnny and Frankie, showed on the benefit card at the Convention Hall in Atlantic City. They are good drawing cards here.



Ralph Vallano looks unusually promising for his first year in the ring. He comes from Philadelphia

HUDSON CO. AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

JIMMY FRANCIS, veteran middleweight of Union City, scored a technical knockout over Charlie Krikorian, also of Union City, in the sixth and final round at the Union Hill Elks, in Union City.

Nat Arno, pugnacious battler from Newark, handed a lacing to Buck Oliva of New York in the feature ten-round rumpus at the Hollywood Arena in Jersey City.

Johnny Fay, of Jersey City, scored a technical kayo over Dave McNulty, of Cliffside, in the fifth round of a scheduled six-rounder, while Nick Ruggiano, of Jersey City, stopped Chris Caspar, also of Jersey City, in the second of what was to have been a six, and Mickey Troy of Union City scored a win over Gus Hector of Jersey City in a four.

Johnny Zowachi of Paterson lost an eight-round decision to Abe Wasserman of New York in the feature contest at the Hackensack Armory, while Chick Scuder of Hackensack won over Henry Black of Newark in the semi-final.

Harry Carlton of Jersey City scored a one-sided victory over Maxie Leiner of New York before a record crowd at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Harry fought one of the best fights in his career.

In the six-round semi-final, Henry DeCarlo of Jersey City fought a draw with Meyer Rowan, former amateur champion, of Bayonne in a tame affair.

Harry Mosco of Silver Lake scored an upset when he hammered out a clean-cut victory over Herman Folins of Newark in the feature contest at Monmouth S. C. at Sea Girt.

Marty Goldman, New York lightweight star, added Tony Lambert's scalp to his belt when he outpointed him in ten rounds in the main bout at the Laurel Garden in Newark. Goldman and Lambert fought a vicious battle the full ten rounds, slugging all the way, Marty staggering Tony with a well-timed right-hander, only to have Lambert come back with a two-fisted attack, causing Marty to hold on. Goldman finished the stronger and gained the referee's decision.

Pete August of Bridgeport won a ten-round decision over Jay Macadon of South Orange. Macadon, a dangerous right-hander, could not seem to find a spot to put it, Pete keeping him off balance with snappy left jabs and hooks, while in another ten-rounder Pal Silvers of Brooklyn, veteran of many battles, had enough left in him to beat Roscoe Manning, Newark colored battler, in a furious contest, while in the opening six Lou Chmura outpointed Al Fehn, both of Newark.

Fresh from his victory over Eddie Marks of Perth Amboy, Al Rossi, classy youngster from Silver Lake, scored a great victory over Georgie Balduc of New York in the main bout of eight rounds at the Asbury Park Armory before a packed house.

In the six-round semi-final, Ernie Tedesco of Newark won a close decision over Mickey Aaronson of New York after a hard-fought contest, while Al Capone of Newark threw too much leather for Jerry Cork of Rahway. The referee halted the contest in the first round, and Jimmy Carter of Elizabeth was belted out in the third heat by Mickey O'Day of Newark in a scheduled six-rounder.

Teddy Watson of Jersey City, subbing for Young Zazzarino, copped a ten-round decision over Joe Belair of Massachusetts at the Oakland Arena. Watson entered the ring on only a few hours' notice, and although he was hardly in the best of condition, he handed Belair a thorough lacing.

In the eight-round semi-final, Allie Todisco of Jersey City, who was coming ahead in leaps and bounds, ran into a tartar when he met Kayo Morgan, claimant of the Connecticut bantamweight title, and was handed a first-class licking. Jack Kenny of Jersey City knocked out Young Firpo of Bayonne in the third of a scheduled six-rounder, while Nick Ruggiano had the edge over Sammy Rello, both of Jersey City.

Carmen Roman of Bayonne was awarded the decision over Jimmy Bachelor of Newark in a fast ten-round semi-final, while Mickey Kelleher had the best of Marty Marrio of Staten Island.

Frankie Carlton of Jersey City lost a ten-round decision to Ernie Ratner of Newark in the star bout at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Frankie could not seem to get out of Ratner's left jabs and left hooks.

In the other ten-rounder, Roland Lecuyer of Massachusetts lost a ten-round decision to Joe Caprino of Jersey City.

Would you like to know that: Al Rossi, clever youngster of Silver Lake is Vince Dundee's brother-in-law . . . Frankie Polo, hustling manager of Jersey City, has a great prospect in Dom Rizzo of Bayonne. This boy sure can sock . . . Johnny Bones puts on some rattling preliminaries at the Oakland Arena. They are always sure to please the fans . . . What happened to Tony Melore . . . Vince Dundee repeated his victory over Len Harvey at the Garden . . . Vince is soon to be a father . . . Stanley Poreda is going great guns . . . Joe Caprino is sure a crowd-pleaser with his style of milling . . . Readers can get in touch with the writer and he will be glad to give you the information you desire. Edward Zanfrini, 726 29th St., Union City, N. J.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

IN one of the most sensatonal and startling climaxes Minnesota has ever witnessed, King Tut, that two-fisted explosive of dynamite from Minneapolis, hammered the famous Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle, to the resin in exactly 24 seconds of fighting, during which Petrolle failed to score with one effective wallop. At the tap of the gong, Tut bounded across the ring and drove Petrolle into the ropes before the latter could venture more than three feet from his corner. Wham! Socko! and the highly touted Express was derailed! The vast multitude of fans gasped in mute astonishment as they saw the great Petrolle draped flaccidly over the lower hemp . . . completely out!

Supporting the Petrolle-Tut spectacle, young Frankie Battaglia looked his very best in scoring a four-round knockout over the rugged Angelo Puglisi, Duluth middleweight.

Jimmy Evans straightened up Frankie Petrolle, brother of the famous Billy, after seven rounds and belted the Duluth boxer to the boards with a sickening right slam to the body.

The Petrolle-Tut encounter drew the largest gate in Minnesota since the memorable clash between Mike Gibbons and Mike O'Dowd, who drew a $41,000 gate in 1919.

Ernie Schaaf, hard punching heavy prodigy of Jack Sharkey, smacked Dick Daniels down in one minute and forty seconds of vicious scrapping, during which the Boston German spilled the local boy three times.

Art Lasky, Minneapolis heavy prospect, pushed himself up another rung in the fistic ladder when he pounded out a decisive eight round verdict over Mike Mandell, veteran St. Paul mauler.

Britt Gorman, Minneapolis' great little flyweight, defeated Ernie Peters in ten sessions that were a long ways from being a classic.

Shortly after the Peters fray, Britt stopped off at Cleveland where he dropped a decision to Willie Davis in ten.

Art Lasky pushed over Big Boy Stemmerman, from North Dakota, in a round. Ide Parker, a handsome young heavyweight of Minneapolis, weathered a stormy first round to park one on Leo Gates' button in the late seconds of the second stanza.

Harry Greb had his mitts full in holding the upper hand in his four round scrap with Steve Koran, St. Paul middleweight.

Vern Butler, veteran scrapper, shaded Babe Daniels, youthful lightweight, in four heats.

Short Socks King Tut once aspired to be a wrestler . . . Mike Mandell fought Art Lasky for nothing . . . He wanted to put Art in his place . . . Art won . . . Jack Sharkey was here with Ernie Schaaf . . . It's Jack against the field . . . says Jack . . . Charley Retzlaff wants Daniels . . . Tut received seven grand for his mix with Petrolle . . . Frankie Petrolle looks like he stopped the Express with his Rand-McNally . . . Harry Greb is a showman . . . so is Mel Coleman . . . Mel looks very good . . . Three local stations broadcasted the Tut-Petrolle affair . . . The King reads Sinclair Lewis . . . Bill Wolfson has more heavies than Boston has beans . . . Bill is still looking for another Duke Horn . . . Frankie Battaglia reminds us of Harry Dillon . . . We wonder how Harry is . . . My Sullivan has been idle . . . We haven't seen Ritchie Mack for some time. Urban Liberty has hung up the leather on account of weak eyesight. . . His brother, Paul, is a fighter . . . Spud Murphy is a pleasing scrapper . . . Ernie Fliegal, co-manager of King Tut, used to be a fighter . . . a good one, too . . . Art Lasky is the prospect of the year . . .

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LIGHTIG

JOE KRAUSS, veteran wrestling promoter, has again undertaken to give fans some high-class wrestling shows by pitting Champion Jim Londos against Hans Bauer, Londos winning handily.

Mickey O'Neill is now sojourning in California.

Eddie Huber and Doc Rhia have taken over the management of several promising boys—Eddie Black, Eddie Osler, Steve Oswald, Kiel brothers, and Walter Coppel.

The Great Ash, former Milwaukee K.O. sensation, has taken Billy Casey under his wing. The Great Ash hopes to make Casey as big a card as he was.

Ray Tramblie, Milwaukee, ran into a tartar in Frankie Battaglia, being kayoed in one round.

Lou Bernstein, the battling newsboy, is coming along nicely. Bernstein won his last five starts.

Irving Bernat came back after a long lay-off and fought a draw with Jackie Davis.

Fred Saddy's Milwaukee amateur team, the greatest amateur boxing team in this country, is still undefeated. His boys have defeated teams in Kansas City, Rockford, Chicago, Buffalo and Grand Rapids.

Any boxing club in this country wishing to book these boys, can do so by communicating with Fred Saddy, c/o Morgenroth's Gym, Milwaukee, Wis.

Julius Fidler, pleasing Milwaukee referee, is improving with age.

Amateur teams wishing to hook good fighters in Milwaukee can do so by getting in touch with the writer.

Max Koshover, Topeka, will you kindly get in touch with me as soon as possible.

Good fighters without managers, wanting to fight in Wisconsin, should communicate with the writer. My address is 722 W. Lloyd St.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, JR.

ON the American Athletic Club's first amateur card in Spokane after the Christmas holidays, the following boys turned in victories or draws: Louis August, Red Veach, Sonny-boy Saunders, Albert Doblestein, Andy Tangin, Paul Tatman, R. Petragalla, Joe August, Red Buchanan, M. Chimento, Frank Rassussam, Bill Lawrence, Lee Winfrey and Harold Mabe.

Charlie Hanson, veteran matman, defeated Chief Mike McGuire, in straight falls in a wrestling match promoted by Jack Routledge at the American Theater. Harry Demetral, Boston Greek, earned a draw with Eddie (Cyclone) Worth and Harold Thomas and Harvey Smith, both Spokane boys, broke even with a fall apiece.

Flip Edwards and Lyle Roach, middleweights, fought a six-round draw in the Combination Gym in Spokane. Harry DeWitz and Johnny Buff fought a draw and Young Jack Johnson, formerly known as Elgin Taylor, k.o'ed Bob Jeffries in the second round.

On a mat card staged by Jack Routledge at the Post St. Theater in Spokane, John Freberg, who claims the Swedish wrestling championship, took two out of three falls from Dan Koloff, Bulgarian matman. Tom Ray, Pacific Coast light-heavyweight champion, has the distinction of wrestling in two bouts on the same card. Ray dislocated one of Jack Reed's legs so Routledge induced Ray to go three rounds with Harry Demetral following the main event. "Iron" Chamberlain defeated "Rough-house" Hupp in a three-round opener.

Elio Pradolini lost the decision to Buck McClurg in the main event of an amateur boxing card staged at Gonzaga University in Spokane. The boys are heavies.

Aaron Bagley's technical K.O. of Jack Taylor and the draw bout between Mike Chimmenti and Ralph Petragalia, stole the regular weekly American Athletic Club's amateur card.

Charlie Hanson was awarded a disputed verdict over John Freberg in a heavyweight wrestling bout in Spokane. Each man had won a fall when in a melee Hanson's feet struck Referee Warsinski, knocking him from the ring. While Warsinski was trying to regain his bearings, Freberg pinned Hanson to the mat in what looked like a fall but before Referee Al knew what was going on Hanson slipped out of the hold and pinned Freberg to the mat just in time to be awarded the final fall by Warsinski. Freberg immediately started a protest that called for police action to quell.

The Gonzago University leather slingers won six out of seven bouts in their clash with the Washington State boxing team in Spokane. The winners: Joie August, Gonzaga, 112 pounds; Louie August, Gonzaga, 125; Billy Wilson, Gonzaga, 160 pounds; Cecil Bezley, Gonzaga, 145; Bert Johnson, Gonzaga, 140; Andy Haupt, Gonzaga, 150 pounds, and Kenov Lokensguard, W. S. C., 180 pounds.

Charlie Hanson was awarded the referee's decision in a return match with John Freberg. Freberg won the only fall of the evening with a body slam.

The Coeur d'Alene Amusement Company is erecting a small boxing arena in Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) which will be used for amateur cards.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—For George Moore, Leo Lomski, Aberdeen Assassin, outboxed Charley Belanger, Canadian light heavyweight champion, for the Pacific Coast title. It was a fast and interesting scrap with Lomski forcing as always. Albie Davies, pugnacious Canuck from Vancouver, outpunched tough Eddie Edelman, Alaskan lightwight, in six. Johnny Hansen, Portland welterweight, put the skids under Mike Griffo, Seattle, in one, Joe Ferguson, local wrestler, won a comical decision over Billy Robinson, a Negro, in four. Frisco McGale, Seattle Negro, outboxed Tommy Pratt, ex-amateur middleweight, in six.

For Promoter Hansen, Joe Marcus, Portland lightweight, beat Teddy Fox, Salem boxer managed by Mysterious Billy Smith, in six. Tommy Pratt and Fred Gallas, Vancouver, Wn., drew in six. Ray Morgan, Portland welter, drew with Red Sheppard, Portland. Eddie Edelman stopped Al Gotthardt, Germany, in three.

On Ralph Gruman's card, Leo Lomski beat George Manley, Denver, but received only a draw. Frisco McGale outboxed Swede Nelson, slugging Vernonia logger in six.

At Marshfield, Jimmy Byrne, nationally known heavyweight, chilled Tiny McCumber in two.

At Klamath Falls, Joe Marcus outpointed Pierre Pothier, French lightweight champion in ten.

At Marshfield, Jimmy Byrne, Myrtle Point, kayoed Del Wolfe, Bellingham, in eight.

At Albany, Jim Jacobs, Eugene, and Slim Rainwater, Albany, 140-pounders drew in six.

At Salem, Herman Ratzlaff, Minot, N. D., technically kayoed Jiggs Dossey in seven. Denny Lenhart, San Jose heavyweight, defeated Jack CoKey, Tacoma, by a technical kayo in three.

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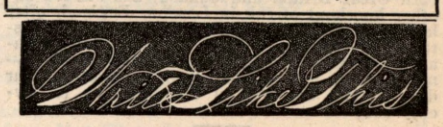

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOBBY LEITHAM, classy little Verdun bantam star, is at the turning point of his career and by the time this is published it should be known whether he is the under-rated coming champ his manager, Sam Gibbs, claims or just another second rater. The popular local flash battled to an eight round draw with Harry Hill, tricky English scrapper, who is an ex-Canadian flyweight king, in the best bout of the pretentious card staged by Rosario Delisle at the Monumente Nationale on the Art Giroux-Ruby Bradley bill. There was plenty of heated discussion about the verdict and the writer sides with those who believe that Leitham deserved the edge. Some three weeks later, the fiery Verdun speedball, flayed Frankie Wallace for ten rounds with a consistent two-fisted attack to earn an easy decision at Syracuse, N. Y., where he has made himself a strong favorite with the fans.

Leitham, the speedy Verdunite, is a prominent figure in the situation involving the Canadian Bantam crown worn at present by Joe Villeneuve, of Quebec, and the local Commission has suggested to the Canadian Federation that the title be stripped from the Quebecer and declared open for the winner of an elimination tourney consisting of Leitham, Giroux, Hill and perhaps another contender.

Art Giroux, Gene Brosseau's rugged protege, proved too strong and ringwise for Rube "Dark Cloud" Bradley in the ten round headliner at the Monumente Nationale. Art outclassed his dusky little rival in nearly every round. His punishing body attack had Bradley feeling pretty shaky during the final heats.

Armand Vincent's latest heavyweight hope, Georges Chevalier, pulled an unusual stunt for a novice in his first fight. The young giant from a Quebec farm, who stands an inch taller than Primo Carnera, walked across the ring at the clang of the bell and deliberately measured his undecided victim, Jack Rosnick, with a long left and crashed over a right cross to the chin for a one punch kayo. The time was announced as five seconds, which is fairly near comparison with Al Foreman's record K. O. of one and a half seconds. Chevalier, an English lad with the assumed French moniker, cannot be judged by that one bout as Rosnick is known to be a truck driver in the employ of the Main Lumber Company. However, Vincent is schooling him carefully and may make something of him.

Al Foreman, lightweight champion of the British Empire by virtue of holding the titles of both Great Britain and Canada, has started another knockout streak in London, England, after laying off for two months with a cut eye sustained in training. About the middle of February, the sensational Montrealer weilded his dynamic mitts for two knockout victories in four days to run his total of knockouts up to seventy-two.

Elzear Rioux, clever Montreal heavyweight who went over with Foreman for his European campaign, is in the best form of his career judging by his recent displays. Rioux has been showing some polished form before the British fight public and won four of his five bouts there, losing one on a foul after gaining a decisive edge over his opponent.

Harry Rappaport, well known and popular Sherbrooke fistic impressario, writes me the lowdown on the news in the Eastern Townships and points east, as usual. A good card was presented in old Quebec City with Ralph MacNaughton, flashy Quebec feather, getting the verdict of the judges over Benny Brostoff, Izzy Levine's heavy hitting lad from New York, in the ten-round head-liner. Brostoff had previously kayoed Mac Naughton in a single round.

Jimmy Thompson, Montreal ex-amateur star, looked promising when he won over Oullette, of Quebeck, on a foul in the fourth canto. Thompson had dumped Oulette a number of times and had him on the verge of a kayo when the Quebecer fouled out. George Chevalier looked crude but promising in an exhibition bout with the colored Jack Ward. "Big Jack" Murphy, 6 foot Quebec giant weighing 240 pounds, flattened Leo Belanger, Montreal, in the first stanza.

The first show of the year was staged in Sherbrooke with Rene Loubier, Sherbrooke lightie, flattening George King, Susti's miner, in the first of a scheduled ten-round topliner. The semi-final "tenner" between Billy James, Sherbrooke, and Ovila Lapointe, also of Sherbrooke, resulted in an unpopular award to Lapointe.

Tommy Dalton, former Montreal amateur star, made an impressive debut in Sherbrooke when he gave away plenty of weight and fought a draw with Kid Perusse, of Sherbrooke. Tommy had little time to get into shape and his performance was creditable. Jackie Dubois and Jack Charpentier, both of Sherbrooke, fought to a six-round draw and Tyler McLarg decisioned Ray Dore, of Sherbrooke, in the six-round opener.

MOOSEJAW, CANADA
By F. J. DOMVILLE

KID LEES, claimant to the Western Canada welterweight championship, stopped Kid Stahan of Minnedosia in the fourth round of a ten-round bout at Yorkton. Lawrence Jeanett knocked out Steve Walters in the first round. Otto Berg knocked out G. Readman in the first.

Kid Jones of Hague stopped old Joe Holland, a well-known veteran featherweight. Had Holland been in condition, he would have easily stopped Jones, as Jones is a very green boxer.

At Regina, in the feature bout of Jackie Lewis' card, Dick Hayes of Regina, 172 pounds, got the decision over Bill Clarke of Moosejaw in six rounds. Clarke is a very promising boy and with a little experience will go a long way. He can hit and can take it.

Johnny Mitka, Moosejaw, won over Alf Gould, Regina. Bud Williams, Regina, beat Charlie Doyle, Moosejaw, in three rounds. Stan Sysby, Regina, outpointed Johnny Maduck, Moosejaw, in three rounds. The bouts were promoted by Jackie Lewis, bantamweight champion of Western Canada.

Bob Canuk of Moosejaw is out with a challenge to Kid Jones of Hague. Canuk is a very fast boxer with a fine record of over forty knockouts.

Barney Doran, old-time fighter and now manager and promoter, has a real good boy in Scotty Smith, a welterweight, and is trying to match him with Kid Lees.

George Porter, once the amateur boxing heavyweight champion of England, is now a guard at Regina Provincial Jail. George is a great booster of the RING.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAPPY ATHERTON lost a hairline decision to Vidal Gregorio in ten rounds. Atherton outboxed and outpunched Gregorio for six rounds, but the weight conceded to Gregorio proved a factor in the closing rounds.

Joaquin Torregrosa knocked out Ignacio Garcia in the fourth round, and Honeyboy Finnegan easily disposed of Amador Garcia in four. Rodolfo Diaz, Spanish middleweight, won from Carlos Munoz in four.

Kid Montana added another victory to his record by outpointing Manuel Leon in six good rounds. Montana has improved steadily. Federico Malibran scored a kayo in five rounds over Magdaleno Carnera.

Pete Proenza uncorked a lethal right hander in the fifth canto and knocked out Red Raul. Proenza's next feat was to decisively outpoint Martin Perez in eight rounds, scoring four knockdowns. Proenza is one of Cuba's most promising youngsters headed for middleweight honors.

Albert Sanchez is in Mexico with his sterling performers, Goyito Rico and Angel Sanchez.

Fillo Echavarria won over Baby Malpica in a well-fought contest. Malpica previously beat Fillo on a foul. Pastor Diaz drew with Jose Canseco, and Evelio Musteleier kayoed Mario Toledo in two. Humbert Casal kayoed Manuel Posse in four, and beat Federico Peon, the Colon panther.

Joe Coego, as the writer predicted, is coming along great. Coego was surprised when he scored a one-round knockout over Baby Chocolate. Coego is a promising southpaw with a mean punch.

Battling Llano eeked out a decision over Luis Bardales in six rounds, and a week later, sensationally defeated Rodolfo Diaz who outweighed him thirteen pounds. Llano is a great welter performer and a popular "hombre" with the fans.

Joe Gandon keeps on winning. His latest victim was Peter Rodriguez in three rounds. Jose Canseco kayoed Robert Ruiz in two; Amador Garcia won over Kid Iglesias closely; Felix Enriques scored a one-round kayo over Enry Ramirez.

Mario Asan, the only Chinese fighter in Cuba, easily won over Conrado Linares.

Benny Rodriguez, the Marianao southpaw flyweight, knocked out Kid Indian in two rounds. Julio Herreda beat Claude Leon in four, and Emilio Gomez was beaten by Raul Ochendia.

For information on bouts, please send photos and write to Mr. Luis Parga, Matchmaker, Manzana de Gomez 251, Havana, Cuba. Thank you.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

MAX TARLEY, featherweight title contender, decisioned Al Cunan in twelve slashing rounds. Joe Mate iost to Fighting Nelson in the semi-final event.

Carlos Logan, acclaimed as the middleweight champion of the Orient, scored a one-round knockout over Star Cosia. Young Schmelling won over Red Every by technical knockout.

The fighting days of the Flores brothers are now over. Elino Flores fought his last fight when he suffered a knockout in two rounds in the hands of Mariano Adriano. Irineo Flores took the k.o. potion from Young Harry Wills in the first round.

Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, world's champion, seems to be headed for the throne once occupied by his brother in the Philippines. He held Pablo Dano, ranked as one of the best flyweights of the world, twice to a draw and there were many who believed that Pancho had the edge in both contests.

Young Uzcudun won the light-heavyweight championship of the Orient when he outpointed Young Schmelling in twelve rounds. Sammy Webb beat Kid Joe handily in the semi-final contest.

IN HONOLULU, HAWAII
By BEN HOLMES SHENBERG

BOXING has come back with a bang here at Houston Arena. Kayo Kuratsu flattened Henry Kudo thirteen times in three rounds and Leiut. Lovell, Hawaii's premier arbiter, stopped the bout. To Kuratsu went the Hawaiian flyweight crown. A crowd of 6,000 paid $4,500 to see the mill—a big gate here.

Pedro Luna is now "Asiatic Fleet Middlewight Champion" by virtue of his one-round K. O. of "Marine" Pat O'Connell.

"Baldy" Bresner lost to Fred Imperial, Pacific Coast Filipino bantam, in six. Tiny Tommy Murado knocked "Cyclone" Malicio through the ropes shortly after the opening bell. Malicio was saved from serious injury by a quick thinking ringsider who eased him to the ground. The "mighty atom" added another kayo to his string as the Molakai Fil was out for "twenty".

Ex-Chief Yeoman M. A. Tougher, editor of the Pearl Harbor Weekly, "seconded" the writer in reviewing "Navy mitslingers" for 1930. "Smiley" Lea, cagey old timer, lost the Service Championship to Pepper Martin of Schofeild Barracks.

"The Navy did not develop anyone in the bantam class worth mentioning. Earl Forse was the best in the lightweight class. Gene Griner, just a youngster, but a fighting fool, stood up and slugged until he got his man. He has never been knocked out. In the middleweight division, "Spike" Worral and "Whitey" Cooper divided honors in the win column, but Cooper had the Indian sign on the southpaw and beat him every time they met. Cooper was kayoed by Watson of Schofeild for the Service title.

"Pete" Carroll, colored, "grand old man" of navy fighters, was the outstanding light-heavy- Years ago he fought them all, including "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien and "Battling" Levinsky when he was lightweight champion. Pete is still "number one" man of the 175 pounders hereabouts.

"Frank Johnson, Marine, in his first year of professional competition, is the best heavyweight prospect in Navy circles. He is just twenty years old but has stopped every opponent but one in the first round. He lost a decision to Jackson of Schofeild."

Looks like the Soldiers hold their publicity back. Can't get a column from them as yet. Maybe they're modest. Well, so long 'til next month. I'll be seeing you.

IN COLON PANAMA
By ANTHONY CHARLES

MANUEL KID HERRERA, featherweight champion of the Isthmus, retained his title by outpointing Rafael Kid Hurtado in 12 rounds. In the semi-final bout, Young George Dixon, 135, stopped Battling Gorilla. During the bout Dixon butted Gorilla unintentionally, cutting a gnash between the eye and ear.

Hook Dawson won a six-round decision over Clifford Smith.

Young Shadow defeated Kid Prado in 4 rounds. The fight was fast and very exciting all the way through.

Young Hurtado won from San Blas Kid Jr., in four rounds.

On February 28, Kid Slammer, of Panama, clashed with Soldier King.

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